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THE ANCIENT IRISH SAGAS

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

NEXT to developing original writers in its own time, the most fortunate thing, from the literary standpoint, which can befall any people is to have revealed to it some new treasure-house of literature. This treasure-house may be stored with the writings of another people in the present, or else with the writings of a buried past. But a few generations ago, in that innocent age when Blackstone could speak of the "Goths, Huns, Franks, and Vandals"—incongruous gathering—as "Celtic" tribes, the long-vanished literatures of the ancestors of the present European nations, the epics, the sagas, the stories in verse or prose, were hardly known to, or regarded by, their educated and cultivated descendants. Gradually, and chiefly in the nineteenth century, these forgotten literatures, or fragments of them, were one by one recovered. They are various in merit and interest, in antiquity and extent—"Beowulf," the Norse sagas, the "Kalevala," the "Nibelungenlied," the "Song of Roland," the Arthurian cycle of romances. In some there is but one great poem; in some all the poems or stories are of one type; in others, as in the case of the Norse sagas, a wide range of history, myth, and personal biography is covered. In our own day there has at last come about a popular revival of interest in the wealth of poems and tales to be found in the ancient Celtic, and especially in the ancient Erse, manuscripts,—the whole forming a body of prose and poetry of great and well-nigh unique interest from every standpoint, which in some respects can be matched only by the Norse sagas, and which has some striking beauties the like of which are not to be found even in these Norse sagas.

For many decades German, French, Irish, and English students have worked over the ancient Celtic texts, and recently many of the more striking and more beautiful stories have been reproduced or paraphrased in popular form by writers like Lady Gregory and Miss Hull, Lady Gregory showing in her prose something of the charm which her country-woman, Emily Lawless, shows in her poems "With the Wild Geese." It is greatly to be regretted that America should have done so little either in the way of original study and research in connection with the

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early Celtic literature, or in the way of popularizing and familiarizing that literature, and it is much to be desired that, wherever possible, chairs of Celtic should be established in our leading universities. Moreover, in addition to the scholar's work which is especially designed for students, there must ultimately be done the additional work which puts the results of the scholarship at the disposal of the average layman. This has largely been done for the Norse sagas. William Morris has translated the "Heimskringla" into language which, while not exactly English, can nevertheless be understood without difficulty,—which is more than can be said for his translation of "Beowulf,"—and which has a real, though affectedly archaic, beauty. Dasent has translated the "Younger Edda," the "Njala Saga," and the "Saga of Gisli the Outlaw." It is pleasant for Americans to feel that it was Longfellow who, in his "Saga of King Olaf," rendered one of the most striking of the old Norse tales into a great poem.

It is difficult to speak with anything like exactness of the relative ages of these primitive literatures. Doubtless in each case the earliest manuscripts that have come down to us are themselves based upon far earlier ones, which have been destroyed, and doubtless, when they were first written down, the tales had themselves been recited, and during the course of countless recitations had been changed and added to and built upon, for a period of centuries. Sometimes, as in the "Song of Roland," we know at least in bare outline the historical incident which for some reason impressed the popular imagination until around it there grew up a great epic, of which the facts have been twisted completely out of shape. In other instances, as in the "Nibelungenlied," a tale, adaptable in its outlines to many different peoples, was adapted to the geography of a particular people, and to what that people at least thought was history; thus the Rhine becomes the great river of the "Nibelungenlied," and in the second part of the epic the revenge of Krimhild becomes connected with dim memories of Attila's vast and evanescent empire. The "Song of Roland" and the "Nibelungenlied" were much later than the earliest English, Norse, and Irish poems. Very roughly, it may perhaps be said that, in the earliest forms at which we can guess, the Irish sagas were produced, or at least were in healthy life, at about the time when "Beowulf" was a live saga, and two or three centuries or thereabouts before the early Norse sagas took a shape which we would recognize as virtually akin to that they now have.

These Celtic sagas are conveniently, though somewhat artificially, arranged in cycles. In some ways the most interesting of these is the Cuchulain cycle, although until very recently it was far less known than the Ossianic cycle—the cycle which tells of the deeds of Finn and the Fianna. The poems which tell of the mighty feats of Cuchulain, and of the heroes whose life-threads were interwoven with his, date back to a purely pagan Ireland—an Ireland cut off from all connection with the splendid and slowly dying civilization of Rome, an Ireland in which still obtained ancient customs that had elsewhere vanished even from the memory of man.

Thus the heroes of the Cuchulain sagas still fought in chariots driven each by a charioteer who was also the stanch friend and retainer of the hero. Now, at one time war chariots had held the first place in the armies of all the powerful empires in the lands adjoining the Mediterranean and stretching eastward beyond the Tigris. Strange African tribes had used them north and south of the Atlas Mountains. When the mighty, conquering kings of Egypt made their forays into Syria, and there encountered the Hittite hosts, the decisive feature in each battle was the shock between the hundreds of chariots arrayed on each side. The tyranny of Sisera rested on his nine hundred chariots of iron. The Homeric heroes were "tamers of horses," which were not ridden in battle, but driven in the war chariots. That mysterious people, the Etruscans, of whose race and speech we know nothing, originally fought in chariots. But in the period of Greek and Roman splendor the war chariot had already passed away. It had seemingly never been characteristic of the wild Teuton tribes; but among the western Celts it lingered long. Cæsar encountered it among the hostile tribes when he made his

famous raid into Britain; and in Ireland it lasted later still.

The customs of the heroes and people of the Erin of Cuchulain's time were as archaic as the chariots in which they rode to battle. The sagas contains a wealth of material for the historian. They show us a land where the men were herdsmen, tillers of the soil, hunters, bards, seers, but, above all, warriors. Erin was a world to herself. Her people at times encountered the peoples of Britain or of Continental Europe, whether in trade or in piracy; but her chief interest, her overwhelming interest, lay in what went on within her own borders. There was a high king of shadowy power, whose sway was vaguely recognized as extending over the island, but whose practical supremacy was challenged on every hand by whatever king or under-king felt the fierce whim seize him. There were chiefs and serfs; there were halls and fortresses; there were huge herds of horses and cattle and sheep and swine. The kings and queens, the great lords and their wives, the chiefs and the famous fighting men, wore garments crimson and blue and green and saffron, plain or checkered, and plaid and striped. They had rings and clasps and torques of gold and silver, urns and mugs and troughs and vessels of iron and silver. They played chess by the fires in their great halls, and they feasted and drank and quarreled within them, and the women had sun-parlors of their own.

Among the most striking of the tales are those of the "Fate of the Sons of Usnach," telling of Deirdrè's life and love and her lamentation for her slain lover; of the "Wooing of Emer" by Cuchulain; of the "Feast of Bricriu"; and of the famous Cattle-Spoil of Cooley, the most famous romance of ancient Ireland, the story of the great raid for the Dun Bull of Cooley. But there are many others of almost equal interest; such as the story of MacDatho's pig, with its Gargantuan carouse of the quarrelsome champions; and the tale of the siege of Howth.

In these tales, which in so many points are necessarily like the similar tales that have come down from the immemorial past of the peoples of kindred race, there are also striking peculiarities that hedge them apart. The tales are found in many versions, which for the most part have been enlarged by pedantic scribes of aftertime, who often made them prolix and tedious, and added grotesque and fantastic exaggerations of their own to the barbaric exaggerations already in them, doing much what Saxo Grammaticus did for the Scandinavian tales. They might have been woven into some great epic, or at least have taken far more definite and connected shape, if the history of Ireland had developed along lines similar to those of the other nations of west Europe. But her history was broken by terrible national tragedies and calamities. To the scourge of the vikings succeeded the Anglo-Norman conquest, with all its ruinous effects on the growth of the national life. The early poems of the Erse bards could not develop as those other early lays developed which afterward became the romances of Arthur and Roland and Siegfried. They remain primitive, as "Beowulf" is primitive, as, in less measure, "Gisli the Outlaw" is primitive.

The heroes are much like those of the early folk of kindred stock everywhere. They are huge, splendid barbarians, sometimes yellow-haired, sometimes black- or brown-haired, and their chief title to glory is found in their feats of bodily prowess. Among the feats often enumerated or referred to are the ability to leap like a salmon, to run like a stag, to hurl great rocks incredible distances, to toss the wheel, and, like the Norse berserkers, when possessed with the fury of battle, to grow demoniac with fearsome rage. This last feat was especially valued, and was recognized as the "heroes' fury." As with most primitive peoples, the power to shout loudly was much prized, and had a distinct place of respect, under the title of "mad roar," in any list of a given hero's exhibitions of strength or agility, just as Stentor's voice was regarded by his comrades as a valuable military asset. So, when the slaughter begins in Etzel's hall, the writer of the Nibelung lay dwells with admiration on the vast strength of Diederick, as shown by the way in which his voice rang like a bison horn, resounding within and without the walls. Many of the feats chronicled of the early Erse heroes are now wholly unintelligible to us; we cannot even be sure

what they were, still less why they should have been admired.

Among the heroes stood the men of wisdom, as wisdom was in the early world, a vulpine wisdom of craft and cunning and treachery and double-dealing. Druids, warlocks, sorcerers, magicians, witches appear, now as friends, now as unfriends, of the men of might. Fiercely the heroes fought and wide they wandered; yet their fights and their wanderings were not very different from those that we read about in many other primitive tales. There is the usual incredible variety of incidents and character, and, together with the variety, an endless repetition. But these Erse tales differ markedly from the early Norse and Teutonic stories in more than one particular. A vein of the supernatural and a vein of the romantic run through them and relieve their grimness and harshness in a way very different from anything to be found in the Teutonic. Of course the supernatural element often takes as grim a form in early Irish as in early Norse or German; the Goddess with red eyebrows who on stricken fields wooed the Erse heroes from life did not differ essentially from the Valkyrie; and there were land and water demons in Ireland as terrible as those against which Beowulf warred. But, in addition, there is in the Irish tales an unearthliness free from all that is monstrous and horrible; and their unearthly creatures could become in aftertime the fairies of the moonlight and the greenwood, so different from the trolls and gnomes and misshapen giants bequeathed to later generations by the Norse mythology.

Still more striking is the difference between the women in the Irish sagas and those, for instance, of the Norse sagas. Their heirs of the spirit are the Arthurian heroines, and the heroines of the romances of the middle ages. In the "Song of Roland"—rather curiously, considering that it is the first great piece of French literature—woman plays absolutely no part at all; there is not a female figure which is more than a name, or which can be placed beside Roland and Oliver, Archbishop Turpin and the traitor Ganelon, and Charlemagne, the mighty emperor of the "barbe fleurie." The heroines of the early Norse and German stories are splendid and terrible, fit to be the mothers of a mighty race, as stern and relentless as their lovers and husbands. But it would be hard indeed to find among them a heroine who would appeal to our modern ideas as does Emer, the beloved of Cuchulain, or Deirdrè, the sweetheart of the fated son of Usnach. Emer and Deirdrè have the charm, the power of inspiring and returning romantic love, that belonged to the ladies whose lords were the knights of the Round Table, though of course this does not mean that they lacked some very archaic tastes and attributes.

Emer, the daughter of Forgall the Wily, who was wooed by Cuchulain, had the "six gifts of a girl"—beauty, and a soft voice, and sweet speech, and wisdom, and needle work, and chastity. In their wooing the hero and heroine spoke to one another in riddles, those delights of the childhood of peoples. She set him journeys to go and feats to perform, which he did in the manner of later knight-errants. After long courting and many hardships, he took Emer to wife, and she was true to him and loved him and gloried in him and watched over him until the day he went out to meet his death. All this was in a spirit which we would find natural in a heroine of modern or of medieval times—a spirit which it would be hard to match either among the civilizations of antiquity, or in early barbarisms other than the Erse.

So it was with Deirdrè, the beautiful girl who forsook her betrothed, the Over-King of Ulster, for the love of Naisi, and fled with him and his two brothers across the waters to Scotland. At last they returned to Ireland, and there Deirdrè's lover and his two brothers were slain by the treachery of the king whose guests they were. Many versions of the Songs of Deirdrè have come down to us, of her farewell to Alba, and her lament over her slain lover; for during centuries this tragedy of Deirdrè, together with the tragical fate of the Children of Lir and the tragical fate of the Children of Tuirenn, were known as the "Three Sorrowful Tales of Erin." None has better retained its vitality down to the present day. Even to us, reading the songs in an alien age and tongue, they are very beautiful. Deirdrè sings wistfully of her Scot-

QUEEN MEAVE

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY J. C. LEYENDECKER

tish abiding-place, with its pleasant, cuckoo-haunted groves, and its cliffs, and the white sand on the beaches. She tells of her lover's single infidelity, when he came enamored of the daughter of a Scottish lord, and Deirdrè, broken-hearted, put off to sea in a boat, indifferent whether she should live or die; whereupon the two brothers of her lover swam after her and brought her back, to find him very repentant and swearing a three-fold oath that never again would he prove false to her until he should go to the hosts of the dead. She dwells constantly on the unfailing tenderness of the three heroes; for her lover's two brothers cared for her as he did:

Much hardship would I take,
Along with the three heroes;
I would endure without house, without fire,
It is not I that would be gloomy.

Their three shields and their spears
Were often a bed for me.
Put their three hard swords
Over the grave, O young man!

For the most part, in her songs, Deirdrè dwells on the glories and beauties of the three warriors, the three dragons, the three champions of the Red Branch, the three that used to break every onrush, the three hawks, the three darlings of the women of Erin, the three heroes who were not good at homage. She sings of their splendor in the foray, of their nobleness as they returned to their home, to bring fagots for the fire, to bear in an ox or a boar for the table; sweet though the pipes and flutes and horns were in the house of the king, sweeter yet was it to hearken to the songs sung by the sons of Usnach, for "like the sound of the wave was the voice of Naisi."

There were other Irish heroines of a more common barbarian type. Such was the famous warrior-queen, Meave, tall and beautiful, with her white face and yellow hair, terrible in her battle chariot when she drove at full speed into the press of fighting men, and "fought over the ears of the horses." Her virtues were those of a warlike barbarian king, and she claimed the like large liberty in morals. Her husband was Ailill, the Connaught king, and, as Meave carefully explained to him in what the old Erse bards called a "bolster conversation," their marriage was literally a partnership wherein she demanded from her husband an exact equality of treatment according to her own views and on her own terms; the three essential qualities upon which she insisted being that he should be brave, generous, and completely devoid of jealousy!

Fair-haired Queen Meave was a myth, a goddess, and her memory changed and dwindled until at last she reappeared as Queen Mab of fairyland. But among the ancient Celts her likeness was the likeness of many a historic warrior queen. The descriptions given of her by the first writers or compilers of the famous romances of the foray for the Dun Bull of Cooley almost exactly match the descriptions given by the Latin historian of the British Queen Boadicea, tall and terrible-faced, her long, yellow hair flowing to her hips, spear in hand, golden collar on neck, her brightly colored mantle fastened across her breast with a brooch.

Not only were some of Meave's deeds of a rather startling kind, but even Emer and Deirdrè at times showed traits that to a modern reader may seem out of place, in view of what has been said of them above. But we must remember the surroundings, and think of what even the real women of history were, throughout European lands, until a far later period. In the "Heimskringla" we read of Queen Sigrid, the wisest of women, who grew tired of the small kings who came to ask her hand, a request which she did not regard them as warranted to make either by position or extent of dominion. So one day when two kings had thus come to woo her, she lodged them in a separate wooden house, with all their company, and feasted them until they were all very drunk, and fell asleep; then in the middle of the night she had her men fall on them with fire and sword, burn those who stayed within the hall, and slay those who broke out. The incident is mentioned in the saga without the slightest condemnation; on the contrary, it evidently placed the queen on a higher social level than before, for, in concluding the account, the saga mentions that Sigrid said "that

she would weary these small kings of coming from other lands to woo her; so she was called Sigrid Haughty thereafter." Now, Sigrid was a historical character who lived many hundred years after the time of Emer and Deirdrè and Meave, and the simplicity with which her deed was chronicled at the time, and regarded afterward, should reconcile us to some of the feats recorded of those shadowy Erse predecessors of hers, who were separated from her by an interval of time as great as that which separates her from us.

The story of the "Feast of Bricriu of the Bitter Tongue," is one of the most interesting of the tales of the Cuchulain cycle. In all this cycle of tales, Bricriu appears as the cunning, malevolent mischief-maker, dreaded for his biting satire and his power of setting by the ears the boastful, truculent, reckless, and marvelously short-tempered heroes among whom he lived. He has points of resemblance to Thersites, to Sir Kay, of the Arthurian romances, and to Conan, of the Ossianic cycle of Celtic sagas. This story is based upon the custom of the "champion's portion," which at a feast was allotted to the bravest man. It was a custom which lasted far down into historic times, and was recognized in the Brehon laws, where a heavy fine was imposed upon any person who stole it from the one to whom it belonged. The story in its present form, like all of these stories, is doubtless somewhat changed from the story as it was originally recited among the pre-Christian Celts of Ireland, but it still commemorates customs of the most primitive kind, many of them akin to those of all the races of Aryan tongue in their earlier days. The queens cause their maids to heat water for the warriors' baths when they return from war, and similarly made ready to greet their guests, as did the Homeric heroines. The feasts were Homeric feasts. The heroes boasted and sulked and fought as did the Greeks before Troy. At their feasts, when the pork and beef, the wheaten cakes and honey, had been eaten, and the beer, and sometimes the wine of Gaul, had been drunk in huge quantities, the heroes, vainglorious and quarrelsome, were always apt to fight. Thus in the three houses which together made up the palace of the high king at Emain Macha, it was necessary that the arms of the heroes should all be kept in one place, so that they could not attack one another at the feasts. These three houses of the palace were the Royal House, in which the high king himself had his bronzed and jeweled room; the Speckled House, where the swords, the shields, and the spears of the heroes were kept; and the House of the Red Branch, where not only the weapons, but the heads of the beaten enemies were stored; and it was in connection with this last gruesome house that the heroes in the train of the High King Conchubar took their name of the "Heroes of the Red Branch."

When Bricriu gave his feast, he prepared for it by building a spacious house even handsomer than the House of the Red Branch; and it is described in great detail, as fashioned after "Tara's Mead Hall," and of great strength and magnificence; and it was stocked with quilts and blankets and beds and pillows, as well as with abundance of meat and drink. Then he invited the high king and all the nobles of Ulster to come to the feast. An amusing touch in the saga is the frank consternation of the heroes who were thus asked. They felt themselves helpless before the wiles of Bricriu, and at first refused outright to go, because they were sure that he would contrive to set them to fighting with one another; and they went at all only after they had taken hostages from Bricriu and had arranged that he should himself leave the feast-hall as soon as the feast was spread. But their precautions were in vain, and Bricriu had no trouble in bringing about a furious dispute among the three leading chiefs, Loigaire the Triumphant, Conall the Victorious, and Cuchulain. He promised to each the champion's portion, on condition that each should claim it. Nor did he rest here, but produced what the saga calls "the war of words of the women of Ulster," by persuading the three wives of the three heroes that each should tread first into the banquet-hall. Each of the ladies, in whose minds he thus raised visions of social precedence, had walked away from the palace with half a hundred women in her train, when they all three met. The saga describes how they started to return to the hall together, walking evenly, gracefully, and

easily at first, and then with quicker steps, until, when they got near the house, they raised their robes "to the round of the leg" and ran at full speed. When they got to the hall the doors were shut, and, as they stood outside, each wife chanted her own perfections, but, above all, the valor and ferocious prowess of her husband, scolding one another as did Brunhild and Krimhild in the quarrel that led to Siegfried's death at the hands of Hagen. Each husband, as in duty bound, helped his wife into the hall, and the bickering which had already taken place about the champion's portion was renewed. At last it was settled that the three rivals should drive in their chariots to the home of Ailill and Meave, who should adjudge between them; and the judgment given, after testing their prowess in many ways, and especially in encounters with demons and goblins, was finally in favor of Cuchulain.

One of the striking parts of the tale is that in which the three champions, following one another, arrive at the palace of Meave. The daughter of Meave goes to the sun-parlor over the high porch of the hold, and from there she is told by the queen to describe in turn each chariot and the color of the horses and how the hero looks and how the chariot courses. The girl obeys, and describes in detail each chariot as it comes up, and the queen in each case recognizes the champion from the description and speaks words of savage praise of each in turn. Loigaire, a fair man, driving two fiery dapple grays, in a wicker-work chariot with silver-mounted yoke, is chanted by the queen as:

"A fury of war, a fire of judgment,
A flame of vengeance; in mien a hero,
In face a champion, in heart a dragon;
The long knife of proud victories which will hew us to pieces,
The all-noble, red-handed Loigaire."

Conall is described as driving a roan and a bay, in a chariot with two bright wheels of bronze, he himself fair, in face white and red, his mantle blue and crimson, and Meave describes him as:

"A wolf among cattle; battle on battle,
Exploit on exploit, head upon head he heaps;"

and says that if he is excited to rage he will cut up her people

"As a trout on red sandstone is cut."

Then Cuchulain is described, driving at a gallop a dapple gray and a dark gray, in a chariot with iron wheels and a bright silver pole. The hero himself is a dark, melancholy man, the comeliest of the men of Erin, in a crimson tunic, with gold-hilted sword, a blood-red spear, and over his shoulders a crimson shield rimmed with silver and gold. Meave, on hearing the description, chants the hero as:

"An ocean in fury, a whale that rageth, a fragment of flame and fire;
A bear majestic, a grandly moving billow,
A beast in maddening ire:
In the crash of glorious battle through the hostile foe he leaps,
His shout the fury of doom;
A terrible bear, he is death to the herd of cattle,
Feat upon feat, head upon head he heaps:
Laud ye the hearty one, he who is victor fully."

Bricriu lost his life as a sequel of the great raid for the Dun Bull of Cooley. This was undertaken by Queen Meave as the result of the "bolster conversation," the curtain quarrel, between her and Ailill as to which of the two, husband or wife, had the more treasure. To settle the dispute, they compared their respective treasures, beginning with their wooden and iron vessels, going on with their rings and bracelets and brooches and fine clothes, and ending with their flocks of sheep, and herds of swine, horses, and cattle. The tally was even for both sides until they came to the cattle, when it appeared that Ailill had a huge, white-horned bull with which there was nothing of Meave's to compare. The chagrined queen learned from a herald that in Cooley there was a dun or brown bull which, it was asserted, was even larger and more formidable.

Meave announces that by fair means or foul the dun bull shall be hers, and she raises her hosts. A great war ensues, in which Cuchulain distinguishes himself above all others. All the heroes gather to the fight, and a special canto is devoted to the fate of a very old man, Iliach, a chief of Ulster, who resolves to attack the foe and to avenge Ulster's honor on them. "Whether, then, I fall

or come out of it, is all one," he said. The saga tells how his withered and wasted old horses, which fed on the shore by his little fort, were harnessed to the ancient chariot, which had long lost its cushions. Into it he got, mother-naked, with his sword and his pair of blunt, rusty spears, and great throwing-stones heaped at his feet; and thus he attacked the hosts of Meave and fought till his death. In the Cuchulain sagas the heroes frequently fight with stones; and the practice obtained until much later days, for in Olaf's death battle with the ships of Hakon his men were cleared from the decks of the Long Serpent by dexterously hurled stones as well as by spears.

Partly by cunning, Meave gets the dun bull upon which she had set her heart. Then comes in a thoroughly Erse touch. It appears that the two bulls have lived many lives in different forms, and always in hostility to each other, since the days when their souls were the souls of two swineherds, who quarreled and fought to the death. Now the two great bulls renew their ancient fight. Bricriu is forced out to witness it, and is trampled to death by the beasts. At last the white-horned bull is slain, and the dun, raging and destroying, goes back to his home, where he, too, dies. And this, says the saga, in ending, is the tale of the Dun Bull of Cooley and the Driving of the Cattle-Herd by Meave and Ailill, and their war with Ulster.

The Erse tales have suffered from many causes. Taken as a mass, they did not develop as the sagas and the epics of certain other nations developed; but they possess extraordinary variety and beauty, and in their mysticism, their devotion to and appreciation of natural beauty, their exaltation of the glorious courage of men and of the charm and devotion of women, in all the touches that tell of a long-vanished life, they possess a curious attraction of their own. They deserve the research which can be given only by the life-long effort of trained scholars; they should be studied for their poetry, as countless scholars have studied those early literatures; moreover, they should be studied as Victor Bérard has studied the "Odyssey," for reasons apart from their poetical worth; and finally they deserve to be translated and adapted so as to become a familiar household part of that literature which all the English-speaking peoples possess in common.

QUEEN MEAVE AND CUCHULAIN[1]

EDITORIAL NOTE

As an illustration of Mr. Roosevelt's study of the Irish sagas, we quote a passage from Lady Gregory's "Cuchulain of Muirthemne," to which one of Mr. Leyendecker's pictures directly refers. There being a quarrel about the champion's portion, in which Cuchulain was concerned, the matter was referred to Ailell and Queen Meave (also spelled Maeve) in Cruachan, in Connaught. Findabair of the Fair Eyebrows, the daughter of the house, "went up (for she had a bird's sight), to her sunny parlor over the great door of the fort," and reported the arrival of the champions:

"I see another chariot coming over the plain," said Findabair. "Tell me what its appearance is," said Maeve. "I see two horses of the one size and beauty, the one fierceness and speed, with ears pricked, heads high, spirited and powerful, with fine nostrils, wide foreheads, mane and tail curled, leaping together. The one gray, handsome, with broad thighs, eager, leaping, thundering, and trampling. As he goes, his fierce hoofs throw up sods of earth like a flock of swift birds after him. As he gallops on his way, he breathes out a blast of hot breath, a fire comes from his curbed jaws. The other, dark, small-headed, well-shaped, broad-hoofed, thin-sided, high-couraged, broad-backed, sure-footed, spirited; he takes long strides in the race; he leaps over streams, he throws off heaviness, he crosses the plains of the middle valley. They come together with fast, joyful steps, moving over the plain like a swift mountain mist, or like the speed of a hill hind, or like a hare on level ground, or like the rushing of a loud wind in winter.

"The chariot is of fine wood with wicker-work, having two iron wheels, a bright silver pole with bronze ornaments, a frame very high and creaking strengthened with iron, a curved yoke overlaid with gold, two soft looped yellow reins.

[1] Pronounced Cuhoolin or Cu-hullin.

"I see in the chariot a dark, sad man, comeliest of the men of Ireland. A pleated crimson tunic about him, fastened at the breast with a brooch of inlaid gold; a long-sleeved linen cloak on him with a white hood embroidered with flame-red gold. His eyebrows as black as the blackness of a spit, seven lights in his eyes, seven colours about his head, love and fire in his look. Across his knees there lies a gold-hilted sword, there is a blood-red spear ready to his hand, a sharp-tempered blade with a shaft of wood. Over his shoulders a crimson shield with a rim of silver, overlaid with shapes of beasts in gold.

"There is before him in the chariot a driver, a very thin, tall, freckled man; very bright red hair, kept back from his face with a golden thread, a cup of gold at each side of his head. A short cloak about him with sleeves opening at the two elbows; in his hand a goad of red gold to guide his horses."

"That is truly a drop before a downpour," said Maeve. "I know well who that man is." And it is what she said: "Like the sound of an angry sea, like a great moving wave, with the madness of a wild beast that is vexed, he leaps through his enemies in the crash of battle, they hear their death in his shout. He heaps deed upon deed, head upon head; his is a name to be put in songs. As fresh malt is ground in a mill, so shall we be ground by Cuchulain.

"For I swear by the oath of my people," she said, "that as a mill of ten spokes grinds very hard malt, so he, with only himself, would grind us to dust and to gravel, if we had the whole province with us, unless his anger and his heat go down.

"And what way are the rest of the men of Ulster coming?" she said. And Findabair answered her, and it is what she said: "Hand to hand, arm to arm, side to side, shoulder to shoulder, wheel to wheel, axle to axle, that is the way they are coming. Their horses are coming on us like thunder on the roof, like heavy waves stirred by the storm; the trampling of their feet makes the earth shake under them."

And Maeve said, "Let our women be ready before them with vats of cold water; let the beds be made ready, bring the best of food, the best of ale. Open the courtyard, have a welcome before them, and surely they will not harm us."

In this connection it should be remembered that the last and probably the most remarkable of the sonatas of Mr. Edward MacDowell is the "Keltic." Of this, Mr. Lawrence Gilman, in his admirable treatise on the great American composer, says:

"With the publication, in 1901, of the 'Keltic' sonata (his fourth, opus 50[1]) MacDowell achieved a conclusive and emphatic demonstration of his capacity as a creative musician of unquestionable importance. . . . This is unquestionably his masterpiece. . . .

"It was a fortunate, if not an inevitable event, in view of his temperamental affiliations with the Celtic genius, that MacDowell should have been made aware of the suitability for musical treatment of the ancient heroic chronicles of the Gaels, and that he should have gone for his inspiration, in particular, to the legends comprised in the famous Cycle of the Red Branch,—that wonderful group of epics which comprises, among other tales, the story of the matchless Deirdrè:—whose loveliness was such, so say the chroniclers, that 'not upon the ridge of earth was there a woman so beautiful,'—and the life and adventures and magnificent death of the incomparable Cuchullin. These two kindred legends MacDowell has welded into a coherent and satisfying whole. . . . It is the heroic Gaelic world that MacDowell has made to live again in his music: that miraculous world of stupendous passions and aspirations, of bards and heroes and sublime adventure—the world of Cuchullin the Unconquerable, and Laeg, and Queen Maeve; of Naesi, and Deirdré the Beautiful, and Fergus, and Connla the Harper, and those kindred figures, lovely or greatly tragical, that are like no other figures in the world's mythologies.

. . . "In the close of the last movement we are justified in tracing an emotional portrayal of the sublime tradition of Cuchullin's death, the manner of which is thus described by Standish O'Grady: 'Cuculain sprang forth, but as he sprang, Lewy MacConroi pierced him through the bowels. Then fell the great hero of the Gael. Thereat the sun darkened, and the earth trembled . . . when, with a crash, fell that pillar of heroism, and that flame of the warlike valour of Erin was extinguished. . . . Then Cuculain, raising his eyes, saw thence northwards from the lake a tall pillar-stone, the grave of a warrior slain there in some ancient war. With difficulty he reached it, and he leaned awhile against the pillar, for his mind wandered, and he knew nothing for a space. After that he took off his brooch, and removing the torn bratta [girdle], he passed it round the top of the pillar, where there was an indentation in the stone, and passed the ends under his arms and around his breast, tying with languid hands a loose knot, which soon was made fast by the weight of the dying hero; thus they beheld him standing with the drawn sword in his hand, and the rays of the setting sun bright on his panic-striking helmet. So stood Cuculain, even in death-pangs, a terror to his enemies, for a deep spring of stern valour was opened in his soul, and the might of his unfathomable spirit sustained him. Thus perished Cuculain. . . .'"

[1] Dedicated, like MacDowell's "Norse Sonata," to Grieg.

INSPECTING THE DRIVERS

IN THE RAILWAY YARD

PICTURES BY

THORNTON OAKLEY

Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

TAKING WATER

Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE TURN-TABLE

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE LAMPMAN

THE SHUTTLE

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," etc.

VI

AN UNFAIR ENDOWMENT

TO Bettina Vanderpoel had been given to an extraordinary extent that extraordinary thing which is called beauty—which is a thing entirely set apart from mere good looks or prettiness. This thing is extraordinary because, if statistics were taken, the result would probably be the discovery that not three human beings in a million really possess it. That it should be bestowed at all—since it is so rare—seems as unfair a thing as appears to the mere mortal mind the bestowal of unbounded wealth, for it quite as inevitably places the life of its owner upon an abnormal plane. There are millions of pretty women and billions of personable men, but the man or woman of entire physical beauty may cross one's pathway only once in a lifetime—or not at all. In the latter case, it is natural to doubt the absolute truth of the rumors that the thing exists. The abnormal creature seems a mere freak of nature and may chance to be angel, criminal, total insipidity, virago, or enchanter, but let such an one enter a room or appear in the street, and heads must turn, eyes light and follow, souls yearn or envy, or sink under the discouragement of comparison. With the complete harmony and perfect balance of the singular thing it would be folly for the rest of the world to compete. A human being who had lived in poverty for half a lifetime, might, if suddenly endowed with limitless fortune, retain, to a certain extent, balance of mind; but the same creature having lived the same number of years a wholly unlovely thing, suddenly awakening to the possession of entire physical beauty, might find the strain upon pure sanity greater, and the balance less easy to preserve. The relief from the conscious or unconscious tension bred by the sense of imperfection, the calm surety of the fearlessness of meeting in any eye a look not lighted by pleasure, would be less normal than the knowledge that no wish need remain unfulfilled, no fancy ungratified.

Even at sixteen Betty was a long-limbed young nymph whose small head, set high on a fine, slim column of throat, might well have been crowned with the garland of some goddess of health and the joy of life. She was light and swift, and being a creature of long lines and tender curves, there was pleasure in the mere seeing her move. The cut of her spirited lip and delicate nostril made for a profile at which one turned to look more than once despite oneself. Her hair was soft and black and repeated its color in the extravagant lashes of her childhood, which made mysterious the changeful, dense blue of her eyes. They were eyes with laughter in them and pride, and a suggestion of many deep things yet unstirred. She was unusually tall, and her body had the suppleness of a young bamboo. The deep corners of her red mouth curled generously, and the chin, melting into the fine line of the throat, was at once strong and soft and lovely. She was a creature of harmony, warm richness of color, and brilliantly alluring life.

When her school days were over, she returned to New York and gave herself into her mother's hands. To Bettina her mother's kindness of heart and sweet-tempered lovingness were touching. In the midst of her millions Mrs. Vanderpoel was wholly unworldly. Bettina

knew that she felt a perpetual homesickness when she allowed herself to think of the daughter who seemed lost to her, and the girl's realization of this caused her to wish to be especially affectionate and amenable. She was glad that she was tall and beautiful, not merely because such physical gifts added to the color and agreeableness of life, but because hers gave comfort and happiness to her mother. To Mrs. Vanderpoel to introduce to the world the loveliest débutante of many years, was to be launched into a new future. To concern oneself about her exquisite wardrobe, was to have enlivening occupation. To see her surrounded, to watch eyes as they followed her, to hear her praised, was to feel something of the happiness she had known in those younger days when New York had been less advanced in its views and methods, and slim, little, blonde Rosalie had "come out" in white tulle and waltzed like a fairy with a hundred partners.

"I wonder what Rosy looks like now," the poor woman said involuntarily one day. Bettina was not like a fairy. When her mother uttered her exclamation she was on the point of going out, and as she stood near her, wrapped in splendid furs, she had the air of a Russian princess.

"She could not have worn the things you do, Betty," said the affectionate maternal creature. "She was such a slight thing. But she was very pretty. I wonder if twelve years have changed her much."

Betty turned toward her suddenly.

"Mother," she said, "sometime before very long I am going to see."

"To see," exclaimed Mrs. Vanderpoel—"to see Rosy!"

"Yes," Betty answered. "I have a plan. I have never told you of it, but I have been thinking over it ever since I was fifteen years old."

She went to her mother and kissed her. She wore a becoming but resolute expression.

"We will not talk about it now," she said. "There are some things I must find out."

When she had left the room, which she did almost immediately, Mrs. Vanderpoel sat and cried. She got up and went to her desk, where there were some photographs. One was of Rosy as a little girl with long hair, one was of Lady Anstruthers in her wedding-dress, and one was of Sir Nigel.

"I never felt as if I quite liked him," she said, looking at this last; "but I suppose she does, or she would not be so happy that she could forget her mother and sister."

There was another picture which she looked at. Rosalie had sent it with the letter she wrote to her father after he had forwarded the money she asked for. It was a little study in water colors of the head of her boy. It was nothing but a head, the shoulders being fancifully draped; but the face was a peculiar one. It was over-mature and unlovely but for a mouth at once pathetic and sweet.

"He is not a pretty child," sighed Mrs. Vanderpoel, "I should have thought Rosy would have had pretty babies. This is more like his father than his mother."

She spoke to her husband later of what Betty had said.

"What do you think she has in her mind, Reuben?" she asked.

"What Betty has in her mind is usually good sense," was his response. "She will begin to talk to me about it presently. I shall not ask questions yet. She is probably thinking things over."

She was in truth thinking things over, as she had been doing for some time. She had asked questions on several occasions of English people she had met abroad. But a school-girl cannot ask many questions, and though she had once met some one who knew Sir Nigel Anstruthers, it was a person who did not know him well, for the reason that she had not desired to increase her slight acquaintance. This lady was the aunt of one of Bettina's fellow-pupils, and she was not aware of the girl's relationship to Sir Nigel. What Betty gathered was that her brother-in-law was regarded as a decidedly bad lot, that since his marriage to some American girl he had seemed to have money, which he spent in riotous living, and that the wife, who was said to be a silly creature, was either kept in the country because her husband did not want her in London, or stayed

Drawn by Maurice Greiffenhagen. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO US?'"

at Stornham because she preferred it. About the wife no one appeared to know anything, in fact.

"She is rather a fool, I believe, and Sir Nigel Anstruthers is the kind of man a simpleton would be obliged to submit to," Bettina had heard the lady say.

"She was neither clever nor strong-minded," Betty said to herself. "A man like Sir Nigel Anstruthers could make what he chose of her. I wonder what he has done to her?"

Of one thing she thought she was sure. This was that Rosalie's aloofness from her family was the result of his design. She comprehended, in her maturer years, her childish dislike of him.

"He used to hate us all," she said to herself. "He did not mean to know us when he had taken Rosalie away, and he did not intend that she should know us."

She had heard rumors of cases somewhat parallel—cases in which girls' lives had become swamped in those of their husbands and their husbands' families. And she had also heard unpleasant details of the means employed to reach the desired results. Annie Butterfield's husband had forbidden her to correspond with her American relatives. He had argued that such correspondence was disturbing to her mind, and to the domestic duties which should be every decent woman's religion. One of the occasions of his beating her had been in consequence of his finding her writing to her mother a letter blotted with tears. Husbands frequently objected to their wives' relatives, but there was a special order of European husband who opposed violently any intimacy with American relatives, on the practical ground that their views of a wife's position with regard to her husband were of a revolutionary nature.

Mrs. Vanderpoel had in her possession every letter Rosalie or her husband had ever written. Bettina asked to be allowed to read them, and one cold winter's morning seated herself in her own room before a blazing fire with the collection on a table at her side. She read in order. Nigel's letters were all in one tone—formal, uninteresting, and requiring no answers. There was not a suggestion of human feeling in one of them.

"He wrote them," said Betty, "so that we could not say that he had never written."

Rosalie's first epistles were affectionate but timid. At the outset she was evidently trying to conceal the fact that she was homesick. Gradually she became briefer and more constrained. In one she said pathetically: "I am such a bad letter-writer. I always feel as if I want to tear up what I have written because I never say half that is in my heart."

Mrs. Vanderpoel had kissed that letter many a time. She was sure that a mark on the paper near this particular sentence was where a tear had fallen. Bettina was sure of this, too, and sat and looked at the fire for some time.

That night she went to a ball, and when they returned home she persuaded her mother to go to bed.

"I want to have a talk with father," she explained. "I am going to ask him something."

She went to the great man's private room, where he sat at work even after the hours when less seriously engaged people came home from balls. The room he sat in was luxuriously comfortable, and its effect was sober, and rich, and fine.

When Bettina came in, Vanderpoel, looking up to smile at her in welcome, was struck by the fact that as a background to an entering figure of tall, splendid girlhood in a ball dress, the room was admirable, throwing out all the whiteness and grace of the figure, and its sweep of line.

She smiled back at him, and coming forward, took her place in a big arm-chair close to him, her lace-frilled cloak slipping from her shoulders with a soft rustling sound which seemed to convey her intention to stay.

"Are you too busy to be interrupted?" she asked, her mellow voice caressing him. "I want to talk to you about something I am going to do." She put out her hand and laid it on his with a clinging firmness which meant strong feeling. "At least, I am going to do it if you will help me," she ended.

"What is it, Betty?" he inquired, his usual interest in her accentuated by her manner.

She laid her other hand on his, and he clasped both.

"When the Worthingtons sail for England next month," she explained, "I want to go with them. Mrs. Worthington is very kind, and will be good enough to take care of me until I reach London."

Mr. Vanderpoel moved slightly in his chair. Then their eyes met comprehendingly. He saw what hers held.

"From there you are going to Stornham Court," he exclaimed.

"To see Rosy," she answered, leaning a little forward.

"You believe that what has happened has not been her fault?" he said. There was a look in her face which warmed his blood.

"I have always been sure that Nigel Anstruthers arranged it."

"Do you think he has been unkind to her?"

"I am going to see," she answered.

"Betty," he said, "tell me all about it."

It was like her to have remained silent through the process of thinking a thing out, evolving her final idea without having disturbed him by bringing to him any chaotic uncertainties.

"It 's a sort of confession," she answered. "Father, I have been thinking about it for years. I said nothing because for so long I knew I was only a child, and a child's judgment might be worth so little. But through all these years I was learning things and gathering evidence. When I was at school, first in one country and then in another, I used to tell myself that I was growing up and preparing myself to do a particular thing—to go to rescue Rosy."

"I used to guess you were thinking of her," Vanderpoel said, "but let us look the matter in the face," withdrawing a hand to rub his chin reflectively. "Suppose she does not need rescuing. Suppose, after all, she is a comfortable, fine lady and adores her husband. What then?"

"If I should find that to be true, I shall behave myself very well, as if we had expected nothing else. I shall make her a short visit and come away. Lady Cecilia Orme, whom I knew in Florence, has asked me to stay with her in London. I shall go to her. She is a charming woman. But I must first see Rosy—*see* her."

Mr. Vanderpoel thought the matter over during a few moments of silence.

"You do not wish your mother to go with you?" he said presently.

"I believe it will be better that she should not," she answered. "If there are difficulties or disappointments, she would be too unhappy."

"Yes," he said slowly, "and she could not control her feelings. She would give the whole thing away, poor girl!"

He had been looking at the carpet, and now he looked at Bettina.

"What are you expecting to find, at the worst," he asked her. "The kind of thing which will need management while it is being looked into?"

"I do not know what I am expecting to find," was her reply. "We know absolutely nothing but that Rosy was fond of us and that her marriage has seemed to make her cease to care. She was not like that; she was not like that! Was she, father?"

"No, she was n't," he exclaimed. The memory of her in her short-frocked and early girlish days, a pretty, smiling, effusive thing, given to lavish caresses and affectionate little surprises for them all, came back to him vividly. "She was the most affectionate girl I ever knew," he said. "She was more affectionate than you, Betty," with a smile.

Bettina smiled in return, and bent her head to put a kiss on his hand, a warm, lovely, comprehending kiss.

"If she had been different, I should not have thought so much of the change," she said. "I believe that people are always more or less like *themselves* as long as they live. What has seemed to happen has been so unlike Rosy that there must be some reason for it."

"You think that she has been prevented from seeing us?"

"I think it so probable that I am not going to announce my visit beforehand."

"You have a good head, Betty," her father said.

"If Sir Nigel has put obstacles in our way before, he will do it again. I shall try to find out when I reach London if Rosalie is at Stornham. When I am sure she is there, I shall go and present myself. If Sir Nigel meets me at the Park gates, and orders his gamekeepers to drive me off the premises, we shall

at least know that he has some reason for not wishing to regard the usual social and domestic amenities. I feel rather like a detective. It entertains me and excites me a little."

The deep blue of her eyes shone under the shadow of the extravagant lashes as she laughed.

"Are you willing that I should go, father?" she said next.

"Yes," he answered. "I am willing to trust you, Betty, to do things I would not trust other girls to try at. If you were not my girl at all, if you were a man on Wall Street, I should know you would be pretty safe to come out a little more than even in any venture you made. You know how to keep cool."

Bettina picked up her fallen cloak and laid it over her arm. It was made of billowy frills of Malines lace, such as only Vanderpoels could buy. She looked down at the amazing thing and touched up the frills with her fingers as she smiled whimsically.

"There are a good many girls who can be trusted to do things in these days," she said. "Women have found out so much. Perhaps it is because the heroines of novels have informed them. Heroines and heroes always bring in the new fashions in character. I believe it is years since a heroine 'burst into a flood of tears.' It has been discovered, really, that nothing is to be gained by it. Whatsoever I find at Stornham Court, I shall neither weep nor be helpless. There is the Atlantic Cable, you know. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why heroines have changed. When they could not escape from their persecutors except in a stage-coach, and could not send telegrams to their defenders, they were more or less in any one's hands. It is different now. Thank you, father; you are very good to believe in me."

VII

ON BOARD THE "MERIDIANA"

A LARGE transatlantic steamer, lying at the wharf on a brilliant sunny morning just before its departure, is an interesting and suggestive object to those who are fond of following suggestion to its end. This is perhaps more especially the case when the looker-on is to be a passenger on the outgoing ship, and the exhilaration of his point of view may greatly depend upon the reason for his voyage and the class by which he travels. Gaiety and youth usually appear upon the promenade-deck, having taken saloon passage, dullness, commerce, and eld mingling with them, it is true, but with a discretion which does not seem to dominate. Second-class passengers wear a more practical aspect, and youth among them is rarer and more grave. People who must travel second and third class make voyages for utilitarian reasons. Their object is usually to better themselves in one way or another. When they are going from Liverpool to New York, it is usually to enter upon new efforts and new labors. When they are returning from New York to Liverpool, it is often because the new life has proved less to be depended upon than the old, and they are bearing back with them bitterness of soul and discouragement of spirit.

On the brilliant spring morning when the huge liner *Meridiana* was to sail for England, a young man, who was a second-class passenger, leaned upon the ship's rail and watched the turmoil on the wharf with a detached and not at all buoyant air.

His air was detached because he had other things in his mind than those merely passing before him, and he was not buoyant because they were not cheerful or encouraging subjects for reflection. He was a rather big young man, well-hung together and carrying himself well. His face was square-jawed and rugged, and he had red hair, restrained by its close cut from waving strongly on his forehead. His eyes were red-brown, and a few dark freckles marked his clear skin. He was of the order of man one looks at twice, having looked at him once, though one does not in the least know why, unless one finally reaches some degree of intimacy.

He watched the vehicles, heavy and light, roll into the big shed-like building and deposit their freight; he heard the voices and caught the sentences of instruction and comment; he saw boxes and bales hauled from the dock-side to the deck, and swung below with the rat-

tling of machinery and chains. But these formed merely a noisy background to his mood, which was self-centered and gloomy. He was one of those who go back to their native land knowing themselves conquered. He had left England two years before, feeling obstinately determined to accomplish a certain difficult thing; but forces of nature, combining with the circumstances of previous education and living, had beaten him. He had lost two years and all the money he had ventured. He was going back to the place he had come from, and he was carrying with him a sense of having been hardly used by fortune and in a way he had not deserved.

He had gone out to the West with the intention of working hard, and using his hands as well as his brains. He had not been squeamish; he had, in fact, labored like a plowman, and to be obliged to give in had been galling and bitter. There are human beings into whose consciousness of themselves the possibility of being beaten does not enter. This man was one of them.

The ship was of the huge and luxuriously fitted class by which the rich and fortunate are transported from one continent to another. Passengers could indulge themselves in suites of rooms and live sumptuously. As the man leaning on the rail looked on, he saw messengers, bearing baskets and boxes of fruit and flowers with cards and notes attached, hurrying up the gangway to deliver them to waiting stewards. These were the farewell offerings to be placed in staterooms or to wait their owners on the saloon tables. Salter—the second-class passenger's name was Salter—had seen a few such offerings before on his first crossing; but there had not been such lavishness at Liverpool. It was the New Yorkers who were profuse in such matters, as he had been told. He had also heard casually that the passenger-list on this voyage was to record important names—the names of multi-millionaire people who were going over for the London season.

Two stewards, talking near him earlier in the morning, had been exulting over the probable largesse such a list would result in at the end of the passage.

"The Worthingtons and the Hirams and the John William Spajters," said one. "They travel all right. They know what they want, and they want a good deal, and they 're willing to pay for it."

"Yes; they 're not school-teachers going over to improve their minds, and contriving to cross in a big ship by economizing in everything else. Miss Vanderpoel 's sailing with the Worthingtons. She 's got the best suite all to herself. She 'll bring back a duke or one of those prince fellows. How many millions has Vanderpoel?"

"How many hundred millions!" said his companion, gloating cheerfully over the vastness of unknown possibilities. "I know Miss Vanderpoel. I 've crossed with her often, two or three times when she was in short frocks. She 's the kind of girl you read about. And she 's got money enough to buy in half a dozen princes."

"There are New Yorkers who won't like it if she does," returned the other. "There 's been too much money going out of the country. Her suite is crammed full of Jacque roses now, and there are boxes waiting outside."

Rufus Salter moved away and heard no more. He moved away, in fact, because he was conscious that to a man in his case this dwelling upon millions, this plethora of wealth, was a little revolting. He had walked down Broadway and seen the price of Jacqueminot roses, and he was not soothed or allured at this particular moment by the picture of a girl whose cabins were crowded with them.

"Oh, the devil!" he said. "It sounds vulgar." And he walked up and down fast, squaring his shoulders, with his hands in the pockets of his rough, well-worn coat. He had seen in England something of the American young woman with millionaire relatives. He had been scarcely more than a boy when the American flood first began to rise. He had been old enough, however, to hear people talk. There had been the first appearance of an occasional astounding girl, accompanied by a family who amazed, and who could not possibly be amalgamated in the usual way. At that period the families had always been the mere odd accompaniments of the girl. They were rich and seemed to spend their

money with an extraordinary lavishness. Duchesses thought gravely many times before they bought things for themselves which the Early-American mother purchased with careless good humor for her daughter. The daughter was always pretty and slim, and possessed a wardrobe to wonder at. As far as physical gifts were concerned, nature seemed to have been reckless. She had frequently beauty, and almost invariably an inspiring vitality, and a ready tongue and wit which would keep the dullest man alive and convince him that he was a rather clever fellow, after all. If she was absolutely exotic in her conventions, she would at least talk and make her companion talk, whether their conversation was brilliant or merely amusing rubbish, and even if her share of it was noticeable for a high pitch of tone and an accent previously almost unknown. If her manners, when judged by English canons, were bad, her temper and her spirits were good. When her species was new, the shallowest type of it never bored the men whose calamity was that they frequently suffered from boredom. If she wore over-expensive frocks and furbelows, she at least bought them at the best shops in Paris, and they were good to look at, whether they were exactly the adornments for her girlhood or not.

This had been the beginning of the American Invasion. As he had grown older, Salter had observed its advance. Englishmen had married American beauties. American fortunes had built up English houses which otherwise threatened to fall into decay. Then the American faculty of adaptability came into play. Anglo-American wives became sometimes more English than their husbands. They proceeded to Anglicize their relatives, their relatives' clothes, even, in time, their speech. They carried, or sent, English conventions to the States; their brothers ordered their clothes from West End tailors; their sisters began to wear walking dresses, to play out-of-door games, and take active exercise. Their mothers tentatively took houses in London or Paris; there came a period when their fathers or uncles,—serious or anxious business men, the most unsporting of human beings,—rented castles or manors with huge moors and covers attached, and entertained large parties of shooters or fishers, who could be lured to any quarter by the promise of the particular form of slaughter for which they burned.

"Sheer American business perspicacity, that," ruminated Salter, as he marched up and down, thinking of a particular case of this order. "There 's something admirable in the practical way they make for what they want. They want to amalgamate with English people not for their own sakes, but because their women like it, and so they offer the men thousands of acres full of things to kill. They can get them by paying for them, and they know how to pay." He laughed, lifting his square shoulders. "Balthamor's six thousand acres of grouse moor and Elsty's salmon-fishing are rented by the Chicago man. He does n't care twopence for them, and does not know a pheasant from a capercailzie, but his wife wants to know men who do.

"But they 're not a bad lot," he was thinking at this moment. "They are rather fine in a way. They are clever and powerful and interesting—more so than they know themselves. But it is all commerce. They don't come and fight with us and get possession of us by force: they come and buy us. They buy our land, and our homes, and our landowners, for that matter. When they don't buy them, they send their women to marry them, confound it!"

He took half a dozen more strides, and lifted his shoulders again.

"Beggarly lot as I am," he said, "unlikely as it seems that I can marry at all, I 'm hanged if I don't marry an Englishwoman, if I give my life to a woman at all."

But, in fact, he was of the opinion that he should never give his life to any woman, and this was because he was at this period, also, of the opinion that there was a small prospect of its ever being worth the giving or taking. It had been one of those lives of which there are many—the lives which begin wrong and are ruled by unfair circumstances.

He had a particularly well-cut and expressive mouth, and as he went back to the ship's side and leaned on his folded arms on the rail again, its curves concealed a good deal of strong feeling.

The wharf was busier than before. In less than half an hour the ship was to sail. The bustle and confusion had increased.

Salter had just been watching a luxuriously cared-for little invalid woman being carried on deck in a reclining-chair, when his attention was attracted by the sound of trampling hoofs and rolling wheels. Two noticeably big and smart carriages had driven up to the stopping-place for vehicles. They were gorgeously of the latest mode, and their tall, satin-skinned horses jangled silver chains, and stepped up to their noses.

"Here come the Worthingtons, whoever they be," thought Salter. "The fine, up-standing young woman is no doubt the multi-millionairess."

Bettina walked up the gangway in the sunshine, and the passengers upon the upper deck craned their necks to look at her. Her carriage of her head and shoulders invariably made people turn to look.

"My, ain't she fine-looking!" exclaimed an excited woman above. "I guess that must be Miss Vanderpoel, the multi-millionaire's daughter. Jane told me she 'd heard she was crossing this trip."

Bettina heard her. She sometimes wondered if she was ever pointed out, if her name was ever mentioned, without the addition of the explanatory statement that she was the multi-millionaire's daughter.

"It wounds my vanity, I have no doubt," she had said to her father. "Nobody ever sees me; they only see you and your millions and millions of dollars."

Salter watched her move up the gangway. The phase through which he was passing was not of the order which leads a man to dwell upon the beautiful and inspiriting as expressed by the female image. Success, and the hopefulness which engender warmth of soul and quickness of heart, are required for the development of such allurements. He thought of the Vanderpoel millions as the lady on the deck had thought of them, and as, in his mind, somehow, the girl herself appeared to express them. The rich, up-springing sweep of her abundant hair, her height, her coloring, the remarkable shade and length of her lashes, the full curve of her mouth—all, he told himself, looked expensive, as if even nature herself had been given *carte blanche,* and the best possible articles procured for the money.

"She moves," he thought sardonically, "as if she was perfectly aware that she could pay for anything. An unlimited income no doubt establishes in the owner the equivalent of a sense of rank."

He changed his position for one in which he could command a view of the promenade-deck where the arriving passengers were gradually appearing. He did this from the idle and careless curiosity which does not object to being entertained by passing objects.

As the Worthington party reappeared, it struck Salter that they looked not so much like persons coming on board a ship as like people who were returning to a hotel to which they were accustomed and which was also accustomed to them. He argued that they had probably crossed the Atlantic innumerable times in this particular steamer. The deck stewards knew them and made obeisance with *empressement.* Miss Vanderpoel nodded to the steward Salter had heard discussing her; she gave him a smile of recognition, and paused a moment to speak to him. Salter saw her sweep the deck with her glance and then designate a sequestered corner such as the experienced voyager would recognize as being desirably sheltered. She was giving an order concerning the placing of her deck chair, which was presently brought. An elegantly neat and decorous person in black, who was evidently her maid, appeared almost at once, followed by a steward who carried cushions and fur rugs. These being arranged, a delightful corner was left alluringly prepared. Miss Vanderpoel, after her instructions to the deck steward, had joined her party and seemed to be awaiting some arrival anxiously.

"She knows how to do herself well," Salter commented, "and she realizes that forethought is a practical factor. Millions have been productive of composure. It is not unnatural, either."

It was but a short time later that the warning bell was rung. Stewards passed through the crowds, calling out, "All ashore, if you please—all ashore!" People shook hands with fervor and laughed

nervously. Women kissed one another, and poured forth hurried messages to be delivered on the other side of the Atlantic. Having kissed and parted, some of them rushed back and clutched again. Notwithstanding that the tide of humanity surges across the Atlantic almost as regularly as the daily tide surges in on its shores, a wave of emotion sweeps through every ship at such partings.

Salter stood on deck and watched the crowd dispersing. Some of the people were laughing and some of the people had red eyes. Groups collected on the wharf and tried to say still more last words to their friends crowding against the rail.

The Worthingtons kept their place and were still looking out, by this time disappointedly. It seemed that a friend or friends whom they had expected had not come. Salter saw that Miss Vanderpoel looked more disappointed than the rest. She leaned forward and strained her eyes to see. Just at the last moment there was the sound of trampling horses and rolling wheels again. From the arriving carriage descended hastily an elderly woman, who lifted out a little boy, excited almost to tears. He was a dear, chubby little person in flapping sailor trousers and he carried a large and splendid toy donkey in his arms. Salter could not help feeling slightly excited himself as they rushed forward. He wondered if they were passengers who would be left behind.

They were not passengers, but the arrivals Miss Vanderpoel had been expecting so ardently. They had come to say good-by to her and were too late for that, as the gangway was just about to be withdrawn. Miss Vanderpoel leaned forward eagerly:

"Tommy! Tommy!" she cried to the little boy. "Here I am, Tommy. We can say good-by from here."

The little boy, looking up, broke into a wail of despair.

"Betty! Betty! Betty!" he cried. "I wanted to kiss you, Betty."

Betty held out her arms. She did it with entire forgetfulness of the existence of any lookers-on, and with such outreaching love on her face that it seemed as if the child must feel her touch. She made a beautiful, warm, consoling bud of her mouth.

"We 'll kiss each other from here, Tommy," she said. "See, we can. Kiss me, and I will kiss you."

Tommy held out his arms and the donkey. "Betty," he cried, "I brought you my donkey, I wanted to give it to you for a present, because you liked it."

Miss Vanderpoel bent farther forward, and addressed the elderly woman.

"Matilda," she said, "please pack Master Tommy's present and send it to me. I want it very much."

The gangway was withdrawn, and amid the familiar sounds of a big craft's first struggle, the ship began to move. Miss Vanderpoel still bent forward and held out her arms.

"I will soon come back, Tommy," she cried, "and we are always friends."

The child held out his short blue-serge arms also, and Salter, watching him, could not but be touched, for all his gloom of mind.

"I wanted to kiss you, Betty," he heard in farewell. "I did so want to kiss you."

And so they steamed away upon the blue.

VIII

ALMOST

Up to a certain point the voyage was like all other voyages. During the first two days there were passengers who did not appear on deck, but, as the weather was fair for the season of the year, there were fewer absentees than is usual. Indeed, on the third day the deck chairs were all filled, people who were given to tramping during their voyages had begun to walk their customary quota of carefully measured miles. There were a few pale faces dozing here and there, but the general aspect of things had begun to be sprightly. Shuffle-board players and quoit enthusiasts began to bestir themselves, the deck steward appeared regularly with light repasts of beef tea and biscuits, and the brilliant hues of red, blue, or yellow novels made frequent spots of color upon the promenade. Persons of some initiative went to the length of making tentative observations to their next-chair neighbor.

The Worthingtons had plainly the for-

tune to be respectable sailors. They reappeared on the second day, and established regular habits, after the manner of accustomed travelers. Miss Vanderpoel's habits were regular from the first, and when Salter saw her, he was impressed even more than at the outset with her air of being at home instead of on shipboard. Her well-chosen corner was an agreeable place to look at. Her chair was built for ease of angle and width, her cushions were of dark, rich colors, her traveling rugs were of black fox fur, and she owned an adjustable table for books and accompaniments. She appeared early in the morning, and walked until the sea air crimsoned her cheeks; she sat and read with evident enjoyment; she talked to her companions, and plainly entertained them. She did not laugh very much, but she frequently made the Worthingtons laugh delightedly when she herself wore only a clever, cool little smile. Salter had an idea that she was probably satirical, and it must be confessed that he did not like satirical women. Because he was bored and in bad spirits, he found himself watching her rather often, but he knew that but for the small comic episode of Tommy he would have definitely disliked her. The dislike would not have been fair, but it would have existed in spite of himself. It would not have been fair because it would have been founded simply upon the ignoble resentment of envy, upon the poor truth that he was not in the state of mind to avoid resenting the injustice of fate in bestowing multi-millions upon one person and his offspring. He resented his own resentment, but was obliged to acknowledge its existence in his humor. He himself, especially and peculiarly, had always known the bitterness of poverty, the humiliation of seeing where money could be well used, indeed, ought to be used, and at the same time having ground into him the fact that there was no money to lay one's hand on. He had hated it even as a boy, because in his case and that of his people the whole thing was undignified and unbecoming. It was humiliating to him now to bring home to himself the fact that the thing for which he was inclined to dislike this tall, up-standing girl was her unconscious air (he realized the unconsciousness of it) of having always lived in the atmosphere of millions, of never having known a reason why she should not have anything she had a desire for. He had seen multi-millionaire women before who did not unintentionally convey this, though he had seen those who conveyed it intentionally enough—short-legged, semi-good-looking women in England, France, and Germany, who hung themselves with jewels, furnished their houses like the harems of sultans, and who were the property of husbands who lent money to nations and princes. This fine creature's air was the result not of consciousness, but of unconsciousness. There was an oblivious directness about her, despite her height and her way of carrying her shoulders and waist. Perhaps upon the whole, he said to himself, it was his own ill-luck and sense of defeat which made her corner, with its cushions and comforts, her properly attentive maid and her luxurious appointments, expressive of a fortune too colossal to be decent.

The episode of the plump, despairing Tommy he had liked, however. There had been a fine naturalness about it and a fine practicalness in her prompt order to the elderly nurse that the richly caparisoned donkey should be sent to her. This had at once made it clear to the donor that his gift was too valuable to be left behind.

"She did not care twopence for the lot of us," was his summing up. "She might have been nothing but the nicest possible warm-hearted nurse-maid, or a cottage woman who loved the child."

He was quite aware that though he had found himself more than once observing her, she herself had probably not recognized the trivial fact of his existing upon that other side of the barrier which separated the higher grade of passenger from the lower. There was indeed no reason why she should have singled him out for observation, and she was in fact too frequently absorbed in her own reflections to be in the frame of mind to remark her fellow-passengers to the extent which was generally customary with her. During her crossings of the Atlantic she usually made mental observation of the people on board. This time, when

she was not talking to the Worthingtons or reading, she was really nearly always thinking of the possibilities of her visit to Stornham.

There were many things to be considered, and one of the first was the perfectly sensible suggestion her father had made.

"Suppose she does not want to be rescued. Suppose you find her a comfortable fine lady of title who adores her husband."

Such a thing was possible, though Bettina did not think it probable. She intended, however, to prepare herself even for this.

"I ought to wish it to be so," she thought, "and yet how disappointingly the old Rosy would have changed. Still, even ethical reasons would not excuse one for wishing her to be miserable." She was a creature with a number of passionate ideals which warred frequently with the practical side of her mentality. Often she used to walk up and down the deck or lean upon the ship's side, her eyes stormy with emotions.

"I do not want to find Rosy a heartless woman and I do not want to find her wretched. What do I want? Only the usual thing, that what cannot be undone had never been done. People are always wishing that."

She was standing near the second-cabin barrier, thinking this. She had paused by mere chance, and while her eyes were stormy with her thought, she suddenly became conscious that she was looking directly into other eyes as darkling as her own. They were those of a man on the wrong side of the barrier. He had a troubled, brooding face, and, as their gaze met, each of them started slightly and turned away with the sense of having unconsciously intruded and having been intruded upon.

"That rough-looking man," she commented to herself, "is as anxious and disturbed as I am."

Salter did look rough, it was true. His well-worn clothes had suffered somewhat from the restrictions of a second-class cabin shared with two other men. But the aspect which had presented itself to her brief glance had been not so much roughness of clothing as of mood expressing itself in his countenance. He was thinking harshly and angrily of the life ahead of him; of what now seemed the hopeless limitations of all his natural desires and ambitions.

These looks of theirs which had so inadvertently encountered each other were of that order which sometimes startles one when in passing a stranger one finds one's eyes entangled for a second in his or hers, as the case may be. At such times it seems for that instant difficult to disentangle one's gaze. But neither of these two thought of the other much after hurrying away. Each was too fully mastered by personal mood.

There would, indeed, have been no reason for their encountering each other further but for the "accident," as it was called, when spoken of afterward—the accident which might so easily have been a catastrophe. It occurred that night. This was two nights before they were to land.

Everybody had begun to come under the influence of that cheerfulness of humor, the sense of relief bordering on gaiety, which generally elates people when a voyage is drawing to a close. If one has been dull, one begins to gather oneself together, rejoiced that the boredom is over. In any case, there are plans to be made, thought of, or discussed.

The Worthingtons sat up late in their deck-chairs. They had numerous things to talk over—visits, stopping-places, journeys, meetings with friends.

"You wish to go to Stornham at once," Mrs. Worthington said to Bettina. "How pleased Lady Anstruthers and Sir Nigel must be at the idea of seeing you with them after so long!"

"I can scarcely tell you how I am looking forward to it," Betty answered. She sat in her corner among her cushions, looking at the dark water which seemed to sweep past the ship, and listening to the throb of the engines. She was not gay. She was wondering how far the plans she had made would prove feasible. Mrs. Worthington was not aware that her visit to Stornham Court was to be unannounced. It had not been necessary to explain the matter. The whole affair was simple and decorous enough. Miss Vanderpoel was to bid good-by to her friends and go at once to her sister, Lady Anstruthers, whose husband's country seat was but

three hours' journey from London. Bettina and her father had arranged that the fact should be kept from the society paragraphist. This had required some adroit management, but had actually been accomplished.

As the waves swished past her, Bettina was saying to herself: "What will Rosy say when she sees me! What shall I say when I see Rosy? We are drawing nearer to each other with each wave that passes!"

A fog closed in, and they all went to their state-rooms early. The Worthingtons laughed and talked a little, but presently became quiet, and had evidently gone to bed. Bettina was restless and moved about her room alone after she had sent away her maid. She at last sat down and finished a letter she had been writing to her father.

"As I near the land," she wrote, "I feel a sort of excitement. Several times to-day I have recalled so distinctly the picture of Rosy as I saw her last when we all stood crowded upon the wharf at New York to see her off. She and Nigel were leaning upon the rail of the upper deck. She looked such a delicate, airy little creature, quite like a pretty schoolgirl, with tears in her eyes. She was laughing and crying at the same time, and kissing both her hands to us again and again. I was crying passionately myself, though I tried to conceal the fact, and I remember that each time I looked from Rosy to Nigel's heavy face the poignancy of my anguish made me break forth again. I wonder if it was because I was a child that he looked such a contemptuous brute, even when he pretended to smile. It is twelve years since then. I wonder—how I wonder what I shall find."

She stopped writing and sat a few moments, her chin upon her hand, thinking. Suddenly she sprang to her feet. The stillness of the night was broken by wild shouts, a running of feet outside, a tumult of mingled sounds and motion, a dash and rush of surging water, a strange thumping and straining of engines, and, as she was hurled from one side of her state-room to the other, by a crashing shock which seemed to heave the ship out of the sea, shuddering, as if the end of all things had come.

It was so sudden and horrible a thing that, though she had been flung only upon a pile of rugs and cushions and was unhurt, she felt as if she had been struck on the head and plunged into wild delirium. Above the sound of the dashing and rocking waves, the straining and roaring of backing engines, and the pandemonium of voices, rose from one end of the ship to the other one wild, despairing, long-drawn shriek of women and children.

"Something has run into us," she gasped, getting up, with her heart leaping in her throat.

She could hear the terrified confusion in the Worthingtons' cabin through the partitions between them. Perhaps they were all this moment going down. Now she knew what it was like, this thing she had read of in newspapers. And as she sprang to clutch her coat, there flashed before her mental vision a gruesome picture of the headlines in the newspapers, and the inevitable reference to the millions she represented.

"I must keep calm," she heard herself say as she fastened the long coat, clenching her teeth to keep them from chattering. "Poor daddy! poor daddy!"

Maddening new sounds were now all about her. Everybody was going mad in the state-rooms; the stewards were rushing about trying to quiet people, their own voices shaking and breaking. If the worst had happened, every one would be fighting for life in a few minutes. She must get out on deck and find out for herself what the worst was.

She was the first woman outside, though the wails and shrieks swelled below, and half-dressed ghastly creatures tumbled gasping up the companion-way.

"What is it?" she heard. "My God! what 's happened?" "Where 's the captain?" "Are we going down?" "The boats! The boats!"

It was useless to speak to the seamen rushing by. They did not see, much less hear. She caught sight of a man who could not be a sailor, as he was standing still. She made her way to him, thankful that she had managed to stop her teeth chattering.

"What has happened to us?" she said.

He turned and looked at her. He was the second-cabin passenger with the red hair.

"A tramp steamer has run into us," he answered.

"How much harm is done?"

"They are trying to find out. I am standing here on the chance of hearing something. It 's useless to ask any one questions."

They spoke to each other in short, sharp sentences, knowing there was no time to lose.

"Are you horribly frightened?" he asked.

She stamped her foot.

"I hate it," she said, flinging her hand toward the black, heaving water. "No one could hate it more. But I want to do something."

She was turning away, when he caught her hand and held her.

"Wait a second," he said. "I hate it as much as you do, but I believe we can keep our heads. Those who do, can help, perhaps. Let us try to quiet the people. As soon as I find out anything, I will come to your friends' state-room. You are near the boats there. Then I shall go back to the second cabin. You work on your side, and I 'll work on mine."

"Thank you. Tell the Worthingtons. I 'm going to the saloon deck." She was off as she spoke.

Upon the stairway she found herself in the midst of a struggling, panic-stricken mob, tripping over one another on the steps, and clutching at any garment nearest to drag themselves up as they fell, or were on the point of falling. Every one was crying out in question and appeal.

Bettina stood still, a firm, tall obstacle, and clutched at the hysteric woman who was hurled against her.

"I 've been on deck," she said. "A tramp steamer has run into us. No one has time to answer questions. The first thing to do is to put on warm clothes and secure the life-belts in case you need them."

At once every one turned upon her as if she were an authority.

"I know nothing further—only that if one is not a fool one must make sure of clothes and belts."

"Quite right, Miss Vanderpoel," said one young man, touching his cap in nervous propitiation.

"Stop screaming," Betty said mercilessly to the women. "It 's idiotic; the more noise you make, the less chance you have. How can men keep their wits among a mob of shrieking women?"

That the remote Miss Vanderpoel should have emerged from her luxurious corner to bully the lot of them was an excellent shock for the crowd. Men who had been in danger of losing their heads and becoming as uncontrolled as the women suddenly realized the fact and pulled themselves together. Bettina made her way at once to the Worthingtons' state-rooms. Blanche and Marie Worthington were silly with fright, and dashed at and dropped alternately life-belts, shoes, jewel-cases, and wraps, while they sobbed and cried out hysterically: "Oh! What shall we do with mother! What shall we do!"

Betty seized Blanche by the shoulder and shook her.

"What a donkey you are!" she said. "Put on your clothes. There they are," pushing her to the place where they hung. "Marie, dress yourself this moment. We may be in no real danger at all."

"Do you think not? Oh, Betty!" they wailed in concert. "Oh, what shall we do with mother!"

"Where is your mother?"

"She fainted—Louise—"

Betty was in Mrs. Worthington's cabin before they finished. The poor woman had fainted and struck her cheek against a chair. She lay on the floor in her nightgown, with blood trickling from a cut on her face. Her maid Louise was sobbing and wringing her hands and doing nothing whatever.

"If you don't bring the brandy this minute," said Betty, "I 'll box your ears. Believe me, my girl." She looked so capable of the act that the woman was startled, and actually offended, into a return of her senses; for Miss Vanderpoel had usually the best of manners toward her inferiors.

Betty poured brandy down Mrs. Worthington's throat and applied strong smelling-salts until she gasped back to consciousness. She had just burst into frightened sobs when Betty heard confusion and exclamations in the adjoining room. Blanche and Marie had cried out, and a man's voice was speaking.

Betty went to them. They were in various stages of undress, and the red-haired second-cabin passenger was standing at the door.

"I promised Miss Vanderpoel," he was saying when Betty came forward. He turned to her promptly.

"I come to tell you that it seems absolutely to be relied on that there is no immediate danger. The tramp is more injured than we are."

"Oh, are you sure! Are you sure!" panted Blanche, catching at his sleeve.

"Yes," he answered. "Can I do anything for you?" he said to Bettina, who was on the point of speaking.

"Will you be good enough to help me to assist Mrs. Worthington into her berth, and then try to find the doctor."

To Mrs. Worthington he spoke briefly a few words of reassurance. He was a powerful man, and laid her on her berth without dragging her about uncomfortably. Even her helplessly hysteric mood was illuminated by a ray of grateful appreciation.

"Oh, thank you—thank you," she murmured. "And you are quite sure there is no actual danger, Mr. ——"

"Salter," he terminated for her. "You may feel safe. The damage is really only slight, after all."

"It is so good of you to come and tell us," said the poor lady, still tremulous. "The shock was awful. Our introduction has been an alarming one. I—I don't think we have met during the voyage."

"No," replied Salter; "I am in the second cabin."

"Oh, thank you! It 's so good of you," she faltered amiably, for want of inspiration. As he went out of the stateroom Salter spoke to Bettina.

"I will send the doctor, if I can find him," he said. "I think perhaps you had better take some brandy yourself. I shall."

"It 's queer how little one seems to realize even that there are second-cabin passengers," commented Mrs. Worthington, feebly. "That was a nice man and perfectly respectable. He even had a kind of—of manner."

(To be continued)

THE TRAGIC RAPTURE

BY CHARLOTTE PORTER

WINNOW me, Life! winnow and sift me!
Harrow me, Fate! harrow and lift me!
Hallow me, Love! wring me and rive me!
Aught but the best, purge me from, shrive me!
Lightning-sure Aim! nothing less shift me!
Lightning-sure Touch! thrill me and gift me!
Life! smite thy tragic full chord in me,
Let it be potently lord in me,
Through my soul glorying float;
Pour through my triumphing throat
Song of the dominant note!

THE FREER COLLECTION OF ART

MR. CHARLES L. FREER'S GIFT TO THE NATION, TO BE INSTALLED AT WASHINGTON

BY LEILA MECHLIN

WHEN, on the fifth of May, 1906, Mr. Charles L. Freer of Detroit, Michigan, gave to the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington a deed to the collection of paintings and other works of art which for more than twenty years he had been getting together, the American people became heirs to a rich heritage. So truly, indeed, was ownership at that time transferred that while Mr. Freer retains the custody of the collection during his life-time, and pledges himself to raise its value, now estimated at six hundred thousand dollars, to an even million, he cannot henceforth withdraw from it a single item. With this munificent gift, furthermore, went the promise of plans and five hundred thousand dollars for the erection of a gallery as a permanent home, with only three stipulations: that this building shall bear the donor's name, that it shall be perpetually maintained without expense to his estate, and that after his death the collection shall neither be increased nor diminished. These, briefly, were the terms of the offer made by Mr. Freer in December, 1904, and accepted by the Regents at a meeting held, about twelve months later, on January 24, 1906. They were manifestly generous, and should have left little room for misconstruction or debate; but it is doubtful if even to-day their actual purport and the real value of the gift is fully comprehended.

While the placing of this collection in Washington may be considered the first step toward the establishment of a National Gallery of Art, nothing was further from Mr. Freer's mind than the furnishing of a nucleus for such an institution. His project is unique, and is the outgrowth of long and deliberate thought and an original theory. Great museums have, he believes, both their place and use. Art, he acknowledges, is unbounded; but small, related collections, setting forth perfectly a single unit, will, he contends, prove more available and influential in the end, and it is one of these which he purposes to establish. Appreciating sincerely all manifestations of art, he has devoted himself exclusively to the collection of those alone which showed continuity of thought and were, therefore, peculiarly harmonious. Gathering up the loose and broken threads of a great embroidery, he has woven, and is weaving, them into a beautiful pattern, which will eventually discover its meaning even to the uninitiated, and point students to the fountain of all art—the simple, universal truths.

Beginning with the works of Whistler, this collection, which is now the nation's, runs back through the paintings of the greatest Chinese and Japanese artists to the earliest Christian era, and then returns to the recent and current productions of our modern American artists, Dwight W. Tryon, Thomas W. Dewing, and Abbott H. Thayer, including, by the way, a thousand specimens of Oriental pottery which through their fine technical character proclaim an accordant genesis. Whistler was thought, and doubtless with much truth, to have been strongly influenced by the art of the Japanese, and to have discovered in the prints which came to his notice the for-

mulas which he afterward ably employed: but it can be incontrovertibly proved that he never saw or knew of the works of the greatest Oriental painters which his own most closely resemble. He was, therefore, it will be seen, not the imitator of these early Eastern painters, but instead the continuer of their ideas. He saw things as they had seen them, felt them as they had felt them, and gave utterance to his feelings in like manner, not because he had been led in the same way, but because, being like-natured, he could not do otherwise. Herein is demonstrated the universality of art.

There is, it has been said, no fixed standard of art criticism. What is lauded to-day is discarded to-morrow, and even connoisseurs disagree bewilderingly; but, glancing back over the ages, it will be found that the discord has been caused by technical divergence, and that in every land, and among all peoples, the truly beautiful has been generally recognized and correctly esteemed. No one questions to-day the beauty of the Greek temple or the charm of the Babylonian pottery; it does not require trained eyes to recognize the merit of an Oriental flower-painting or to find delight in one of Whistler's nocturnes. The fundamentals in each instance are the same: rhythmical line, fair proportions, and harmonious coloring. We have to be led oft-times up the ascent of art, and there is much discussion concerning the by-ways; but once on the height, all dissension ends, and we no longer need a guide.

As Whistler caught up the thread which, after being carried through successive generations in Babylonia, China, Korea, and Japan, had been dropped, so, after him, on still another continent, Tryon and Dewing and Thayer have equally independently and unintentionally become the continuers of the early Oriental ideal.

Though Mr. Freer was one of the first in America who began collecting Mr. Whistler's works, he did not meet the painter until 1888, when, at the conclusion of a business trip to London, it chanced that he had a day to spare and abruptly determined to call upon Whistler. Warned of the artist's peculiarities, he went with unreasoning confidence and without an introduction, and was rewarded by a cordial welcome and a lasting friendship. Whatever Mr. Whistler may have seemed to the outside world, he actually was the generous-hearted, impulsive comrade, the great man, and the true artist. Through untiring effort Mr. Freer has sought to collect and preserve the works of Whistler, providing for them by his gift to the Smithsonian Institution a permanent place of safety and honor, but his letters, his associations, his personal knowledge, even the spirit of his confidence, he holds as sacred, and consistently refuses to make public. Mr. Freer was with Mr. Whistler at the time of his death, and has assisted as adviser in the management of his estate; but he is not, as has been currently reported, his art executor. Miss Rosalind Birnie-Philip, Mr. Whistler's sister-in-law, as executrix, has had full charge of all details.

Enumerated in the inventory made to the Smithsonian Regents last spring, there are by Whistler fifty oil paintings, forty water colors, thirty pastels, a hundred and twenty-three sketches, over six hundred etchings, and twenty-two etched plates, about one hundred and fifty lithographs, and, finally, the famous peacock room complete. The last was acquired in the summer of 1904, after the death of Mr. F. R. Leyland, for whom, thirty years earlier, it had been decorated, and in the last twelve months has been perfectly reset in a stone building erected for the purpose in the rear of Mr. Freer's home. The work of replacing this remarkable creation has been carried on with the utmost success, and neither in transportation nor in resetting has it suffered the least violence. It is so well known that minute description is unnecessary, but something may be said of its general character and of its quiet splendor. The peacock has been taken as the unit of design; the walls and ceiling, which are covered with leather, are decorated respectively with conventional designs evolved from the breast feathers and eyes; the window-shutters, of which there are three pairs, reaching from the floor almost to the ceiling, bear each a golden bird; and on a large panel at one end of the room two others are splendidly portrayed. "La Princesse du Pays de la

Porcelaine" (to create a proper environment for which, it is said, the room was decorated) is given its original place of honor, and on the delicate shelves which line the walls, and were designed for the exhibition of Mr. Leyland's porcelains, are now to be seen choice specimens of Eastern pottery. It was called a "Harmony in Blue and Gold," and no other words, probably, could so well describe it. There is nothing blatant, nothing bizarre, in its decoration, but, instead, great reticence and impressive dignity. The clever Whistler, who with a few careless or apparently careless strokes could toss off a picture, is forgotten in the master who, sure of his art and his medium, begrudged neither labor nor time to the perfecting of his work. The trifler stands abashed, the scoffer is silenced. In nothing is the genius of the painter more plainly manifested.

Until a few months ago, when he built a small gallery over his stable, Mr. Freer had no appropriate place in which to exhibit his collection, and as the space even now is extremely limited, he still keeps the majority of his Whistler paintings in fire-proof vaults, and commonly shows them only a few at a time. Probably for this reason more than for any other, the collection as a whole is comparatively little known. It has not been possible for Mr. Freer to respond to all requests for loans, but he is far from ungenerous, and many of the recent prominent exhibitions have been materially enriched from his collection. The Boston and Paris Whistler memorial exhibitions drew heavily upon it, and to it the "Comparative Exhibition," the Pennsylvania Academy's "One Hundred and First Annual Exhibition," and other leading picture-shows have acknowledged indebtedness.

In this way many persons have become familiar with some of his most noted canvases, such as the two nocturnes, "Battersea Reach" and "Bognor"; "The Little Blue and Gold Girl"; "Little Lady Sophie of Soho," "The Little Red Glove," and "Early Morning—Thames"; but besides these there is a host more of equal interest and merit. The full-length portrait of Mr. Leyland, for example, procured recently and rarely if ever exhibited; an early portrait of the artist himself, painted while under the influence of the Dutch masters; and a later one, produced when he had found and fully developed his own personality; to say nothing of the Venus group, the "Golden Screen" (from Lord Battersea's collection), which introduces most frankly a Japanese motif, and yet demonstrates individuality of vision; the "Symphony in Blue and Pink," wherein are combined the Greek and Oriental types of beauty; "The Balcony," another of the same notable series; "Le Raconteur," a most bewitching and inscrutable child portrait; the "Thames in Ice," owned once by Sir Seymour Haden; "Arrangement in Black and White, No. 1," a masterly full-length; and many others.

One of the most interesting sections of Mr. Freer's Whistler collection is that made up of small-sized pictures—oils, water colors, and pastels,—"no larger," some one has said, "than a man's hand, but with all the world in them,"—perfect in detail, exquisite in color, and keenly artistic. Among these are the Chelsea pictures, some views of Venice, glimpses of the Thames, London street scenes, together with corners of the artist's own studio and—far removed—sweeping bits of the French coast, with broad stretches of the summer sea.

The water colors alone constitute an important portion of this collection—important not only in themselves, but in their bearing upon Whistler's art. It has been said that he did not draw; but these are remarkable for their draughtsmanship as well as for their acute technique. Here is his study for the "Tall Flower," his portrait of Mrs. Whibley, "Gray and Silver—the Mersey," "Venice Harbor," and "Chelsea Children."

So, too, the pastels should be considered separately, and will be found to set forth another phase of the painter's versatility—to demonstrate with special clearness his understanding of the art of elimination and his love of pure, unrelated color. As his low-toned canvases sometimes seem to have been dipped, like a piece of pottery, in translucent glaze, so these pastels are found reminiscent of the exhumed wares which have been rewarded for their long sleep by iridescent splendor. Take, for example, those exquisite figure studies, "The Shell" and "The Pearl," or the picture

of his faithful little model, or "Resting," or, indeed, the lovely "Annabel Lee," mere fragments, perhaps, but yet delightful in color and more than convincing in effect.

Add to all these the etchings, which include those collected by Sir Seymour Haden and the majority of those enumerated in the Wedmore and Grolier catalogues; add to them the drawings and sketches, with which are comprehended studies for the portrait of Carlyle in Glasgow, for the pastel "Morning Glories," and for a portrait of Mr. Leyland and his daughter; and to these the lithographs, all save five described in Way's catalogue and several undescribed, and some faint conception can be had of the wealth of the collection in this one regard.

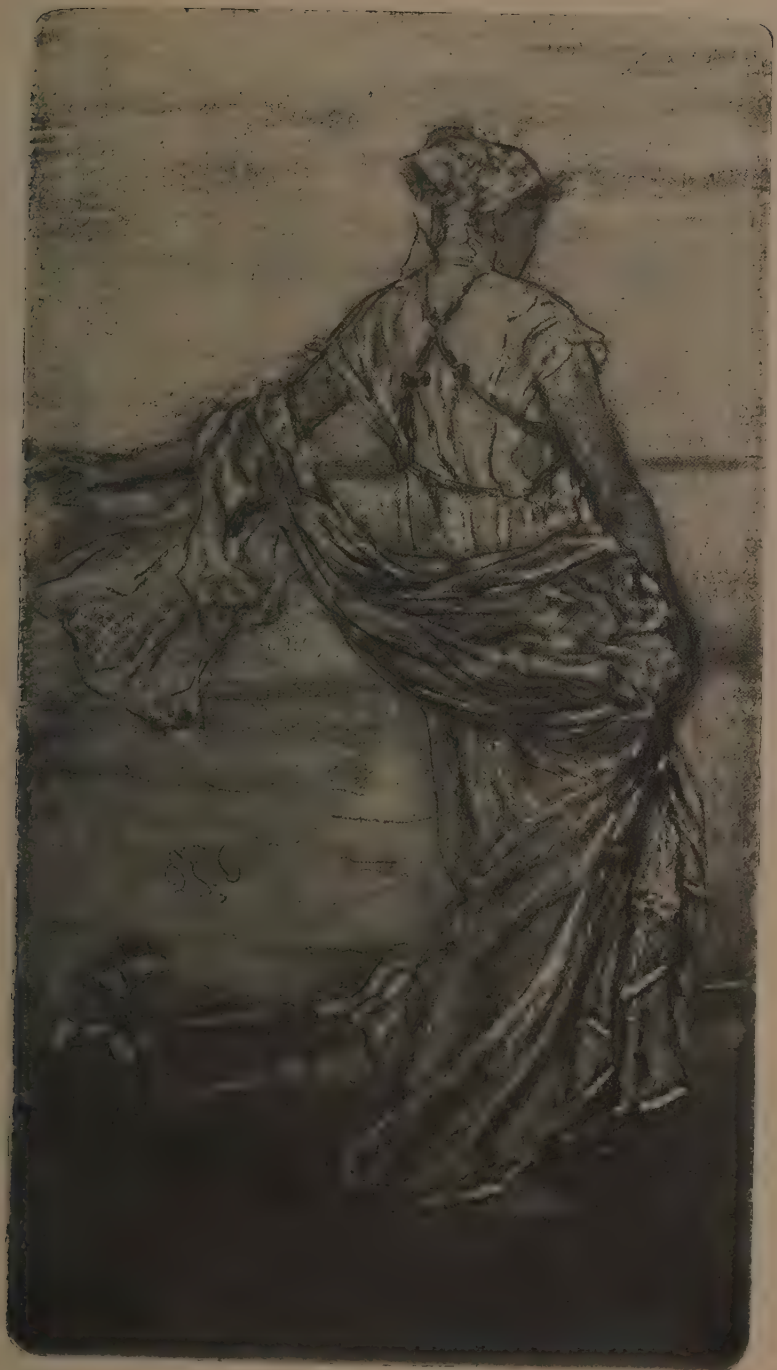
There is probably no single artist who has provoked more controversy than Whistler; none who has been by turns more maligned and honored. Many have tried to explain him, to analyze his work, but none has succeeded. It is an impossible task. He could not do it himself. Art, as he once said, simply "happens." His art assuredly did. But his work, on the other hand, testifies not only to his genius, but to his industry, and its spirit cannot fail to inspire the sincere students of future time. Herein, as a national possession, lies its value.

The small gallery which Mr. Freer has built in connection with his home in Detroit partakes somewhat of the nature of an experiment, being primarily an effort to discover the best methods of lighting and decorating the exhibition rooms in the permanent building which by-and-by will be erected in close proximity to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. It is a rectangular room of fair size, lighted by a long, narrow window—three connected sashes set horizontally in the north wall equidistant from the east and west ends—and by top lights, shielded and ornamentally glazed. The ceiling is moderately low, the walls are gray in tint and without covering, and the wood-work, while simple in device and inconspicuous, has been made an important factor in the architectural design. Beneath the window there is a long, cushioned seat, and on the opposite wall alone are exhibits placed.

Here it is that Mr. Freer shows his screens, kakemonos and other Oriental paintings; and nowhere could they be seen to better advantage. Excepting the collection in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, there is none known outside of Japan which rivals this in size or intrinsic value. Beginning as far back as the eighth century, and ending with the nineteenth, the masters of the Sung, Ming, Kosé, Takuma, Buddhist, Tosa, Kano, Shijo, Koyetsu, and Ukioye schools are represented, and thus eventually students will be furnished original data for the study of Oriental painting which will probably be elsewhere almost unobtainable.

Little that is authentic has been written in English concerning the works of these master-painters. They were discovered by the Occident less than a quarter of a century ago, and they are still only imperfectly known or appreciated. While the Japanese prints have been brought to this country in large quantities, the early paintings, owing to their greater esteem at home, have been rarely imported, and the real significance of Oriental art has, therefore, in large measure, escaped our people. The prints are without doubt both meritorious and instructive, and they have unquestionably exerted upon Western art a potent and beneficent influence; but they are, when all is said, as widely separated from the works of the great painters as our modern magazine illustrations are from our exhibition pictures or from our great mural decorations.

To go fully into a description of this division of Mr. Freer's collection would require not only unlimited space, but expert knowledge, as it would embrace literally the entire history of Chinese and Japanese painting. Fortunately, however, it is not necessary to pursue a subject through all its ramifications to find it delightful, or to be all-wise to appreciate and find genuine pleasure in the beautiful. The Eastern painters were primarily masters of the art of decoration —that art which appeals first to the eye and later to the intelligence. An understanding of the conditions which surrounded them, and the traditions which they followed, increases the interest of their works, but adds little to their merit and nothing to their charm.



Copyright, 1906, by Charles L. Freer

"ANNABEL LEE" (PASTEL BY WHISTLER)

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"LITTLE LONDON" (LITHOGRAPH BY WHISTLER)

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WHISTLER'S "HARMONY IN PURPLE AND GOLD No. 2—THE GOLDEN SCREEN"

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WHISTLER'S PORTRAIT OF F. R. LEYLAND

Mr. Freer has brought his collection together with the utmost care, availing himself of the best expert advice, and sparing neither means nor trouble. Some of his specimens have been obtained at famous sales from other great collections, but by far the larger number have been procured at first hand through trusted agents in Japan. The destruction or rebuilding of several temples has opened the way for certain acquisitions, and the exigencies of the late war made others possible. Not content with merely good examples, Mr. Freer has sought the best, and his collection, in its entirety, is therefore harmonious, and in its several parts delightful.

The screens alone are a revelation. One by Sesshu represents in monochrome a wonderful landscape. In the center of the composition is a huge promontory of volcanic rock; to the right is a valley in which are human habitations; and to the left a vast sea, beyond which mountains rise range upon range. Another by Sesson also sets forth a great landscape, showing a mountainous country, with forests, waterfalls, temples, and mist-covered sea-shore. A third, the work of San Raku, shows a decorative arrangement of robes hung over supports. A fourth, signed by Sotatsu, dramatically portrays two enormous dragons amid the waves and the clouds. A fifth, by Okio, pictures, with the consummation of art and cunning, wild geese in flight.

Words can scarcely describe the beauty and fascination of those in which flowers are used as the motif of the design. The Oriental painter does not reproduce nature: he interprets it. He never copies a single flower, but from several deduces a type which is more real than any individual example. A blossom to him is sacred for its beauty, and he renders its spirit as well as its outward form. In charming groups, on a silver ground, are seen large coxcombs, corn, and morning glories, painted by Koyetsu; on a pair of six-fold screens, in continuous design, Korin has set forth chrysanthemums—red, white, pink, and yellow,—and, on a pair of sliding-doors, plum blossoms on a grained-wood surface; while Sotatsu is found responsible for an elaborate device of flowering plants, including hollyhocks, hydrangeas, chrysanthemums, and poppies. A screen by Hokusai represents the twelve months, through delightful imagery; and another, by Hiroshige, gives a series of notable landscapes painted near Yeddo. There are, of a truth, many subjects and several styles, each characteristic and all engaging.

In addition to these there are the kakemonos and the makimonos, many of which are very rare and beautiful—the master-pieces of master-workmen. One set of the former consists of the celebrated sixteen Rakans by Ririomin, previously the property of San-sei-ji Temple. Some are on paper, others on silk, and all, almost without exception, are charmingly mounted. It is in this particular that the modern Oriental still surpasses his brother of the West. He knows with keenest intuition the best manner in which to present his work, the choicest way to create environment. One would gladly linger over these instructive works were there not still many to examine.

The potteries alone number nine hundred and fifty-three specimens, and include examples of Racca, Babylonian, Egyptian, Greek, Persian, Chinese, Korean, and Japanese wares. The best periods of production are represented; the colorings are exquisite, the forms most graceful. Individually these specimens are in some instances as rare as they are charming, but each has been added solely for its artistic merit without regard to commercial values, and is looked upon merely as a factor in a great design. A distinguished living painter declares that he finds his colors in the plumage of birds, and in like manner others, in years to come, may turn for theirs to these potters' products brought from the opulent East.

To show the application of art principles to objects of utility, Mr. Freer has included in his gift a single case of miscellaneous articles, produced or decorated by the celebrated Oriental painters, who, excelling in noble works, thought the ornamentation of common objects not beneath their dignity. Here, for instance, are lacquered boxes made and decorated by Koyetsu and Korin. A wooden box, elaborate in pictorial device and fine in color, by an early Tosa ar-

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"THE VIRGIN" (PAINTING BY ABBOTT H. THAYER)

tist; circular bronze mirrors, decorated in low-relief, and lacquered inros, interesting in design.

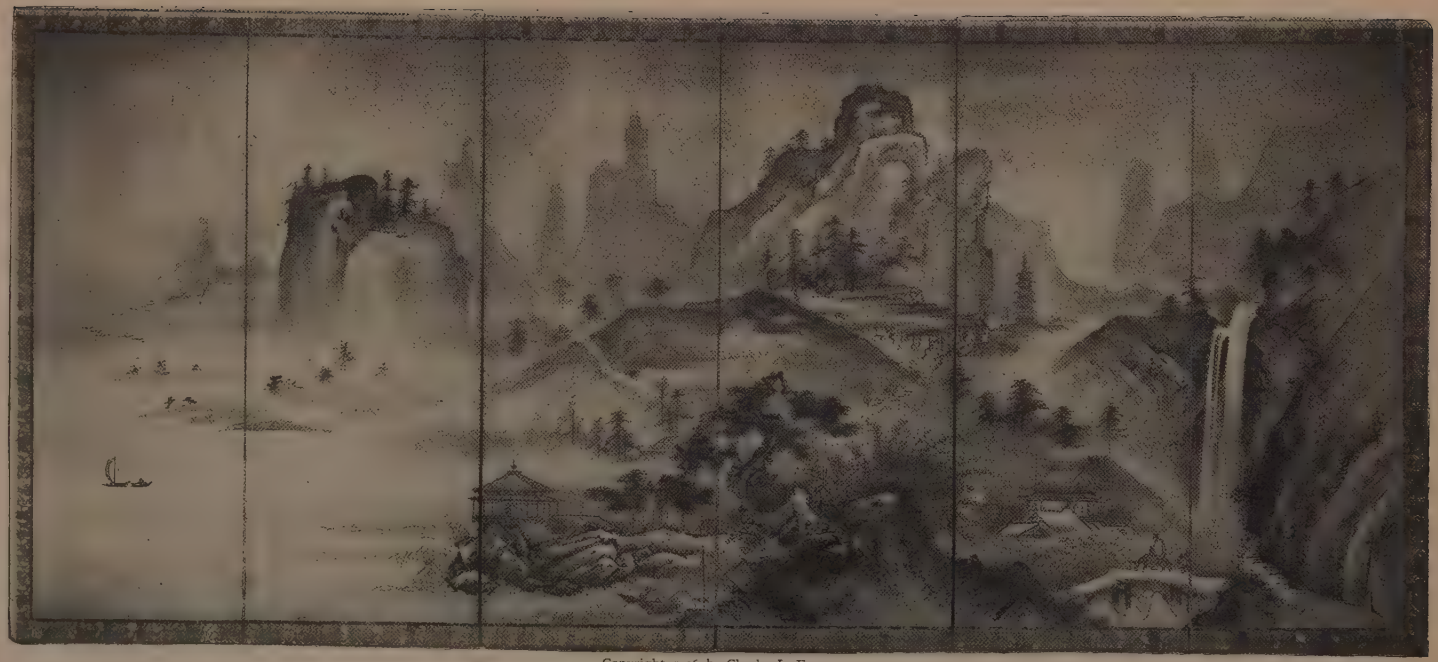
From these we pass to a consideration of the works of the modern Americans,—Tryon, Dewing and Thayer,—perhaps with some abruptness, but not without continuity and reason. They, too, accommodate themselves to the general scheme, and though last chronologically, looking to the future, are of most significant importance. It is they, in fact, which, according to the present arrangement, are first met upon crossing Mr. Freer's threshold; they which are made a fixed portion of his home. This home, designed by Mr. Wilson Eyre, is extremely simple and unpretentious, but in its spirit and treatment may be taken as a prototype of the collection's future abode—a prototype inasmuch as the thought of harmony has found in it adequate expression, and each and every work has been provided with a congenial environment. Thus, to Mr. Tryon was entrusted the decoration of the hall in which his paintings are displayed, and to Mr. Dewing that of the reception-room in which his are found.

There are nineteen oils, two water colors, and nine pastels, by Mr. Tryon, in this collection, or one picture, and sometimes two or three, for every year from 1887 to 1906. In this way the development of the artist, as well as his present strength, is manifested while his individuality and temperamental qualities are made patent as they could be in no other way. Four moderate-sized canvases representing the seasons, giving them unique and subtle interpretation, were painted by Mr. Tryon especially as mural decorations for Mr. Freer's hall, and to them have now been added two of his most notable marines, "Night" and "Morning." One of the pictures which went far toward establishing Mr. Tryon's enviable reputation, both in this country and abroad, is here, with several that have been given honorable place in well-remembered public exhibitions, besides a number which have passed directly from the painter's studio to their present home. Mr. Tryon, like the Japanese, has learned nature by heart, and has typified it. He has rendered transient effects with consummate skill; he has reproduced most perfectly the illusion of subdued light and atmosphere; he has reduced his compositions to successive planes; and he has been at the same time both virile and poetic.

So, too, Mr. Dewing has painted not merely well, but beautifully. His subjects are not always lovely in themselves, but are made so by the exquisite refinement of the artist's interpretation. Witness, for example, the "Lute-Player," loaned by Mr. Freer to the Society of American Artists' last exhibition; "The Piano," "The Blue Dress," or "The Carnation," seen in previous picture-shows and still pleasantly familiar. These, and probably a dozen more works by Mr. Dewing, are included in the Freer collection. They are distinctive and distinguished, and they help to prove that impressionism does not mean trickery nor require inevitably the elimination of detail. Over the mantel in Mr. Freer's reception room, painted expressly for that place, is a lunette, picturing Mr. Dewing's daughter when a small lass standing with her two pet cats clasped affectionately in her arms, while nearby, among the most recent acquisitions, is a portrait of the same little lady, painted likewise by her father, in which she is seen to have grown into thoughtful, gracious womanhood.

Portraits of Mr. Thayer's three children are also numbered in the catalogue of this collection—canvases which, aside from personal interest, are of special value. His "Virgin," moreover, is here, the first and possibly the best of his most successful series—a beautiful conception (the motherly elder sister leading her little charges out confidently into the great, unknown world) set forth with fervor and unfaltering strength. Less familiar, but scarcely less engaging, are Mr. Thayer's landscapes; his "Monadnock in Winter," his "Sketch of Cornish Headlands," and his "Capri," all faithful reproductions of the scenes, but frankly decorative, and delightfully colorful.

On account of their peculiar appropriateness, a word should be said of the frames in which these pictures are set forth. Those on Whistler's paintings were of the artist's own choosing, and the majority of the others were designed by



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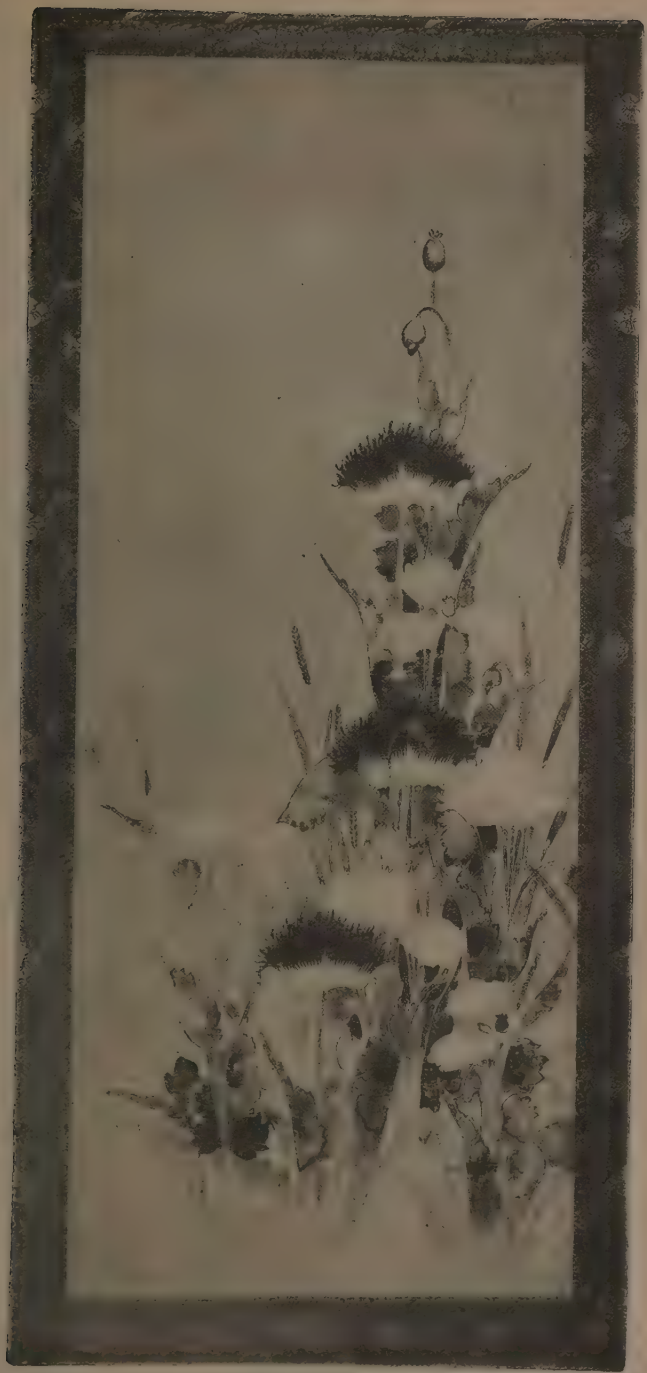
SCREEN WITH SIX LEAVES (PAINTED BY SESSON)



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KAKEMONO, PAINTED BY SOTATSU

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"TWILIGHT IN MAY" (PAINTED BY D. W. TRYON)

the late Stanford White, who had turned to this recreation in his leisure hours.

The building which, with this collection, will be Mr. Freer's gift to the nation, is to be planned in detail during his life-time, and will be erected under the direct supervision of his executors. It is still merely a vision, but as such is taking definite form. It will not be a large building, and while it will amply accommodate the collection, it will not permit the exhibition of the whole at any one time. This is part of the purpose; for Mr. Freer feels that in this way the collection will be best preserved and the interest in it best sustained. To students, and others especially interested, however, the entire collection will always be accessible, and particular provision will be made for the comfort and convenience of such persons.

To avoid confusion, and to encourage research, Mr. Freer purposes to provide individual rooms adjacent to the storage vaults or stacks for the use of copyists, casual visitors desiring to see other works than those on exhibition, and special students who may require privacy. He is also having an elaborate catalogue compiled by experts which will furnish minute descriptions of the exhibits and give much additional data of scholastic value.

This all points to the possibility of obtaining from the collection the maximum return—of insuring not so much its celebrity as its perpetual usefulness, which is, after all, the thing most to be desired—the true measure of beneficence.

DISCOVERY OF A SUPPOSED PRIMITIVE RACE OF MEN IN NEBRASKA

BY HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

Da Costa Professor of Zoölogy in Columbia University, Curator in American Museum of Natural History, etc.

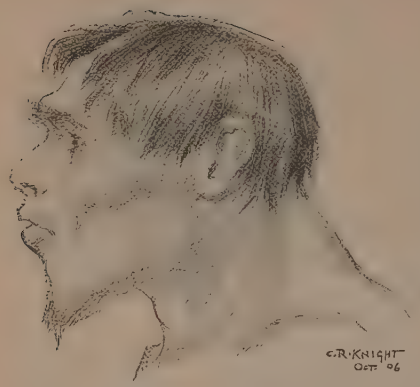
AMERICAN anthropologists are divided into two schools of opinion on the question of the time of the appearance of man in America. There are those who believe that man reached America at a very early period, and who advance a certain amount of evidence for this opinion; others believe that man first reached America in a late stage of development as compared with his history in Europe.

I confess that I belong to the former class, and that I am impressed by certain fragments of evidence which we possess, though chiefly by the following more general considerations. During the early Pleistocene period, when we begin to find the first positive evidence of man in Europe, America, Asia, and Europe still formed one great continent, with a temperate climate in the northern portions, because the broad land ridge between America and Asia shut out the Arctic current, and the northern Pacific region was favored by what is now known as the Japanese Current. In this period there culminated the great interchange of mammalian life between America, Europe, and Asia; America contributing to Europe its horses and camels, while Europe and Asia contributed to North America virtually all of the large existing fauna at the present time. But for this great contribution, North America would today be virtually barren, because the only quadruped of any considerable size, indigenous to North America, which survived the Glacial period is the prong-horn antelope. Europe sent us elephants and mammoths, which have become extinct, as well as all the great quadrupeds which still survive, as our moose, caribou, wapiti or true deer, Virginia deer, and, also, among Carnivora, the bear and the wolf.

The primitive, or Paleolithic, man of Europe was a hunter. The earliest objects of human manufacture known are not utensils for the preparation of food, but weapons, of flint and stone, for the killing of game; the earliest works of art are representations of game animals, some of them of considerable artistic merit. There is no *a priori* reason why these Paleolithic hunters should not have followed the game in its exodus from Europe and Asia into North America; there is, on the contrary, much reason to believe that the older parts of Europe were already thickly populated, that there was considerable competition between different races of men in the chase. That hunting was carried on on a vast scale is proved by the enormous numbers of bones which were piled about some of the ancient hunting camps. For example, one of the bone heaps of the Solutréen period, is estimated to include the remains of over 80,000 horses.

Is it not *a priori* probable that man followed them, and crossed the great land ridge?

Such general considerations as these have little weight with anthropologists, and should not for a moment be understood as constituting direct evidence; yet



RECONSTRUCTION OF THE HEAD OF THE NEANDERTHAL MAN BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT UNDER THE DIRECTION OF PROFESSOR OSBORN

while it may be right that they should not, they put us in a frame of mind to anticipate the discovery of evidence.

What we are looking for is the actual occurrence either of implements of human manufacture or of actual remains of the human skeleton associated with remains of the early Pleistocene mammals in such a manner that there can be no question as to *contemporaneous deposition.*

The question whether deposition of human and animal remains is contemporaneous or not is always the crucial point. We must ever be on our guard against the possibility of introduction among an early Pleistocene fauna, either by grave digging or by washing into caves, of human remains or of human implements of comparatively recent age. It is only necessary here to mention the most recent; namely, the occurrence of pointed bone implements, apparently but not certainly of human manufacture, among the remains of early Pleistocene mammals in the Potter Creek Cave of Shasta County, California.

In the early Pleistocene *Equus* (or Horse) Beds of western Nebraska American Museum explorers found all the larger bones which contain marrow broken in two. It is well known that marrow was one of the choicest Paleolithic delicacies. This encouraged us to hope that we should find some traces of the marrow-hunters. Similarly, all the reputed skulls, or crania, of very primitive type have, upon exact examination, proved disappointing. The widely known Calaveras skull, deeply buried beneath the Californian gravels, is not of very ancient type. The Lansing skull of Kansas proves after more exhaustive study to be of a comparatively recent Indian type.[1] Therefore a skull or skeleton of very ancient type, approaching the most ancient types discovered in Europe, is still eagerly sought here.

THE NEBRASKA SKULLS

It was in this conflicting frame of mind, between *a priori* conviction that man came to America at an early period and acquiescence in the fact that no direct evidence has been secured, that I saw some photographs of crania recently discovered in the Missouri valley near Omaha. The discovery was made some time ago by Mr. Robert Fletcher Gilder. These crania were reported as found in a low mound erected upon the summit of a considerable hill, with good natural drainage, situated in Douglass County, Nebraska. The first public description and photographs appeared in the Sunday "World-Herald" of Omaha, October 21, 1906, including brief opinions of a number of well known local anatomists. My attention was attracted specially by the extremely low, receding forehead, and by the high projections of bone just above the eyes—the supra-orbital ridges, as they are called. Neither of these is an Indian characteristic. Altogether the remains seemed somewhat unlike any ordinary Indian or mound-builder type, and I went to Omaha, and made the acquaintance of the discoverer, Mr. Gilder, who, with the acquiescence of the authorities of the University of Nebraska, to which institution the bones had already been given, kindly extended every possible facility for close examination and study.

Altogether Mr. Gilder had recovered parts of six skulls. Two of them were soon seen to be approximately of the modern Indian type, but the other four crania were of a more primitive type. I separated the skulls into two lots, and Mr. Gilder at once furnished the clue to

[1] Dr. W. H. Holmes of the Smithsonian compares this skull to that of the existing Blackfoot Indian type. Professor Chamberlain of Chicago regards the geological deposition also as comparatively recent.

the difference between them by giving the following history of the discovery. The two skulls having the larger brain cavities were found nearer the surface, in a more superficial layer. Beneath this layer was a stratum of ashes, and beneath the ashes was a deep and extensive layer of silt, which had been compacted and hardened by the fire above. Beneath this earth the second lot of skulls was found. With these crania occurred other parts of skeletons. The only semblance of an implement was a small, broken, triangular flint knife.

The parts of the older four crania found beneath the clay layer are of the same type, it being probable that difference in age may account for the slight differences in the development of the supra-orbital ridges. In each the facial profile is almost the same. As traced in the accompanying outline (Fig. 1, B) this profile is seen to be of a much more primitive character, surrounding a bone with a more depressed frontal area, than that of the skulls (Fig. 1, A) found above the clay. Unfortunately, the back part of each of these four crania is wanting, and until this can be secured through subsequent discoveries it is impossible to give an exact estimate of the cranial capacity or brain weight of this primitive man. Estimating the back of the skull

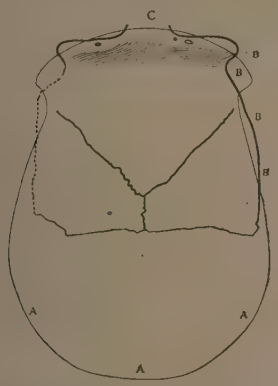


FIG. II. COMPARISON OF THE TOP VIEW OF A, THE NEANDERTHAL SKULL, WITH B, THE LOWER LEVEL NEBRASKA SKULL. C, THE BROW-LINE, OR SUPRA-ORBITAL RIDGE

as of the same height as that of the normal Indian skull as shown in Fig. 1, A we still have a very low cranial capacity and a type of skull resembling that of the Australian negro, which is virtually the

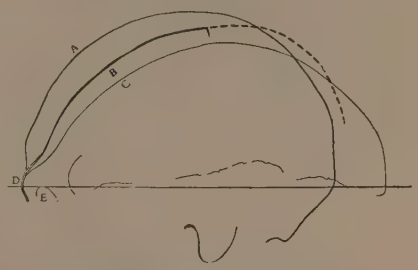


FIG. I. COMPARISON OF THE PROFILES OF THE SKULLS OF PRIMITIVE MEN

A. Skull found in the upper layer of the Nebraska mound. B. Skull found in the lower layer of the Nebraska mound. C. The Neanderthal skull. D. Brow or supra-orbital ridges. E. The orbits.

lowest existing type known at present. While the supra-orbital ridges are not more pronounced than that of the Australian negro,[1] the forehead is even more receding and flattened. In other words, the portions of the cranium preserved indicate, so far as they go, a man of small cerebral capacity, having a brain inferior to that either of the Indian or the typical mound-builder. The stature was about 5 feet 10½ inches.

Looking at this question from the side of correspondence or affinity with the various types of crania found in Europe, we raise the question as to the earliest American cranial type and its relations to the earliest cranial types of Europe.

PRIMITIVE MAN IN EUROPE

VIRTUALLY three links have been found in the chain of human ancestry. The earliest is represented by the Trinil man of Java, the discovery of which by Du-Bois, in 1890, aroused the widest interest. This pre-human species is known as *Pithecanthropus erectus,* in reference to its intermediate position between man and the anthropoid apes and to its certainly erect carriage. In type it stands midway

[1] It will be understood that some of the existing types of savages and aborigines have, through survival or degeneration, a smaller cranial capacity than the ancestors of the European types. For example, the Botocudo Indians of Brazil are described as having a very low type of cranium.

From photographs in the Morrill collection of Geologic photographs

VIEWS OF ONE OF THE SKULLS FOUND IN THE LOWER LEVEL OF THE NEBRASKA MOUND

From the Robert F. Gilder Collection in the State Museum, Lincoln, Nebraska. A. Profile. B. Front. C. Top. D. Back. This skull was not accessible to Professor Osborn at the time his comparisons were made.

Parts of eight skeletons and six skulls were found in the mound by Mr. Gilder. In July last a youth named Rollin P. Joseph in digging for a rabbit which had burrowed in the mound unearthed the skull here pictured, and another one which was badly fractured. Thus, in all, eight skulls, corresponding in number with the skeletons, have been taken from the mound.

between the chimpanzee, which is the highest of the anthropoid apes, and the "Neanderthal man," or *Homo primigenius,* which constitutes the next higher link in human development. The German anatomist Schwalbe says that in its general structure it resembles the skull of the highest apes and most closely that of the chimpanzee, but in its details is unlike them all. In its most striking characteristic, the capacity of the brain, it reaches 850 ccm., whereas no anthropoid ape exceeds 600 ccm., and the lowest and smallest brain of existing man would not fall below 930 ccm., while 1230 ccm. characterizes the Neanderthal man, and 1480 to 1550 ccm. characterizes the white European races. *Pithecanthropus erectus,* therefore, belongs in the line of none of the existing anthropoid apes, and falls very near but not directly in the line of human ancestry.

THE SECOND GREAT LINK. THE NEANDERTHAL MAN

THE second great human type of Europe is the *Homo primigenius,* or "Neanderthal man," the top of a skull found, in 1856, in a cave in the valley of the Neander, near Düsseldorf. Schaafhausen's detailed description of this Neanderthal man as extremely primitive aroused specially the adverse view of Virchow that the skull was abnormal or pathological. As shown in the profile of Fig. 1

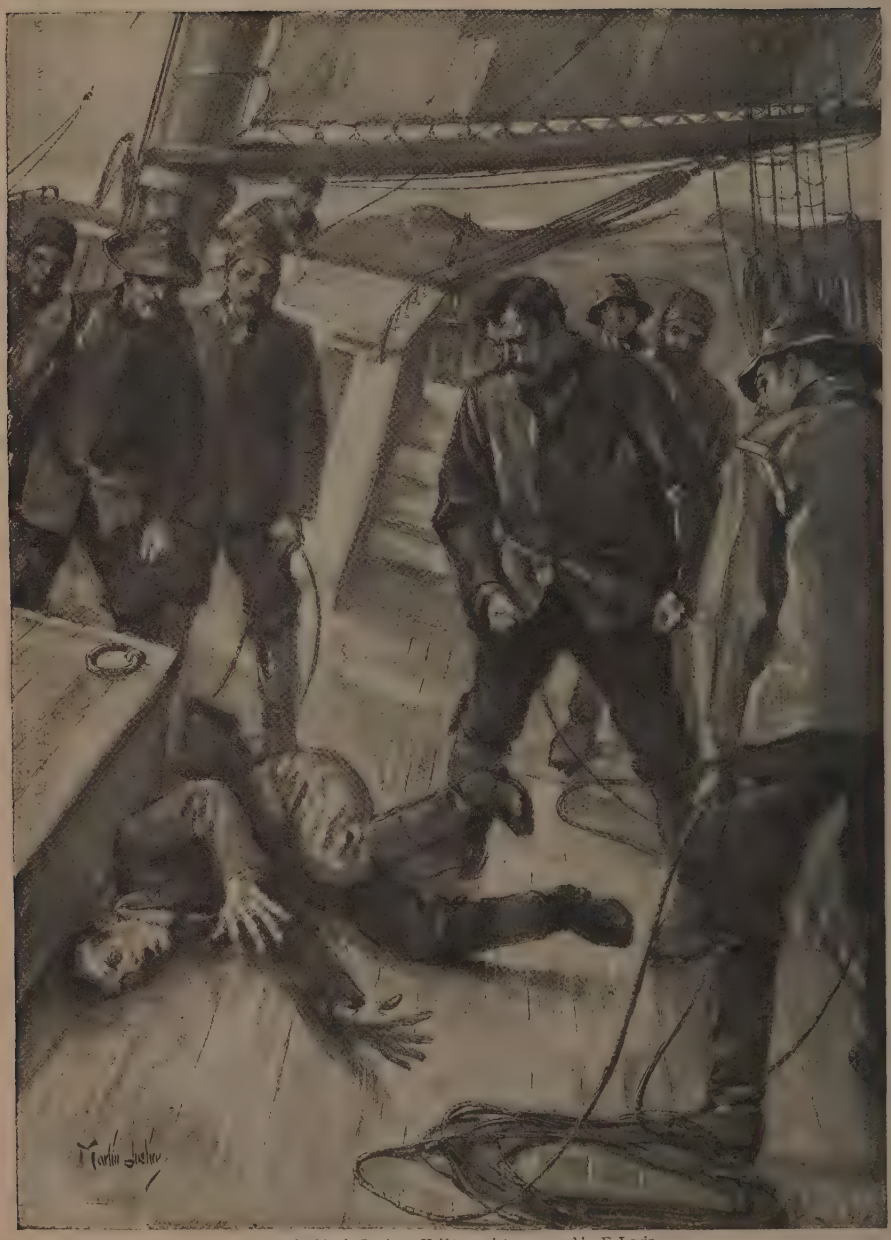
—C, we are at once struck by the extremely receding forehead, and by the great prominence of the supra-orbital ridges, also by the prominence of the occipital projection for the attachment of the superior muscles of the neck. All doubts as to the normal character of this cranium were entirely removed through the discovery, in 1886, by Fraipont and Lohest, in a cave near Spy in Belgium, of the skulls and skeletons of two persons which in all essential points agree in character with the Neanderthal type. These skeletons are known as the men of Spy. They enable us to reconstruct the entire head and the framework of the limbs of the men of Spy. Still another discovery, in a cave near Krapina in Croatia, of the Neanderthal man, we owe to Gorganowic-Kramberger. In this cave were found also bones of many extinct animals, and these men of Krapina are even somewhat more primitive than those of the first Neanderthal discovery.

I have endeavored to depict the facial characters of the Paleolithic men of Neanderthal, Spy, and Krapina as I can conceive them, with the skilful aid of Mr. Charles R. Knight, the well known animal painter. It appears to me that the superior individuals of this race must have exhibited a resolute and determined type characterized by alertness and considerable intelligence. These Neanderthal men, on the contrary, are usually portrayed as of a sort of bestial ferocity and stupidity. This I conceive to be a total misapprehension. A race of men composed solely of brutal types would not have been the forebears of any portion of the great European race. The jaw is very deep and powerful; the chin is not prominent, neither are the teeth especially prominent, as in the prognathous negroid face. The ridges above the orbits form a sort of shield for the eyes, and were undoubtedly associated with heavy eyebrows. This prominence is an inherited character from the apes; it increases with age, and is probably more prominent in men than in women. At the back of the head the muscles of the neck are strongly developed, giving the prize-fighter appearance. These muscles were necessary to meat-eaters, with strong jaws, before the invention of knives and forks. The stature is a little below that of the average man of Europe, that is, 5 feet, 8½ inches. The lower limbs were especially powerful. The completely erect gait is not quite fully attained, because the knees are slightly bent forward. The period of this Neanderthal man is that known as Moustiérien, or, in the middle of the Paleolithic Age. On this all the authorities agree.

THE THIRD GREAT LINK IS THE EARLY NEOLITHIC MAN, SUCH AS ENGIS AND EGISHEIM

Authorities disagree as to the first appearance of a higher type of man, typified by the "Galley Hill" and other skulls. It is claimed by some anthropologists that some of these skulls are found in the older Paleolithic period, even below the Neanderthal skull, although it is admitted by all that they are of a higher stage of development, or of a more recent type, than the Neanderthal man. The "Gibraltar Skull," which is somewhat more advanced than the Neanderthal type, is believed to be of the same (Moustiérien) age. It is in my judgment improbable that the Neanderthal man stands in the *direct* line of the development of the higher races of man. I regard him rather as a persistent primitive type, and there is, moreover, a general consensus of opinion that this undoubted Paleolithic type in Europe did not gradually evolve into the Neolithic type, but that the Neolithic man came from some other quarter as an invader. It is therefore possible that this higher Neolithic type existed in some parts of Europe even during the older Paleolithic period, and it is possible that it may be represented by skulls in deposits contemporaneous with or older than those of the Neanderthal man.

To return to the recent discovery in Nebraska, the comparisons which we are able to make now prove that this cranium is of a more recent type by far than that of the Neanderthal man. It may prove to be of more recent type even than that typified by the early Neolithic man of Europe. Even if not of great antiquity it is certainly of very primitive type and tends to increase rather than diminish the probability of the early advent of Man in America.



Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by F. Levin

"HE KICKED KERRIGAN SAVAGELY, AND WAS PROMPTLY KNOCKED DOWN"

A TEMPORARY COMMAND

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "In the Lee of the Centerhouse," "Under Rocking Skies," etc.

THE weather had been vile for a week with a vileness beyond all reason, and the temper of every man aboard was strained to the breaking-point. Nothing but this total depravity of inanimate nature and the fallibility of man can explain the sudden catastrophe that overtook the Barque *Margaret,* outward bound from Charleston to Palermo.

The catastrophe came quickly, like the hackneyed flash out of a clear sky: There had been peace, and suddenly there was strife, and across the chasm of infracted law and wrecked discipline, officers and men looked at one another with angry faces, recklessness in their hearts.

For an unmentionable week they had stuck in the middle of the North Atlantic, running the gamut between absolute calm and brief but savage thunderstorms, until the crew was sick of the feel of halyards, braces, and gaskets; then on the seventh day the wind came out strong ahead.

The barque was on the port tack, heading east by south, and the captain had a notion that the wind would shortly shift to the southeast. He also had a sick headache. As he stepped over the sill of the cabin door, he stood for a moment with his elbows resting on the sliding-hood, looking up through narrowed, pain-racked eyes at his sails; then he turned to the second mate, who was promenading back and forth the length of the quarter-deck.

"Mr. Morrow," he said, "if the wind heads you off any more, go about on the other tack. I 've got to turn in."

"Aye, aye, sir," the second mate replied, glanced at the compass, and resumed his walk. The captain went below.

In twenty minutes the weather leeches were fluttering, and Morrow glared at Frithjof, who was at the wheel.

"Keep her full, man, can't you?" he snapped. "Keep her full!"

"Keep her full, sir," Frithjof replied, and gave the wheel a turn. A moment later the leeches flapped loudly, and he swung his wheel up, looked at the compass, and then at the second mate.

The officer saw the look, and stepping forward, glanced at the compass. The barque had fallen off four points with the shifting wind. The next moment he was yelling:

"Stand by to go about!"

Now the second mate was young and a trial to all who knew him, and the things that he did not know of a ship were many indeed. But he also had relatives, and it was written in the book of fate that they should be the principal owners of the Barque *Margaret.* If there was any other reason why he should have been the second mate of that unhappy craft, it was never disclosed.

He saw the watch take their places and glance aft, waiting, and then he called sharply, "Hard 'lee!" and the barque came dancing up into the wind.

Now the landsman may not know it, but the psychological moment is even more important with the ways of a ship than in human relations ashore, and the second mate anticipated it by fully twenty seconds when he shouted, "Let go and haul mainsail!" The next minute the barque was in irons, and wallowing helpless in a head sea.

On the quarter-deck the second mate began to dance about and curse loudly, which is sometimes justifiable; but he had no sense of dignity, and soon he was running forward and cursing among the crew, which, in the circumstances, was reprehensible indeed, and the crew took pains to show him that they recognized the fact. Only one man on duty seemed happy, and that man was Kerrigan. He looked aloft, smiled sweetly, and remarked aloud to the heavens in general:

"She 's a-settun' on her tail like a balkun' mule, an' a-waggun' her ears playful at thim thot sh'u'd know betther."

With her stern in the hollow of a wave, her forefoot lifted high, and her canvas flapping overhead, the simile was amusingly happy, and some of the watch laughed; but the second mate was beyond all appreciation, and he kicked Kerrigan savagely, and was promptly knocked down.

Now, one needs an equable mind to be knocked down with patience and recognize the justice of the act, and the second mate was a cur and he had had provocation. He staggered to his feet, gave Kerrigan a wicked look, and rushed aft and down the companionway shouting "Mutiny!" at the top of his voice; and he was running forward again with a revolver in his hand before the startled captain and mate had reached the quarter-deck. What they then saw was a helpless vessel, a wild-eyed watch running to cover, a maddened second mate making pot-shots at any head in sight, and Kerrigan, with his face streaked with blood, in the act of throwing an iron belaying-pin at the officer on duty.

Startled out of a sound sleep, and still bewildered, neither officer was in a mental condition for judicial inquiry, and so it was with a frenzied rage to mingle in the fray rather than to stop it that both rushed forward to the starboard side of the centerhouse, where the entire contingent of the forecastle force of ten men excepting the helmsman seemed united in a common desire to sit on the head of authority as represented in the person of their clamorous understudy. Five minutes later the captain and his officers were helpless in the hands of an angry and consciously outraged crew.

The captain, as was fitting, was the first to speak. Three men were sitting on him, and taking no care to sit lightly, but the sacred authority of the quarter-deck was in his voice.

"I 'll make you sweat for this day's work," he gasped, "you 'longshore scourings, you! It 's a bad business, you 'll find before I 'm done with it. I 'll teach you; I 'll show you. Now let me up! Let me up, I say!" He struggled fiercely.

From his station on the second mate Kerrigan acted as spokesman for the victors.

" 'T is the trut' ye 're sayin', sir," he replied soothingly; "it is bad, but I 'm thinkun' 't w'u'd be worse belikes ye was a-settun' on us. I like the suparior position mesilf, an' we 'll kape ut for the prisent, wid yer l'ave. We 'd like to know what ye 're goun' to do about ut, sir, if us 's not askun' too much av ye. We 're riddy to go back to worrk p'aceful, but not till this little buzz-saw I 'm settun' on is daprived av his pisthol. He might hurt himsilf, sir."

"I 'll give him two to carry, if I think best. I 'll have no words with you, my man. Now let me up!" the captain answered hotly.

Kerrigan shook his head.

"Mither av saints! but thot 's shmall inducement to get aff av ye," he replied. "Is thot yer last worrd, sir?"

"It is."

"Ye 'll think betther av ut lather, an' we 'll make ye fine an' comfortable in yer rooms till ye do," said Kerrigan.

They kept their word in part, for they put captain and mate in their rooms, first seeing that there were no weapons in them, and locking the doors, placed an armed man on guard in the cabin; but the second mate they handcuffed and dropped down the booby-hatch.

They got the barque on her course again not without difficulty, and then they held a council of war. The result of it was that Kerrigan and Nicolao, as a committee of notification, marched aft to Frithjof, who had not left the wheel.

"Frithjof," said Kerrigan, "we 've tacked a handle to yer name. Ye 're Capt'in Oleson, an' we 're riddy to tak' yer ordhers up to a certhain point. 'T was unanimous."

Frithjof showed no undignified elation. His face had all the serene repose of the Buddha as he answered:

"Ay tank ma nam iss Frithjof yust da sam. Ay bane steer all da tam, an' Ay tank ma tam iss oop. Ay ban't mix oop in no dom fool businees."

"Capt'in Oleson," said Kerrigan, sadly, "I think worse av ye for thim worrds. Ye have shmall appreciation av the duthy av stickun' togither."

"Ay tank a good deal av stickin' ma head an' ma body toget'er," Frithjof replied calmly. "Who iss to take da vheel? Ma tam iss oop."

"Tak' the wheel, Nicolay," ordered Kerrigan; then he went forward to where the crew were still standing amidships.

"He 'll not tak' ut," he announced. "Who 'll be yer timphorary capt'in, b'ys?"

They had brought back to the world the golden age for which the best of us pray, when the office seeks the man; for one and all modestly refused the high honor. In the end it was Kerrigan who accepted.

"Thin ut 's me thot will command ye," he said, "for waant av a betther mon. I 'll rule ye harrd, but I 'll rule ye just, an I 'll make Nicolay me mate. We 'll dispinse wid a second mate for the prisent: we 've had enough av the breed."

He divided the crew into watches, and then went below to bring the deposed captain to a more pacific state of mind. He was sitting on the side of his bunk, anointing himself with arnica, and Kerrigan smiled sympathetically.

"I was thinkun' av thot indinthical thing, sir," he said genially. "'T is marvelous how many projictions the human body possisses, an' how a bit av a ruction brings thim to notus. I can count twinty-sivin av me own this minut'. But I 've come to trate wid ye, sir; we 're riddy to comphromise."

Without pausing in his task, the captain looked up.

"What do you call compromising?" he demanded.

"We 're raisonable," Kerrigan replied: "lit bygones be bygones, an we 'll call ut square, sir."

The captain shook his head.

"You 've seized my vessel, and imprisoned me and my officers," he answered hotly. "Do you know what that is? It 's piracy, and I hope to see you hang for it."

"Thot 's a hard worrd for a bit av playfulness, sir," remonstrated Kerrigan. "I tho't ye c'u'd tak' a joke, sir."

"A joke!" snorted the captain. "It looked like it."

"App'arances is dasateful, sir," said Kerrigan. "'T was a joke, all right—lasteways, till the sicond mate tuk to shootun' promiscuous. We was a-laughun' an' a-jokun' p'aceful-like, an' the sicond he kicked me, an' I ratorted in a way. 'T was a grreat pleasure, sir, an' no harrm done, wid the best av feelun' on me part." He looked at the captain's grim face, and added: "Why, sir, ye 'd not be thinkun' an Irishmon w'u'd tak' a blow widout returnun' ut, all in the way av spoort? We 're a ginerous payple. I tho't ye w'u'd be knowun' ut, sir."

"Then I guess I 've got some Irish blood in me, too," the captain replied; "for I 'm thinking of returning some blows myself, only I 'll do it in the United States' courts."

"The middle av the North Atlantuc is a lang ways from the Sthates, sir," Kerrigan answered, "an' we do be pointed aste an' oncerthain av the navigation. Tin to wan we 'll fetch ashore in Kingdom-come. 'T w'u'd be an annoyance, sir, we 'd like to spare ye."

"I guess you need n't worry on my account," the captain said dryly. "Vessel and cargo are insured up to their full value, and I 'm ready to quit. I 'm getting too old to go to sea." He rose from his bunk, corking the arnica bottle with an air of finality. There was an unexpected calmness in his manner that Kerrigan did not like: it argued unguessed resources. Nevertheless, his face showed nothing of his concern as he said:

"Ye know best, av coorse, sir, though I 'm thinkun' 't w'u'd be betther to comphromise."

"I 'll see you hanged first," snapped the captain.

"Wan mon's mate is anither mon's poison," Kerrigan replied genially. "I 've shmall likun' for thim public cilebrations meself." Then he added: "Ye 'd not like ut to be known, sir, thot three armed min were knocked indways for Soonday by a handful av common sailormin wid only their bare fists."

"I saw you throwing an iron belaying-pin at Mr. Morrow, myself," said the captain, with heat.

" 'T was only an insaydinthal datail—thot," replied Kerrigan. " 'T was the fists av us thot did ut, we wantun' to spare ye."

"Well, I 'm not thinking of sparing any one," said the captain, shortly, and turned away. So Kerrigan left the room.

He came back fifteen minutes later, an unrolled chart in his hand, a puzzled look on his face.

"W'u'd ye mind tellun' me where we do be at on the charrt, sir?" he asked.

The captain glanced at the sheet; it was not the one on which he had pricked his course. They were a thousand miles or more from land, and he felt that he could afford to be indifferent until he saw a way of getting back to his own without yielding a point.

"About here or hereabouts, I should say," he replied grimly.

"I was thinkun' thot mesilf," said Kerrigan. " 'T is fine to have me opinion corroborathud." As he put his hand on the door-knob to depart, the captain demanded:

"What 's all that rumpus about?"

Kerrigan grinned.

"I 'm thinkun' 't is the sicond mate a-kickun' himsilf to paces down the booby-hatch. If ye 'd but lit us alone, we 'd have spared him the throuble, sir. He 's a thrifle hot, by the sound av him. Belikes he 'll fire the ship, beun' so contaguous to the oil."

"Well, tell him to stop it," grumbled the captain. "I want to go to sleep."

"I 'll give him yer orders, sir," answered Kerrigan, and went out.

At the booby-hatch he paused and knocked loudly on the slide.

"Is ut a horathorio ye 're singun', me mon?" he asked. "Well, ye 're aff the kay. Ye 'll do betther wid a lullaby." He moved away to the curses of the second mate. "I tho't he 'd be harrd to sthop," he muttered, grinning. "I 'm av the opinion thot the ole mon 'll have drames if he slapes at all so contaguous to thot orchisthrion. Mither av saints! but listhen to the language av him! He 's an iducathud young gintlemon."

The thought that he was responsible for the vessel and the lives of all on board began to oppress him, and he walked to the taffrail and hauled in the log. Noting the record of the indicator, he tossed the log over again, and descended into the cabin. Unrolling his chart, he gazed at it thoughtfully, feeling, with a new sensation of restraint, the watchful eyes of the man on guard. At last he looked up, saying:

"Go for'ard, George, an' sind Sam to relave ye."

He sat without moving, as the man hurried away, trying to find, in the many penciled courses laid out on the chart, the unfinished one of the present voyage. At last he sighed.

"If I don't know where I am whin I begin," he said to himself, "thin I 'm as likely to ind in wan place as anither, or likelier." He shook his head sadly as he added: "Thomas Kerrigan, ye 're in a divil av a hole, an' all for settun' vainglorious in high places, which is a miracle."

He heard the new guard coming aft, and he hastily made a dot on the chart midway between the two continents.

"Thot 's me position—theorethically," he muttered—" as far from anny land as I can get, an' I wish 't were farther. Now, if the wathers hould out till the ole mon comes to his sinses, I 'll dodge throuble yet." His equanimity came back to him, and he added: "I 'll bullyrag me crew a bit to kape me spirruts up."

He left the cabin as soon as Sam entered, and calling to a man on deck to bring him his coat from the forecastle, put it on, and then ordered Sam to bring him an arm-chair from the cabin. Placing it near the windward rail, he seated himself, lighted his pipe, and crossed his legs, the picture of dignified ease. Down the booby-hatchway the second mate was still raving to be let out, but no one noticed him. Kerrigan was watching his sails.

"Kape her steady, mon!" he admonished the helmsman. Ye 've no call to tache her dancun' stheps an' to balance to parthners. Ye 're headun' her sivin ways at wance. I tho't ye c'u'd stheer."

The man at the wheel was an Irishman named Mike, and he glared at Kerrigan scornfully.

"Are ye sp'akin' to me, Mister Ker-

rigan?" he asked, with elaborate politeness.

"'T was me intintion," Kerrigan answered blandly. "Ye 're good at the guessin', me mon; but—"

"Am Oi thot? Thin Oi 'll guess again," said the steersman. "They do be makin' duremats av Kerrigans in the county Oi come from, an' 't is a custom thot 's loikely to spread; an' there 's more guessin' for ye, an' a warnin' loikewoise."

He was absorbed in retorting to Kerrigan, and he failed to see a great gray wave that, on the watch for just such carelessness, came sweeping down upon them. It leaped the rail, and breaking on the house, buried him under a cataract of green water and foam. When he emerged, gasping and bewildered, Kerrigan was at the wheel, but he himself was on his knees, with Nicolao bending over him, painting the twilight air with rich and strange Portuguese oaths.

"Whisht, laad!" said Kerrigan, "Lit him be. He 's lookun' for the duremat. He 'll be wipun' his phroboscus on ut prisintly. Sind a mon aft thot can stheer."

With a yelp of rage the man sprang at Kerrigan, but went down in a heap before his awful fist; and before he could regain his feet, Nicolao had dragged him along the gangway and dropped him to the main-deck from the poop.

"'T is a phrophut I am, foretillun' evints," Kerrigan said to himself; "but ut's a fine rayport av me he will be giyun' the b'y's, though I misdoubt if he mintions the custhoms av his counthy."

As he saw Nicolao coming aft with a new helmsman, a happy thought struck him. He gave the man the course, and turned to Nicolao.

"Call the min aft," he said, "I 'll discoorse to thim av the unraisonableness av things an' their duty to their supariors—thot 's me."

Nicolao's eyes showed his delight.

"Ver' good," he said; "ver' good. 'T ees proper to have some nice advice."

The crew came aft to the break in the deck and stood together in a huddled group. There were sullen faces among them, for Mike had told his story. On the poop-deck above them Kerrigan waited till the last loiterers came up.

"Did anny wan av ye waant me place?" he asked. "I niver saw the black look av invy on yer faces whin I tuk ut, if ye did. An' did I waant ut mesilf? Anny wan av ye can know how much by lookun' into his own heart. 'T is not too late to change yer minds, an' I 'll give ut up willun' to the first wan thot spakes. Who waants ut? Mither av saints! but yez are a tongueliss lot! Well, ut 's sittled, thin, I tak' ut, an' yez are down there, an' I am up here, an' yez are common sailormin, but I am Capt'in Kerrigan, in invidjous prominince, which the high althitude is bad for the hilth. But thot 's lather, whin we rache porrt. For the prisint I know av no wakeniss in me right arrm or anny loss av weight in the fist at the ind av ut, an' whin I say go, ye 'll go, an' whin I say come, ye 'll come, an' ye 'll run at me ordhers, an' tak' in silince what I give ye in the way av me blissun'. 'T is unraisonable, but 't is the custhom av ships, an' thot 's the ind av ut, an' the beginnun', the Alpha an' the Omaha, which the ma'nun' is, thot thim two cities is the inds av the throlley, an' ye can't go anny farther."

"Where *are* we goin'—sir?" a voice called.

"Thot 's a sinsible quistion, an' propherly spoke, an' I 'll answer ut," said Kerrigan. "We don't anny av us know. We 've dasigns on Palarmo, which is the Dago hole we shipped for; but ut 's like our hope to rache hivin: we 're none av us worrkun' overtime to rache ut as lang as we can kape out av ut, and aven wid the bist av intintions we 're in a waay to miss ut altogither."

"How about the grub we are to get?" asked another.

"Now ye 're touchun' on the f'undation stuns av good discipline," Kerrigan replied genially. "You 'll have dooble rations ivery day, an' plum-duff, wid niver a Nantuckut raisin in ut, three times a wake, an' pie in betwane, an' no mon shall go wet to his watch below complainun' av dryness inside. So pray for rain an' a wet deck, thot ye may dhrink to the gyurls thot are waitun' an' the days thot are gon'."

The black looks on their faces had changed to grins, and they cheered him

as they turned away; but down in his room the listening captain groaned, thinking of the drain upon his stores.

For two weeks they rolled along under a blue sky, with the white, lumpy, little trade-wind clouds flying overhead like flocks of sheep on a blue hill, and never a storm or a touching of hands to halyards, except to sweat them up morning and night. Still the captain would not yield, but all day he watched the sea sliding past his open window, making calculations on their speed, which he jotted down in a sort of rough dead reckoning, and watched the inverted compass hanging from the ceiling of his room, noting their course. On the fifteenth day of his imprisonment, he called Kerrigan to his room. He looked up sharply from his papers as Kerrigan entered.

"See here, my man," he complained, "it 's time this nonsense stopped. You 're too far to the south, and you 'll run us ashore in the Bight of Benin at this rate. It is n't going to help you to lose my vessel. You can't fetch Palermo."

"Faith, sir," said Kerrigan, lightly, "I 'm thinkun' ye 're more nor half right. I niver was in luck's waay."

Then the captain grew angry and sprang to his feet.

"What do you think you 're going to do, anyway?" he roared. "You can't take the vessel into port, and you can't keep her going forever. Sooner or later you 'll come to the end of your rope, and then where will you be? I can't fight you, you great, hulking Irishman, but I'll beat you in the end, and I 'll beat you hard. Why don't you have some sense? Let me out."

"Will ye comphromise, sir?" asked Kerrigan.

"No, I tell you!" the captain roared.

"Thin I 'll run her till she sthops—in Palarmo or Purgathory, wan."

"You 'll get your deserts in either place," snapped the captain.

"I don't know about Palarmo, but thot 's the gineral opinion av thim thot raches the ither place. Ye 're orthodox, I parsave, sir," Kerrigan replied.

The captain turned, and walking to the window, stared out at the day, which was drawing to a close. Dull, leaden clouds hung low above the sea, and the crests of the waves gleamed with an unnatural whiteness. Through the open window he could hear the rigging sighing fitfully with the rising wind. It looked ominous, and it roused his forebodings. He turned abruptly.

"Now I ask you for the last time: Will you give up my vessel?" he demanded.

"Ye 're a persistint little mon, sir," replied Kerrigan, admiringly, "an' I like ye well for ut. Ye 're me twin brother for thot. Will ye comphromise, I say?"

The captain's face was white as he came close to Kerrigan and shook his fist in his face.

"No!" he roared.

"Mither av saints! capt'in dear, don't tak' ut so harrd!" remonstrated Kerrigan. "Pass yer word, an' we 'll give up willun'. 'T is only waitun' the chance we are to bate a mastherly ratrate. We like ye fine, sir, an' we 'd sail through hell wid ye were we fri'nds again."

The captain gulped hard, and then came to a humiliating resolution.

"Will you give me my revolver and unlock the door, if I 'll promise to set you ashore at the first port?" he asked.

Kerrigan looked up.

"What av me fri'nds, sir?" he asked quietly.

"I 'll attend to them later," replied the captain; "but I 'll keep my word with you, though you 're the worst of the lot."

The captain stepped back at the look on Kerrigan's face.

"An' is thot what ye do be thinkun' av me?" Kerrigan asked. " 'T is only the gray hairs av ye an' yer thirty odd years more nor mine thot kapes me from pitchun' ye over yer own taffrail. They 's been Irishmin like thot, but they 're dead, sir, an' they 's thim thot knows how. But I 'm through wid ye." And he marched out of the room.

He stalked through the cabin with his head high, muttering to himself, and going up to the quarter-deck, strode back and forth for a long half-hour, seeing nothing and hearing nothing. Then his anger gave way to a reckless mood, and, looking about him, he saw for the first time the rapid change that had taken place in the weather since he had gone to the captain's room. Descending to the cabin again, he glanced at the barometer,

and went back to the deck at once. Nicolao was standing by the rail, scanning the horizon to the east.

"Nice night," he said, and shook his head.

"Ut 's right ye are, me son," Kerrigan replied. "The botthom av the baromether has fallen out, an' the hivens an' the wathers undher ut are goun' to frolic togither melojious."

They did. It was coming on dusk, and the rising gale was wailing in the rigging, and the rack was flying low overhead like brown dust from a dry roadway; and when four bells of the first watch struck, they were pounding along in a howling gale through a darkness so intense that every man walked with his hands before his face, and, when an order was given, they clung together, mouth to ear, and shrieked, and were scarcely heard.

The cabin door flew open, and out of the dim flare of the swinging-lamp a figure came pawing for Kerrigan. Then in a faint voice, very near, but far away, too, as if coming through a thick wall, he heard:

"Ol' man—want you—wants—see you. Told me—tell—" The sound ceased utterly, like a blown-out candle.

Kerrigan drew the man's ear close to his own face and shouted:

"Till him to go to the divil. To the divil. Undherstand?"

The messenger disappeared, but returned immediately.

"He says," he shrieked, "we 're all goin'—in this gale. He says—"

Kerrigan pushed the man toward the cabin door and gave him his last order.

"Till him," he roared, "he 's lucky: he 's—goun' in—good comphany. Ut 's more nor—he c'u'd ixpict. An' don't ye come back no more."

Kerrigan and Frithjof were at the wheel together. The gale shrieked about them and buffeted them, and the sheeted spray bruised them like blows. At times, in a momentary lull, the barque rolled and groaned in the hollow wave like a sick, tired creature, and then, with a fresh onrush of the tempest, she leaped ahead, rolling down till her deck was like the steep roof of a house, and the sea came rushing to their feet.

"Glory be!" muttered Kerrigan. "She 's a-steppun' on her ear wid the fut av her! 'T is fair undacent."

Out of the black night there came a shrieking demon of wind, and they heard the lower maintopsail blow out of its bolt-ropes with a sound like the muffled thud of a gun on a foggy morning, and the whipping canvas go snapping off into the darkness.

"Mither! mither! but I 'm cold," chuckled Kerrigan. "The countherpane is aff av me!"

A man came sidling aft and stopped at Kerrigan's side.

"The crew say—lay the barque to," he shouted. "They say—they won't stand it."

"Thin till thim to lie down," roared Kerrigan, and pushed the messenger aside as he bent to the wheel.

Frithjof leaned toward him.

"Dat 's good advice," he shouted.

"Whisht, laad," Kerrigan replied. "I 'm a-worrkun' aff a bit av timper. But she 's goun' fine, though—the ol' boat. Belikes she 'll land us in the middle av the Desert of Sahary by daybreak, an' I 'm a poor wan for the walkun'. 'T is a dhry hole, too, 't is said, and thot touches me ither wakeness."

It was near the end of the middle watch when Kerrigan suddenly noticed that the sea was perceptibly lower. The gale, too, had lessened in force, though they could hear it roaring off in the darkness. It was like going into a house and hearing a storm still raging outside.

"Mither av saints! What is ut?" roared Kerrigan. He had not lowered his voice from the tones he had been using in the height of the gale, and it carried the length of the vessel, and went echoing off into the darkness with an uncanniness that gripped at the heart of every man aboard. Sailors are proverbially light sleepers, and Kerrigan distinctly heard the forecastle door open and the port watch come trooping out upon deck and joining their companions at the rail, listening.

He, too, went to the rail, and stared into the darkness, but saw nothing and heard nothing. Looking down, he could see a slight trail of phosphorescent light slipping past the side of the vessel. Then suddenly he heard the foretopmast staysail flap windless.

" 'T is Paddy Ryan's duck pond av a p'aceful marnun'," he muttered. "We 'll hear the ducks prisintly, or the cows a-chewin' their cuds."

He hurried forward to the forecastle-deck and peered into the darkness ahead. About the forefoot he caught the purr of parting waters as the barque slowly forged ahead. Except for a long swell, there was no sea.

Nicolao came hurrying to his side.

"Heh, you Missa Kerrigan, how you call this, eh?" he asked excitedly, and swore softly under his breath.

"Do ye undherstand the thaory av storms?" asked Kerrigan.

Nicolao confessed that he did not.

"I 'll explain ut," said Kerrigan. "Did ye iver dhrop a stone in the wather an' see the little rings go circulathun' aff in ivery direction? 'T is the same wid the harricane. A gull or a pelican or whativer, aslape on the wather, has a bad drame, and flaps uts wings, an' thot starts the air to circulathun', an' the rothary motion av the earrth does the rist; an' there 's yer harricane all riddy for businuss. But back there where ut startud, there 's no wind, an' if you can rache ut, ye 're as safe as yer hand in yer pockut. An' thot 's where I 've brought ye, me son. I 'm a great navigathor. Ramimber thot."

In their wonder, both had forgotten the quarter-deck. It was growing lighter, and objects about them began to take visible form; but off on the port side the darkness seemed rather to increase, while all the upper sky showed the first wan coming of dawn.

Walking quickly to the rail, Kerrigan accidentally caught his foot under a hand-spike, one end of which had been dislodged from its rack. He gave a kick, and the bar rolled down the forecastle-deck, and fell with a hollow ring to the main-deck. The effect was startling. Off on the port side the echoing crash went throbbing up through the darkness, to die out at last in a mere pulsation of sound, as if among invisible peaks.

"I 'm thinkun' I 'll wear ship," said Kerrigan, suddenly, and turned to hasten aft. He was stooping to descend when he stopped as if struck by a blow in the face; for, from the quarter-deck, the voice of Captain Baker called:

"Mr. Morrow, bring the lead-line tub aft."

Then from the main-deck the second mate answered:

"Aye, aye, sir."

Kerrigan dropped to the deck, snatched off his boots, and slipping off his oil-skins, fastened them all to a couple of handspikes.

"Can ye shwim, Nicolay?" he demanded in a whisper.

"I swim before I walk, I guess so," Nicolao answered.

"I niver c'u'd say thot mesilf," Kerrigan whispered back; "but I 'll shwim the Atlantuc before I mate up wid the ol' mon. So sthrip, an' shwim to glory, for the min have gone back on us, Nicolay. For the fear av they don't know what they 've set loose the ol' mon and the mates."

He went over the bow and down the bobstays like a cat, with Nicolao doubtfully following him.

"Where you goin', Missa Kerrigan?" he whispered.

"I 'm goun' ashore," said Kerrigan. "Don't ye parsave we 're right undher a mountain twinty-siven thousand fate high?"

"You navigate the ship—what land ees eet?" persisted Nicolao.

"I 'm thinkun' 't is the Garden av Aden," answered Kerrigan, "seeun' the ol' mon's loose aboard."

He slipped into the water on the starboard side, pushing his raft before him, and Nicolao followed. Waiting till the barque had moved past, they struck out for land. Five minutes later they heard from the vessel the excited order to wear ship.

" 'T is the worrds out av me mouth," muttered Kerrigan, and swam on with renewed vigor. A moment later he said, "Look, Nicolay!"

Day was coming swiftly, and, looking up, they saw a great peak rising against the reddening sky scarcely two hundred yards away. With a little shout they swam on, felt at last the bottom under their feet, and waded ashore.

They took off their wet clothes, donned their oil-skins, and as the sun came up beyond the slope of the foot-hills, they climbed a short distance above the shore, and looked out over the waste of waters.

Under the lee of the high land

stretched a triangular wedge of comparatively windless sea; but the gale had broken with the coming of dawn, and here and there on the angry steel-gray of the tumbling waste, farther offshore, the sunlight fell momentarily in yellow-green patches. A mile away, under short sail, the barque was moving slowly toward the southern line of the coast. Even at that distance she showed the havoc of the storm.

"Look at her," said Kerrigan. "A'n't she the livun' picture av a disriputable ol' gyurl a-raalun' home in the marnun'? We 're well out av her company, laad. She 's a corrupther av the morals av innocint youth."

Nicolao laughed, and then grew grave, remembering his outfit.

"But our kits ees een her," he mourned—"ever' bita clothe' we got."

"Naked I came into the worrld, and naked I 'll go forivermore befure I 'll mate up wid the ol' mon that sails her," declared Kerrigan, solemnly. "Some av thim laads out yon will be wearun' sthripes, me son. Ramimber thot, an' rajoice thot I brought ye to dhry land, if only in yer skin."

"But what lan' ees eet?" persisted Nicolao.

"What matther," demanded Kerrigan, "where ut is? 'T is above tide wather, a'n't ut, an' under the blissud sun?" Then he rolled over, and almost immediately was asleep.

The sun was low in the west when they at last awoke. No sails were in sight, and the sea was like glass. They had turned their eyes first to the wide sweep of the watery horizon, and then they arose and looked back over the land. Off to the south, where the mountains fell gently back, they saw gray masses of crag, but nowhere a dwelling or any sign of life.

"Ut will be about now thot the docthor will be openun' the galley slide an' passun' in the salt horse an' the coffee," said Kerrigan, thinking of supper aboard; "but bitther to the taste will ut be to some of thim laads, Nicolay, from thinkun' av the future. There 's shmall comfort at the table whin Worry has his legs under ut. Mind thot."

"But no table at all," said Nicolao, "ees eet not of a sadness?"

"'T is a [illegible]—I 'm not denyun' thot, Kerrigan replied, "wid me this minut' as impthy as a cracked bottle; but thim b'ys aboard they 'd be glad to be settun' forninst ye now. An' ut 's me thot w'u'd 'a' saved thim, if their blood had not been wather, l'adun' thim to set the ol' mon loose before the time."

"Mebbe they gita heem to mek a bargain weeth them," suggested Nicolao.

"I was thinkun' thot whin I daparthud widout me farewell ajews," Kerrigan replied. "I 'd not have gon' ilse. But we 'll investhigate the land a bit. Tighten yer belt, laad; belikes 't will dasave yer stomach into thinkun' ut 's mistook the supper-time."

They took their way slowly along the beach, but when the height grew lower and less precipitous, mounted the slope, striking inland. The night had already fallen when they stumbled upon a road leading upward, and day was breaking when they came in sight of the sea again, and saw the cool glimmer of morning whiten the roadstead of a little port, dotted with the black hulls of anchored ships.

So down they went merrily, though wearied beyond belief, and had come to the first red-tiled roofs of the town when the sun sprang up out of the sea, and the morning gun on the little white-washed fort boomed, shattering the silence like breaking glass. An instant later the ensign of Portugal flapped from the truck of its flag-staff before their eyes. Nicolao clutched his companion's arm and stopped short.

"Behol'! 't ees the flag to my country!" he cried ecstatically. "My flag, I salute yo'; 't is me—likewise Portuguese." He held his hand aloft, fluttering the fingers in the manner of the islanders of Portugal. He flashed toward Kerrigan, bowing low. "Missa Kerrigan, my frien', yo' ah welcome. I haf arrive yo' at my country. Eet ees you's also. Yes, suh; 't is our manner; when we eenvite frien' to operate veesitor, ever't'ing ees hees. Now I introduce yo' some breakfast." He linked his arm in Kerrigan's and hurried down into Santa Cruz, the little city of Flores, where Frithjof awaited their coming, having, as the only innocent man aboard, easily escaped from the barque when she entered the port for water.

THE ULTIMATE NATION

BY RICHARD BURTON

WITH ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD B. EDWARDS

ONCE Babylon, by beauty tenanted,
In pleasure palaces and walks of pride,
Like a great scarlet flower reared her head,
Drank in the sun and laughed, and sinned and died.

Where Tyre and Sidon teemed with ships aload,
The wharves are idle and the waters lone;
And to the Temple that was His abode
In vain Jerusalem recalls her own.

Brooding the bygone from her sculptured seats,
In living rock her mighty memories hewn,
Along the Nile, wonder of water streets,
Old fertile Egypt is a stranger's boon.

Mark Athens, breathed upon by breath of gods,
With bards and sages to reveal her signs,
Leap like a flame above life's iron clods,
To fall in ashes upon vacant shrines.

And Rome, firm-founded in a wide emprise;
Her laws and legions, her imperial goal,
Avail not when her sometime honor dies,
Smothered in shows that kill the mounting soul.

Such names of pride and power have been brought low,
Lapsing alike into the cavernous years:
Out of the grayness of the long ago
Their ghosts flit homeless and we guess their tears.

The destiny of nations! They arise,
Have their heyday of triumph, and in turn
Sink upon silence and the lidless eyes
Of fate salute them from their final urn.

How splendid-sad the story! How the gust
And pain and bliss of living transient seem!
Cities and pomps and glories shrunk to dust,
And all that ancient opulence a dream.

Must a majestic rhythm of rise and fall
  Conquer the peoples once so proud on earth?
Does man but march in circles, after all,
  Playing his curious game of death and birth?

Or shall an ultimate nation, God's own child,
  Arise and rule, nor ever conquered be;
Untouched of time because, all undefiled,
  She makes His ways her ways eternally?

THE CATHEDRAL AT CHARTRES

FRENCH CATHEDRALS

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

WITH DRAWINGS BY JOSEPH PENNELL

I LIKE best to remember the cathedral of Chartres as I first saw it on a wild, stormy evening in May. I had come late to the town, and when, between showers, I went out to look about me, I hoped for little more than a glimpse of the exterior in the windy dusk. There was a flare of lamps, a screech of steam-organs in the long *Place des Epars,* filled with the booths and tents of the May fair; but it was dark and deserted in the little streets leading to the cathedral, a fearful wall of rock as it loomed up before me under the cloud-driven sky. A gale swept across the open square, but I faced it for the sake of those first impressions that count so much in getting to know cathedrals, like people, in the right way, and I was glad I did. For, in another minute, two or three women coming out of the door to the right showed that the cathedral was open, as it had not occurred to me it could be at so late an hour. I hurried up the steps, passing under a high, arched doorway where the pale, faint light from the nearest street lamp fell fitfully on rows of colossal forms, strange and awful as they towered above me in the mysterious gloom.

Groping my way up the nave, I was aware of a dim glow far in front and the sound of distant singing. The glow grew more golden as I went on, the singing louder. Huge columns came out of the darkness. I saw deeper shadows in the shadows of the aisles, people kneeling. I saw of a sudden between the columns an altar hung with lamps and ablaze with candles—the altar of the Blessed Virgin. Then I understood. It was the service for the month of May, which is the month of Mary with Roman Catholics everywhere, and the voices were those of children gathered about a nun at the organ, and their song was the old sweet canticle of my convent days:

C'est le mois de Marie,
C'est le mois le plus beau.
A la Vierge chérie
Chantons un chant nouveau.

When the prayers were at an end, I followed the people through the tran-

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

CHARTRES CATHEDRAL—WEST FRONT

sept door, and there, on a great porch, again colossal forms, strange and awful, towered vaguely all about me. Had I never seen the cathedral a second time, that is how I should remember it: without, a fearful wall of rock under a cloud-driven sky, mystic figures on guard at its entrance; within, "dim, spacious, fragrant, and afloat with golden lights," as in the dreaming of Gaston de Latour.

II

As it happened, I had seen the cathedral at many hours and under many aspects before I was ready to leave Chartres. On the brilliant morning after the storm, the wall of rock rising from the wide *Place* became a façade of noble design, with two tall, gray spires—arms upstretched, hands joined in supplication, lovers of Chartres have seen in them. The colossal forms at the entrance took more distant shape as statues of kings and saints, the most splendid sculptures the artist ever set at a church door. There was still something rock-like, even in broad daylight; but as I drew near, I found that this exterior, as a whole so impressive in its austerity, was overflowing with ornament. It was extraordinary to me, the way in which the south tower—*le clocher vieux*, they call it in Chartres; "the most beautiful mediæval tower in Europe," a dictionary of architecture describes it—could interrupt the severity of its outlines to place an angel, with wings spread and a sun-dial for burden, at its southern angle, and use the stern sweep of its southern wall as a background for beasts as monstrous as any the mediæval sculptor ever imagined. It was extraordinary that the tower rising side by side with it—*le clocher neuf*, for it is as new as the sixteenth century—should be nothing but ornament, indeed and in truth a "sort of tapering bouquet of sculptured stone," as in Henry James's phrase. Most extraordinary of all, however, was the elaborate loveliness of the doorways and the transept porches.

At Chartres, as elsewhere in France, after the destroyer of the eighteenth century came the restorer of the nineteenth. When I was there last, glaring new patches on the south porch were witnesses of his recent industry; the north porch was hidden under the litter of his scaffolding, and his mark was visible on the Romanesque doors of the west front. But about these doors the amazing statues of the twelfth century had not gone from the niches, and on their long, slim figures the draperies still fell in the old rigid lines; on their inscrutable faces the smile still hovered. Who are they? The critics might be of as many minds about them as about any early Florentine or Sienese Madonna on her gold ground, and I would not care. I am content to know—and you cannot help knowing it, as you look at them—that living, breathing, real flesh-and-blood men and women posed for them; that the sculptor was an artist, sometimes Gothic, sometimes Greek, who could see and feel and express character, though his method of expressing it may have been primitive according to modern notions.

And the stately transcept porches are a mass of sculptures, with statues wherever statues can go: standing in lines on each side of the six doors, and on every column; climbing with the pointed arches; filling every niche and corner. Conscientious writers take it upon themselves to tell you of whom all are portraits or what they symbolize, but it cannot be done without degenerating frankly into a catalogue. Even M. Huysman's descriptions of them read like an inventory. And, after all, they are there really to add to a building structurally perfect the beauty of detail that is a great part of the charm of Chartres.

The sunshine of La Beauce, transformed into angry, imperious fire as it falls through the cathedral windows, could never make the interior less solemn than it had seemed in my first evening vision of it. I know no other church so entirely a House of Prayer. Everybody who goes to it will tell you the same thing. "Chartres has still the gift of a unique power of impressing," Pater says, stirred by the esthetic value of religion in such a setting. "Nowhere does one pray so well as at Chartres," Huysmans says, feeling its power more intimately. It is not easy to explain just

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

LOOKING INTO THE NORTH TRANSEPT FROM THE NAVE

why this should be, any more than why, out of an endless gallery of Madonnas, a rare canvas by Piero della Francesca, or Bellini, will catch the eye and haunt the memory. Piety would have been as poor an equipment for the builder of cathedrals as for the painter of Madonnas. Nor is the fact that the architecture of Chartres belongs to the period of Gothic masterpieces a sufficient explanation. Paris and Bourges and Laon and Amiens show the same architectural perfection, they belong to the same period, but from none of them do you get the same impression of mysterious majesty, the same urgent call to prayer.

Other cathedrals are larger; some have the same five aisles and as spacious an

apse encircled by chapels; one at least—Le Mans—repeats the imposing arrangement of windows in the choir; and yet none can so awe you as Chartres does by the solemnity, the sublimity, of size; none can so overpower you by the height of nave and choir, by the endless vistas of aisles beyond aisles, chapels beyond chapels, columns beyond columns; by the dignity of an austere exterior, with spires pointing to heaven, and buttresses that not even the wheel-like supports to their bold flight over the aisles can make less severe, less vigorous in mass. And the cathedral grows in solemnity and immensity the more you see it. Chance, it is true, has been kinder to Chartres than to most French cathedrals, in sparing much of the detail without which the most perfect church seems bare and empty and cold.

There never was a time when the interior, as in so many Italian churches, was rich in tombs where the dead, with arms folded, kneel or lie on their delicately carven beds of stone and marble, or sit astride their horses, gallant and picturesque figures in death as in life. The faithful at Chartres saw in their church a bed for the Blessed Virgin, and could find no room in it for the tombs of men. If there was room once for innumerable altars, most of them, except the holiest, have disappeared. Lost, too, is a part of the old decoration; for, to our misfortune, it was offensive to the generation who believed with Racine that Chartres was barbarous in its grandeur, and who, to reduce it to their level of refinement, pulled down rare tapestries from the choir wall, to exchange them for cold, formal reliefs that, I venture to say, no one now ever troubles to look at; got rid of old, carved stalls and the fourteenth-century *jubé;* employed Bridan to design his posturing, acrobatic group of the Assumption for an altar-piece; and then, the better to flaunt their pedantic commonplace before the world, knocked out from the choir windows some of the beautiful old stained glass that had been the gift of that barbarian in their eyes, St. Louis. Nor could the storm of the Revolution pass over Chartres without leaving desolation behind it.

But the beautiful old choir-screen survived the century of desecration so well, at least, that restoration could not ruin it. There are people who, with Mérimée, object to a choir-screen because it breaks up the constructional lines of the architecture and lessens the effect of length and height. But at Chartres it gives back a hundredfold in mystery all it may take away in symmetry. Over and above this, it gives, with its elaborate high-reliefs and intricate canopies, a richly fretted surface where the colored radiance from the windows falls more softly, and the shadows deepen into vast depths. The barbarism might have been worse, and it could be forgiven and forgotten in the miracle of light burning and shimmering and drifting through the windows. Cleaning, restoring, and patching has not destroyed the wonder of them, nor vulgarized the color. It may be the same hues in the modern window would be crude and garish, as, indeed, they may have been, for all we can be sure, in the old glass when new. But time, with its dirt and corrosion, as the old twelfth and thirteenth century craftsmen probably knew perfectly well, has toned down whatever crudeness, if any, there was, and added its own quality of richness to the harmony. Around nave and transepts, around chapels and choir, save for those staring gaps, long lines of prophets and saints, in their garments of flame, seem to set the cathedral all aglow with the fiery fervor of their love and praise. There are hours, toward evening, when you do not see those glorified figures, when you see nothing save spear-like rays of half-lambent light, smoldering fires of blue and purple and scarlet burning through the shadowy gray walls, as the splendors of the setting sun burn through the gray cloud-rift. There are other hours when the saints, each with the emblem by which you may know him, and the prophets of the Old Testament carrying the prophets of the New, but noble and dignified in their bearing, for all the naïveté of their pose, and Our Lady herself, with the Child at her knees, will not let you forget their presence up there; and you can imagine how, to the saint still of this earth, as he prayed below, they must often, in their shining rows, have been like a vision of the heavenly hosts ranged

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE EAST END, SHOWING DETAIL OF THE SCREEN AND RADIATING CHAPELS

about the Throne. But, however seen, if only in the play of color reflected from them on wall or pier, the windows are the glory of the cathedral.

III

THE history of Chartres, when I came to read it, kept me in the same incense-laden air that I had found in the cathedral, everything bringing me back, as the town was forever being brought back, to the shrine where I first saw Chartres at its prayers. The Virgin Mother had always been there. At the dawn of the

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

CHARTRES CATHEDRAL—THE SOUTH PORTAL

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

CHARTRES CATHEDRAL—THE NORTH PORCH

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE SOUTH TOWER, AS SEEN FROM THE MARKET-PLACE

town's existence, long before the birth of Christ, the Druids, with vague prophetic sense of what was to come, had worshiped her; and their altar, on the hill overlooking the broad plain of La Beauce, marked the site for the little Christian chapel that grew and grew into the Cathedral of Notre-Dame as we know it to-day.

As time went on, after the building of the first chapel; as our Lady of Chartres survived the bitterest persecution—how bitter the deep well, with its bones of martyrs behind her altar, under the earth, can tell you; as her church, burnt down again and again, sprang ever up from its ashes more magnificent than before; it is not strange that the people should have fancied her recreating herself in order to multiply her blessings to them. Many churches boast their one miraculous shrine of the Virgin, but at Chartres there were—there are—three: Notre-Dame-Sous-Terre, in the perpetual dusk of Fulbert's crypt, the line of lamps always gleaming and glimmering like stars down its interminable length and fading into the far gloom; Notre-Dame-du-Pilier, in the brilliant chapel above; Notre-Dame-de-la-Belle-Verrière, shining in a glory of color from the old window opposite—the Virgin Mother, stiff, angular, Byzantine, once a favorite, now deserted save by the few peasants you at times find kneeling before her, or it may be, by a few mystics, like Durtal, in M. Huysman's book, whose special devotion was for the forgotten Madonna and the neglected shrine. And the people must often have seen in the whole cathedral a gorgeous reliquary for the holiest of its treasures, the veil of the Blessed Virgin. It was long thought a tunic and as a tunic it appears on the seal of the cathedral chapter, a royal gift that kings and princes came to visit.

About this veil and the three shrines, the history of Chartres centers. When the cathedral was being built and rebuilt; after the fires of the middle ages and the passing of Christian soldiers as ready to loot a shrine as to pray before it; during the astonishing seasons when a passion of religion shook the land and all the men, women, and children in it turned themselves into day laborers and beasts of burden to help in the building on the hill, and the plain below was a vast camp for prayer, our Lady of Chartres and her veil were never long lost to sight.

Close to Paris as Chartres was, on the highroad from Normandy, and therefore from England, it was caught by the high tide of almost every war that broke over northern France at the time when the one occupation of France, as of all the world, was fighting. It resisted one enemy, only to fall before the next, passing from hand to hand with the rapid changes of fortune that reduce the record of most French towns during the dark and middle ages to a hopeless blur of names and dates. But always through the tangle of history, always above the struggle of French nobles with one another, above the endless feud between France and England, above the horror of wars fought in the name of religion, in clear relief appears the serene figure of Our Lady of Chartres, now protecting from the danger the town she loved; now, from motives incomprehensible to mortals, deserting it to its fate; but always taking the active part expected by the people who loved her.

Not a battle, not a tragedy, that did not end in the triumphal procession of her veil or her statue through the town, or else the hasty concealment, no man could say where, of the sacred symbols. If you fix your eyes upon them, you may know, as well as from the battlefield or from behind the plow in the plain, how it has fared with Chartres since the first days of the Roman Catholic church upon the hill down to those which men would have made the last, when the cathedral of Chartres, as of Paris, was turned into a temple of reason, and the sacred veil was rent in twain, and the Black Virgin was burnt in the public streets. The Revolution over, a piece of the veil restored, a new Black Virgin appeared in the place of the old, and once more about the sacred symbols centered the life and history of the town. It is not the Bourbon, powerless, though he bears its name, to do anything for it save hand on his title to one of its hotels, but Notre-Dame of Chartres who is supreme. Without the cathedral, you feel that the town would not exist. And I thought it further proof of the fidelity of Chartres to

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

CHARTRES CATHEDRAL, FROM THE PORTE GUILLAUME

its traditions that, when I was there, the veil once more had been hidden, and no man, not even the priest in charge of Notre-Dame-du-Pilier, could or would tell where. The thieves in the department who threatened it had not the romance of the soldiers of fortune swaggering through the old chronicles, or even of the *sans-culottes,* drunk with liberty; but the sacrilege at their hands would be no less, and, history repeating itself, the veil kindled new fires of devotion in its new danger.

IV

THE town of Chartres, as I found, has a busy life of its own. Its barracks, swallowing up the remnants of the old Abbey of St. Pierre, are enormous. The bugle call is a familiar sound in the streets, and the march of soldiers a frequent sight. It has its cattle and horse markets, its May and September fairs—its moments and periods of animation.

But when the soldiers have passed, when the markets are over, when you are out of the reach of the steam-organs of the Place des Epars at fair-time, Chartres relapses into monastic calm, as if it had nothing to do save to disclose new beauties in the cathedral by showing it from new points of view. Wherever you wander, you are sure to see it: now the gray towers above the market-place; now a portal or a space of gray wall, like a screen, at the street. From the winding way to the Porte Guillaume, the only one of the old town gates that survives, from the steep steps past the Staircase of Queen Bertha, every time you look back, the cathedral will have arranged itself into some new composition, with the clustering roofs and the spaces of green in the bishop's garden. And if, turning to your left from the Porte Guillaume, you go farther along the banks of the little River Eure, where, at all hours washerwomen kneel in a line in the washing-places along the yellow stream, you are as amazed as if no one, instead of countless writers and artists, had described and drawn that supreme view of all—the buttressed east end, high above the river, "with its old, patched and interrupted wall, the ditch with its weedy edges, the spots of color, the white-capped laundresses in their little wooden cages," high above the tiers upon tiers of roofs, high above the climbing town. You have only to keep on the walk that Chartres called the Tour-de-Ville, of which the road just here by the river is a part, to come at every step upon a new arrangement. From below, you can always look up to the cathedral on the crest of the hill and to the pathetic old churches of St. Aignan and St. Pierre clinging to the slopes. From the high, shady grove, where the well-dressed little children of Chartres play decorously through the long summer afternoon, the avenue of trees, where Chateaubriand might have found his model for the nave, and the massive wall built for the protection of the cathedral, here and there shut out the view for a minute, but only that. The next instant clustering roofs and gray walls and spires may come together more wonderfully than ever.

As in the town, so it is in all the country round. Above the wide plain of La Beauce, the Cathedral of Our Lady is forever visible, "with the passing light or shadow upon its gray weather-beaten surface," "like a ship forever a-sail in the distance," the child Gaston de Latour thought. Above the old, rolling Roman road leading to it straight from the south, it ever rises, the goal now of cyclist and motorist, as of pilgrim and soldier in the past. There, out of the ancient city, "the gray cliffs of lonely stone" have for centuries been lifted into the midst of sailing birds and silent air, a pledge of the sincerity of Chartres in the days of its faith, a reproach to the indifference that sees in it nothing holier than an historical monument protected by the state.

Charcoal sketch from life by Kate Rogers Nowell. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

CARDINAL GIBBONS

THE MORAL ASPECTS OF SUICIDE

BY JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS

EVERY close observer of contemporary events, and every lover of his country and his fellow-man, cannot fail to view with alarm the frequency of suicides within our borders. We can scarcely pick up a daily journal without reading of despondent persons of both sexes, and of every age and condition of life, taking a fatal leap into

> "The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
> No traveler returns."

I have now lying before me the official record of suicides in the United States from 1885 to 1903, which is calculated to excite in every patriotic and humane breast sentiments of compassion and deep concern. These statistics show a steady increase in nineteen years in this class of crime and misery.

I deem it, however, unnecessary to set before the reader these figures in detail, for though appalling in their number, they are quite incomplete, and, indeed, bear only a limited proportion to the fearful catalogue of suicides which are studiously suppressed, in consequence of the instinctive horror and disgrace attached to deeds of self-destruction.

It is true, indeed, that the Church has somewhat mitigated the severity of her discipline regarding the Christian burial of suicides, or at least she interprets each individual case as mildly as circumstances will admit, by giving the benefit of the doubt in favor of the deceased. It may be also observed that the English law, which punished the crimes of *felo de se* by forfeiture to the crown of the goods and chattels of the deceased, and by the ignominious treatment of his body, was revoked in the reign of George IV, in the first half of the last century. And it may be further added that no statutory legislation was ever framed against suicides by the United States. Nevertheless, there always remain deep-rooted in the human breast a horror for the crime, and a sense of shame and humiliation weighing heavily upon the surviving members of the family.

In the history of the Hebrew people, as recorded in the pages of the Old Testament, and in the history of the primitive Christians as contained in the New Testament, I can recall the names of only five persons who ended their lives by their own hands. And to the honor of the female sex, it can be affirmed that in the whole narrative of the Bible there is not a solitary instance of any woman inflicting death on herself. The reasons for the rarity of this crime among those worshipers of Jehovah and of Christ are easily explained. Those people were taught to believe that self-murder was a grievous sin, and that man was responsible to God in the life to come for the iniquities done in the flesh.

The five men mentioned in Scripture as having died by their own hands are Achitophel, Zambri, Razias, King Saul, and Judas Iscariot.

Achitophel had conspired with Absalom against King David, his father, and when he learned that his treason was discovered, he hanged himself.[1]

Zambri had usurped the throne of Israel, and, "seeing that the city [which he occupied] was about to be taken, he went into the palace and burnt himself with the king's house: and he died."[2]

[1] II Sam. xvii, 23. [2] III K. xvi, 18.

Razias stabbed himself to death rather than fall into the hands of his enemies.[1]

A dark shadow overhung Saul soon after he was crowned king, which presaged his ultimate downfall. He was gloomy and morose, vindictive and revengeful. He was possessed by the demon of unjust suspicion and jealousy toward David, whom he often sought to kill. Because Achimeleth, the high priest, had befriended David, Saul put to death eighty-five priests, besides a multitude of men and women and children. In his last days, instead of calling on the Lord of Israel, he consults the sorceress of Endor, just as we read of the unhappy Macbeth consulting the witches on the Scottish heath. Saul finally ends his life by falling on his sword.[2]

Judas Iscariot was one of the chosen twelve. His besetting sin was avarice, which prompted him to sell his Master for thirty pieces of silver, and then, in a paroxysm of grief and despair, he hanged himself. Of him our Lord pronounced this awful sentence: "Woe to that man by whom the Son of man shall be betrayed. It were better for that man if he had not been born." Peter had committed a crime almost as grievous as that of Judas. But Peter shed bitter tears of repentance, and his Master forgave him. The compassionate Saviour would have instantly absolved Judas as He pardoned the Prince of the Apostles, if he had done penance for his iniquity.

Samson is not included here in the catalogue of Scripture suicides, as his primary object in demolishing the house was to destroy the lives of his enemies, in whose death he happened to be involved. To be avenged on the Philistines, he shook the pillars of the house in which about three thousand persons were assembled, and "the house fell upon all the princes, and the rest of the multitude that was there," and he perished with them.[3]

Vergil, the great Mantuan poet, following the traditional belief of the ancient Romans, consigns to Tartarus a victim of self-destruction, though she was stained with no other crime.

Suicide was, however, regarded as a heroic virtue among the stoics of pagan Rome. Many of its most illustrious citizens compassed their own death, and the influence of their pernicious example served as an incentive to others by lending additional luster to the deed, just as the habit of duelling in certain periods of English and American history was deemed honorable because it was sanctioned and exercised by citizens enjoying public esteem.

Cato was reputed among the most distinguished and wisest of Roman sages. He put an end to his life rather than submit to the humiliation of having it prolonged by the clemency of the victorious Cæsar. He disdained to survive by the grace and favor of his enemy. And yet, by a strange inconsistency, he advises his beloved son to placate Cæsar. For surely it could not be dishonorable in the father, and at the same time honorable in the son, to accept favors from a triumphant adversary. By the canons of right reason, Cato's self-inflicted death must be regarded as an act not of sublime courage, but of moral cowardice.

Marcus Brutus, another conspicuous Roman, in his younger days, when he could reason more dispassionately, blamed Cato for killing himself, regarding such a deed as an irreligious and not a valiant one. He said that it was Cato's duty not to evade the course of Providence, but to bear fearlessly the adversities which confronted him. But when Brutus was defeated at the battle of Philippi, his fortitude and philosophy forsook him, and, following Cato's example, he stabbed himself rather than submit to the good pleasure of the victorious Antony.

The chaste Lucretia, the wife of Collatinus, affords another sad example of suicide in ancient Rome, and a perverted exhibition of heroic virtue. In the absence of her husband, she was forcibly violated by the voluptuous son of Tarquin the Proud. After informing her husband and father of the outrage, and after exacting of them a promise to avenge the foul deed, she stabbed herself to death rather than survive the degradation to which she was subjected. It is evident that her soul was not sullied by young Tarquin's adultery. Rather did her conjugal chastity receive additional luster by her resistance to her ravisher. Why, then, did she slay herself? If a

[1] II Mac. xiv, 41. [2] I Sam. xxxi, 4. [3] Judges xvi, 30.

judge had condemned her to death, innocent, unheard, and untried, he would have merited capital punishment. Why, then, did the innocent Lucretia inflict death on herself, and thus become a murderess? Surely she deserved a better fate. Had she outlived the desecration of her person, and borne the shame, she would have merited the praise of all righteous men, and would have spared herself the odium of having slain an unoffending matron. Viewing her life by the Christian standard, we must applaud her conjugal purity, and pity her involuntary debasement, though we cannot approve of the death penalty she inflicted on herself.

Even had Lucretia been a willing participator in Tarquin's crime, she would have sinned in sacrificing her life; how much more grievous, therefore, is her offense in putting to death an innocent woman?

As Socrates and Seneca were the *unwilling* agents of their own death, they must both be acquitted of voluntary suicide. The Greek philosopher was most unjustly condemned to die by the decree of the Athenian judges, and the Roman was sentenced by the impious Nero. The former ended his life by drinking hemlock, the latter by having the veins of his arms and legs opened.

As to the causes of suicides, there is no doubt that a considerable number of them is due to a disordered and an unbalanced mind, for which it is hoped the unfortunate victims are not fully responsible. But after making all due allowance for suicidal mania, the great bulk of those who compass their own death, act with deliberation, and are accountable to God and man for the deed they commit.

Whatever may be the immediate incentive to suicides, they can be primarily traced to moral cowardice and to the absence of religious restraints. Even the pagan philosopher Aristotle ascribes these acts to a want of moral courage.

One man has for months and years been secretly plundering an institution of which he was regarded as the responsible head or custodian. He can no longer hide his embezzlements by false entries. He is afraid to face an outraged public, and he escapes the temporal punishment of his transgressions by putting an end to his life. He leaves, perhaps, behind him a desolate family to bear the burden and the odium of his crimes.

Another is suddenly bereft of a fond wife or a favorite child, and he cannot survive the desolation that has visited the family circle.

Another has been leading a dual life; he has been wallowing in the mire of sinful pleasures. He finds that he can no longer maintain the honor of his good name. His licentious career is sure to be exposed, and rather than confront the frown of his fellow-citizens, he abruptly shortens his career.

Another man is afflicted with a tedious disease which inflicts on him excruciating pains and sufferings, or he is tormented by various kinds of domestic infelicities, and in a moment of aggravated misery he stamps out his life by a bullet or poison.

Unrequited love is another fruitful cause of untimely deaths. A young and confiding lady is disappointed or betrayed in her affections by a faithless or fickle lover, and in a paroxysm of grief she seeks refuge in the grave from the sorrow she feels unable to bear. While woman's love is more intense, more emotional and concentrated, man's love is more violent and tumultuous. Hence a disconsolate female, when rejected by a lover, will be usually content with silently sacrificing her own life; but the ardent lover of the male sex, when maddened by the demon of jealousy, will often immolate on the same funeral pyre the object of his passion as well as himself. The Didos are willing to travel alone into the unexplored region; the Othellos desire to be accompanied by the idol of their affections.

Many others are impelled to lay violent hands on themselves on account of an intolerable mental strain occasioned by the struggle for commercial supremacy. Keen competition in business, feverish thirst for wealth, hazardous enterprises in which all is staked, followed by a sudden crash in securities—these financial ventures and failures fill the unhappy speculator with despair, and rather than survive the wreck, he seeks refuge in self-inflicted death.

Unfortunately, the victims of these mental and physical sufferings have no

religious convictions to sustain them in their hour of sorrow and despondency, or to deter them from their fatal step by the dread of future punishment. They have had a hazy view of religion. They gave little or no consideration to the immortality of the soul and the life to come. They had no fear of God and no sense of their responsibility to him. Their thoughts rarely, if ever, dwelt on the great Hereafter. They are likened to the man mentioned in the Gospel "who built his house upon the sand. And the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and they beat upon that house and it fell, and great was the fall thereof." How different is the conduct of the God-fearing man under similar temptations and trials! He is afraid to live; but he is more afraid to die by his own hand. He is dismayed, indeed, by the prospects of the disgrace and sufferings which haunt him, but he is more appalled by the terrors of the life to come. He shrinks from the gaze of men, but he recoils with greater horror from the frown of an avenging God. His conscience tells him that present tribulations, though hard to endure, bear no proportion to eternal retributions.

This thought is forcibly expressed in Hamlet's soliloquies:

"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God!
O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!"

. . . . . .

"To be, or not to be,—that is the question:—
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die—to sleep—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there 's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all."

As to its moral aspects, suicide is manifestly forbidden by the divine law. One of the Commandments of the Decalogue declares: "Thou shalt not kill." To make the law as comprehensive as possible, it is not said: "Thou shalt not kill thy *neighbor*," which qualifying phrase is employed in some of the other Commandments; as, for instance, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house." The prohibition to kill is therefore absolute. It forbids the taking of human life, whether by suicide or homicide.

There is another Commandment which says: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Now, the love which we owe to our neighbor forbids us to slay him, and, therefore, the love which we owe to ourselves forbids us to compass our own death. If the law allowed us to kill ourselves, while forbidding us to kill our neighbor, our love for our neighbor would not be equal, but superior, to our love for ourselves.

Nay, I hold that suicide is a more revolting sin than the killing of another. The closer the ties of relationship between the murderer and his victim, the more atrocious is the crime. In the estimation of mankind, a parricide, or matricide, or fratricide, or uxoricide, is a more shocking criminal than an ordinary homicide. And as a man has more intimate relations to himself than to a parent, or brother, or wife, his deliberate self-de-

struction should excite more horror than the murder of a parent, brother, or wife.

Voluntary self-murder is not only a violation of the divine law, but is also a crime against society. We are social beings. We owe a duty to the commonwealth as well as to ourselves. We mutually depend on one another, like the members of our physical body. "For none of us liveth to himself; and no man dieth to himself." [1] Human society may be compared to a grand army, every member of which has a special place and mission assigned to him by his Sovereign Commander. To abandon the post of duty intrusted to a sentinel is regarded by the military code as a most cowardly act, which is punished with extreme rigor. What less does the suicide do than basely abandon the situation assigned to him in the warfare of life?

And there is no vice more contagious than cowardly desertion. It is often followed by a general mutiny. The same is true of suicide. When a few deeds of self-murder are widely circulated by the press, they are not infrequently followed by numerous voluntary slaughters. A suicidal wave rolls over the land.

You will say, "By killing myself, I injure no one but myself." This excuse, so commonly made, involves a capital error: You do not belong to yourself but to your Creator. God gave you, indeed, dominion over all inferior creatures when He said: "Rule over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and all living creatures that move upon the earth." But dominion over yourself and your fellow-man He has never surrendered, but reserves to Himself. Therefore, in taking your life, you destroy that which is not your own.

Our Creator has an absolute sovereignty over the human family. "Thou, O Lord, that hast power of life and death." [2]

"Behold all souls are mine." [3] God brought us into this world without our knowledge and volition. He desires that we should depart from it in the manner and time that He has decreed. He demands our life-long service. By self-immolation we defeat the ends of our Creator. We usurp His authority. We rebel against His will. By His prophet He says to us: "Thou hast broken My yoke, thou hast burst My bonds. Thou saidst: I will not serve."

Impious invader of a divine prerogative in destroying God's handiwork, stand now in spirit over that body which you have bereft of life. Try to reënter and reanimate that house of clay you have abandoned. Breathe into those nostrils the breath of life. Rekindle the spark you have suddenly extinguished. Bring back light to those vacant eyes. Restore to vigor the hand which has committed the foul deed. Alas! how mighty you are for evil; how powerless for good! All the combined skill and science of man is utterly unable to give you back one moment of the life you have forfeited.

The fallacy of the assertion that the suicide injures no one but himself is manifest when we consider the dire consequences which such a statement may involve. Suppose that a number of the leading men of a community were to blow out their brains in the height of a financial crisis. The whole town would be thrown into confusion, business would be partly paralyzed, and a reign of disquiet and uncertainty would prevail before confidence was restored. And then consider the legacy of sorrow and of suffering which the self-destroying father leaves to the inner circle of his wife and children.

You will say, perhaps: "No one will mourn or miss me. I am a social outcast without human ties." I will answer that no matter how poor or worthless or desolate a man may be, he has a mission from God to fulfil, he has some ties with his fellow-beings, and he can be a useful, though unobtrusive, factor in the great social organization. He can soften the wrath of the choleric by his meekness under provocation. He can edify the murmurer against Providence by his patience in adversity and by subsisting on the charity of others, he can give them an opportunity of exercising the virtue of benevolence.

Another will say: "As I am doomed to an early death by a fatal disease, is it not a mercy to me to give myself the *coup de grâce*, and thus put an end to a life which, in the order of nature, could last only a few days or weeks longer?" This specious doctrine has been advanced among

[1] Rom. xiv, 7. [2] Wis. xvi, 13. [3] Ezeck. xviii, 4.

us by a woman prominent in social "reform," and has been indorsed by some members of the medical profession. In order to invest their scheme with a spirit of caution and moderation, and to throw around it a semblance of safeguard, they recommend, before life is extinguished, that two physicians and a minister be called in, the former to certify to the fatal character of the malady, and the latter to give the patient the sanction of the clergy.

There is no doubt that some degenerate members of that noble and humane profession would be willing to pronounce sentence of death, and I fear that a clergyman would also be on hand, who would be as tolerant and accommodating on the question of divorce from life, as he sometimes is on the subject of divorce from marriage.

Once this dangerous principle is admitted, a door is opened wide for the indiscriminate toleration of suicide. An acute though trivial pain would tempt many to precipitate themselves to an untimely death. How many patients are there (I have known some myself) whose disease had been pronounced hopeless by respectable physicians, yet who were afterward fully restored to health!

It would be a painful, fruitless task to discuss the moral disease of suicide, unless a remedy were suggested, which is the chief purpose of these reflections.

It is a significant fact that in countries and districts where the Christian religion exercises a dominant sway, and where its teachings are faithfully practised, self-murder is almost unknown, and when such a tragedy occurs, it excites unwonted horror throughout the community.

I maintain, then, that a sovereign antidote against suicide is to be found in a strict compliance with the lessons set before us by the religion of Christ.

Divine revelation inculcates the sublime and consoling truth that Almighty God never surrenders for a moment the moral government of the world, that an overruling Providence "which reacheth from end to end mightily, and ordereth all things sweetly," controls all human events, and makes them subservient to His eternal decrees; and consequently that nothing can happen to us against His will; that the calamities which visit us, whether proceeding directly from the malice of men, or occasioned by the accidents of life, if borne with Christian resignation, will ultimately redound to our spiritual advantage. "To them that love God," says the Apostle, "all things work together unto good."[1] "Whom the Lord loveth, he chastiseth: and as a father in the son he pleaseth himself."[2] "Ye thought evil against me," said the Patriarch Joseph to his brethren, "but God turned it into good, that he might exalt me, as at present you see, and might save many people."[3]

The righteous man, therefore, when subjected to the privation of health, of friends, and of temporal prosperity, or to the unmerited loss of his good name, sees the hand of God in the adversities which befall him, and bears them with composure and equanimity. "If a crushed world would fall on him, the ruins would strike him undismayed." He sets before himself the example of the King of Martyrs, who said to His disciples, "The chalice which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" He does not say: "The chalice which Pilate and Caiphas and the Jews have given me." He waves them aside as secondary instruments of His eternal Father's merciful designs. How easily could Christ have escaped the lingering agony of the Crucifixion by dispatching Himself in the garden with Peter's sword! But the law of God, of which He was the interpreter and exemplar, forbade it.

The upright Christian believes not only in the sanctity of human suffering, but also in its heavenly recompense when endured for Christ's sake. He shares in the sentiments of the Apostle who says: "Our present tribulation, which is momentary and light, worketh for us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory"; and "that the sufferings of this world are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come which shall be revealed to us."

But the religion of Christ is not only a consolation to the righteous man in his tribulations; it also exerts a powerful influence in deterring the Christian transgressor from taking away his own life, because he knows that suicide is murder,

[1] Rom. viii, 28. [2] Prov. iii, 12. [3] Gen. l, 20.

and that "No murderer hath eternal life abiding in himself." He believes in the priceless value of repentance which can transform a moral leper into one of God's elect, and an angel of darkness into an angel of light. He is taught by the prophet that by contritely accusing himself, if his "sins be as scarlet, they shall be made white as snow, and if they be red as crimson, they shall be white as wool."

Surely if any one might be excused for shortening his life, the Patriarch Job would have been justified in putting an end to his miserable existence when he was oppressed by the overwhelming weight of miseries which afflicted him. His body is covered with ulcers; he is suddenly deprived of his possessions, bereft of his children; he is stung by the reproaches of wife, and mocked by his false friends. The words of this model of patience have been the comfort and support of all succeeding ages. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: as it hath pleased the Lord so is it done: blessed be the name of the Lord." Every impartial judge who compares the life of Job with that of Cato, will accord a higher degree of heroic virtue to the saint of the Bible than to the sage of Utica. The one yielded to the storm of adversity, the other bravely confronted it.

"WOULD IT HAD BEEN MINE ENEMY"

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

WOULD it had been mine enemy
Who came a secret way—
(Oh, but the door that waits a friend
Swings open to the day.
There stood no warder at my gate
To bid Love stand and stay.)

Would it had been mine enemy
In open fight and great—
('Gainst the beloved who goes armed
In strength inviolate.
Or dreads lest in his hands he bears
The craven blade of Hate?)

Would it had been mine enemy
Who mocked to see me low—
(Better all anger than this thought
Love left to sear me so.
My heart was naked to his hand,—
His hand who gave the blow.)

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "Lincoln the Lawyer," etc.

IF Miss Amanda Upton, attorney-at-law, did not succeed in her candidacy for membership in the Bar Association, she at least managed to throw the apple of discord among the elect of that worthy institution. Indeed, the storm which had raged in the council chamber early in the evening threatened to break out anew when we adjourned to the Thespians' Club and began to discuss the vote which had retired the fair applicant.

"I dare say she 's got brains enough, if it comes to that," admitted Major Lacy.

"It never has come to that, has it?" drawled Adams.

"If it has, some of us were elected under false pretenses," answered Dupont, eyeing Lacy.

"Speaking for yourself, I suppose, Dupont?" muttered the major.

"And for all others similarly situated," was the quick retort.

An ominous pause followed, and I was about to change the subject in the interest of peace when Garrison joined us and created a momentary diversion.

"Well, how did the battle go tonight?" he inquired as he dropped into a vacant chair.

"Were n't you at the meeting?" I asked.

"No; I could n't get there. Which is it, the Lady or the—B'ar?"

"The Bar," snapped Lacy, triumphantly.

Garrison nodded comprehendingly.

"I thought it would end that way," he reflected. "Competition may be the life of trade, but it might be the death of the profession if we let women join our union."

The idea of the Bar Association as a union helped to restore our good humor. Even Lacy and Dupont smiled.

"I should n't care if it did n't mean the beginning of the end," asserted Adams. "But if we open the door to women, we 'll have the place overrun with them, and afternoon teas will follow as a matter of course."

"No one bearing the good New England name of Adams ought to object to a tea-party," responded Garrison, "and I don't believe you do. Why not be frank and admit we don't relish competition?"

"Competition!" scoffed Lacy. "A woman is about as fit for legal work as she is for pugilism. I once tried a case against a female lawyer, and before we were through, she burst out crying and wept hysterically for three quarters of an hour."

"It 's enough to make anybody weep to see Lacy try a case," Dupont muttered in my ear. "After him the deluge. Did you survive the flood, major?" he inquired aloud.

I saw trouble brewing again, and hastened to avert it by addressing Garrison.

"Do you really believe that women can seriously compete with men in the practice of law?" I inquired.

"Most assuredly, within certain lines," he responded promptly, "and I 'm not prepared to draw them too closely, either, experience having taught me caution."

"*Your* Portia did n't weep, then?" suggested Adams.

"No, she did n't weep; but I 'd bet she could have shed real tears to order any time. Almost every woman is more or less an actress, and acting is no small part of a lawyer's equipment."

Garrison leaned forward in his chair, and taking a cigar from his pocket, studied it thoughtfully. We waited for a reminiscence; but after a moment he asked Adams for a match, and settled into his former position.

"Well?" I prompted him. "Are n't you going to give us the benefit of your experience with our learned opponents of the other sex?"

"I wonder if there 's any reason why I should n't?" he answered musingly. "I don't believe there is. But, anyway, we 're all in the same trade, and if there is anything confidential in the story, it 's as safe with you as it is with me, so I may as well pass it along for what it is worth.

"Once upon a time I was retained by a fellow named Chatfield Healey, who had been arrested on a charge of embezzlement. I don't remember how Chatfield happened to send for me, but he did, and I learned that he had been a bookkeeper and confidential clerk for a mercantile house and that the accusation against him was serious enough to put the bail above his reach. A more uninspiring client than Healey can not be imagined. He had a long, thin, melancholy face and absurd red whiskers, which he constantly combed with his fingers, pulling his hooked right hand first through one and then through the other with solemn imbecility. Before his arrest he had doubtless been quite an imposing personage of the floorwalker type, dignified, tall, stately, and supremely confident of his personal charms. But his troubles had taken all the starch out of him, and left him confused, helpless, and, worst of all, comic. Don't you know how impossible it is to feel any really deep sympathy for a person who strikes you as comic? Well, that was the way poor Healey appealed to me. I felt like laughing every time I looked at him, which did not serve to dissipate the gloom of his nervous depression, and I never caught a glimpse of daylight in his case, of my own initiative. He himself gave me little or no assistance, for his explanations were a mop of watery incoherencies which virtually wiped out my best thoughts, and made confusion worse confounded. In fact, I left him alone after the first few interviews and devoted myself to his accounts, which, at least, had the merit of not being comic. I don't know how many days I worked over those wretched papers, but at last I collected the most promising data and took them down to my client in the jail. But apparently I did not select propitious items, for their effect was anything but cheering, and I emerged from the consultation a sadder and a wiser man.

"On my return to the office, however, a pleasant surprise awaited me in the person of a young woman who informed me that she was Mrs. Chatfield Healey. It was not the fact of Healey's marriage which surprised me, for of course I knew of that; it was the personality of the woman who introduced herself as his wife. She was young, cheerful, bright, good-looking, alert, active,—in fact, everything he was n't,—and at first glance it was difficult to imagine her as having anything in common with the preposterous, red-whiskered, wilted person I had just interviewed. As soon as I recovered from my astonishment, however, I shook hands with her, and led the way into my private room. She at once drew a chair confidentially close beside my desk, and sitting down, opened the conversation without the slightest embarrassment.

" 'I 'm glad to meet you, Mr. Garrison,' she began cordially, 'and to know the kind of man you are; for, to tell the truth, I had doubts about you after seeing Mr. Healey so low-spirited. Now I know you 're all right. I can tell it by the way you shake hands.'

" 'Indeed?' I queried.

" 'Yes; I think that 's always a good sign of character,' she replied. 'I place more reliance myself, however, on the eyes,' she continued. 'If a man has gray eyes, one can usually depend upon his courage and— But you 've no time to listen to my personal opinions,' she broke off smilingly, 'so I 'll get down to business at once. Mr. Healey is terribly nervous and depressed, Mr. Garrison.'

" 'He does seem upset,' I admitted. 'And, of course, his case is not without difficulty, Mrs. Healey.'

" 'I don't see any difficulties,' she interposed sturdily. 'The accusation has prostrated Chatfield, but that is the only serious thing about it.'

"'To his friends, of course,' I answered. 'But to make a jury think him innocent—'

"'You can do it,' she asserted confidently. 'You must do it. You will. I know you will.'

"She leaned forward on the desk-shelf as she spoke, and her bright eyes and intently earnest expression were most inspiring.

"'Good!' I ejaculated warmly. 'That 's the sort of faith which removes mountains.'

"'Molehills are often mistaken for mountains, Mr. Garrison,' she answered breezily, 'and Mr. Healey has a perfect genius for distortion when he 's low-spirited. Show me some of his mountains.'

"I pointed at the hopeless mass of accountants' reports lying on the desk before me.

"'Of course they 've made the figures lie against him,' she asserted cheerfully. 'There 's nothing easier than that. I was in the cashier's department of a big dry-goods house for two years before I married Mr. Healey, and I know how difficult it is to trace even a simple transposition of figures. But what 's the charge against him, Mr. Garrison? That he stole $2000—is n't that it?'

"'Substantially,' I confessed.

"'Very well, then.'

"She stripped off her walking jacket as though preparing for a fray, tossed it aside, and produced a small account-book and some check-stubs.

"'A man does n't steal $2000 or any other amount without having something to show for it, does he?' she began.

"'Not often,' I assented cautiously.

"'We 've nothing to show for it,' she asserted briskly, pulling off her gloves. 'Here is every cent Chatfield 's received since we married, and here 's how he spent it, and it 's less this year than last. I keep the accounts myself.'

"'This is good as far as it goes,' I answered, idly turning the pages of her book; 'but it 's not exactly proof.'

"'Why not?' she demanded blankly.

"'Well, he might have used the money in other ways,' I suggested. 'For instance, he might have speculated.'

"'He might, but he did n't,' she asserted positively. 'There are no secrets between Mr. Healey and me, Mr. Garrison.'

"I looked up sharply at the words, which instantly invested the young woman with new interest, and gazed searchingly into her eyes. She returned my glance unflinchingly; but I no sooner thought I understood her than she completely upset my conclusions.

"'What possible proofs can they have against him?' she inquired indignantly.

"The question was so utterly incredulous that I was puzzled for a reply; but at last I determined to attempt a little brutal frankness.

"'The proofs lie right in Chatfield's own books, Mrs. Healey,' I answered bluntly. 'For example, here is an item entered in the petty cash as $125 when it ought to be $25, which makes $100 difference in the cash.'

"If I expected this plain statement to effect a complete understanding between us, I was speedily disillusioned. Mrs. Healey took the sheet from my hand and examined it closely, her expression indicating neither surprise nor resentment, but merely intense interest.

"'Who wrote the figure 1 before the $25?' she demanded after a pause.

"'The charge is that Chatfield did,' I answered, watching her closely.

"Mrs. Healey indignantly threw the paper aside, flushing very charmingly.

"'It 's ridiculous, Mr. Garrison, perfectly ridiculous!' she burst out. 'Don't you suppose Chatfield, with his twenty years' training, knew a dozen safer ways to fix the books? Why, I could hide his tracks better myself, and I 've not had anything like his experience. It 's positively insulting to his intelligence.'

"'It *is* rather a crude method of procedure,' I agreed reflectively.

"'Crude is no word for work of this sort,' she continued, picking up the papers again. 'No business-college boy would dream of trying it, and Chatfield is an expert bookkeeper. They 'll have to admit that.'

"I confess I had never thought of the point before, and it certainly afforded a plausible argument for the jury. I considered the matter for some minutes in silence, aware all the time that the little woman's bright eyes were watching me with hopeful eagerness. I hated to dis-

courage her, but, in view of certain other facts, I knew it would not do to place much confidence in her suggestion, adroit as it was. Finally I observed:

"'The trouble with your argument is that it does not explain the disappearance of the cash, Mrs. Healey. You see, Chatfield had certain sums in his charge, and they have gone. How are we to account for them?"

"She nodded comprehendingly, leaned her elbows on the desk-shelf, and resting her chin in her hands, stared thoughtfully before her. Something in her expression, however, told me that she was facing facts which had no terrors for her, and I grew strangely confident as I watched her. At last she picked up the memorandum-sheet again and studied it for some moments without speaking. Then she suddenly glanced up and grasped my arm.

"'Look here!' she cried impulsively. 'Is this the way the theft of all this money has been covered—a two-dollar item changed to read twenty-two; a six-dollar entry turned to fifty-six, and so on, simply by inserting a figure before the right amount and taking the difference out of the cash?'

"I nodded, for such was my interpretation of the matter, despite Healey's complicated figuring and maze of technicalities.

"'It 's too—too amateurish!' she exclaimed impatiently. 'No one but an ignoramus would hide his head in the sand that way. Chatfield was not the only one who had the key to the cash,' she added aggressively.

"'No,' I answered indifferently.

"'Who were the others?' she demanded.

"'The members of the firm,' I replied.

"'Then one of *them* did the robbing!' she burst out triumphantly.

"Her enthusiasm was splendid, but I could not help being amused, the idea was so fantastic.

"'Why should a man want to rob himself,' I inquired smilingly.

"'One of them was n't robbing himself,' she expostulated; 'he was taking his own share and part of the other fellow's.'

"'Of course—if he took the money,' I admitted gravely. 'But, you see, there 's no proof that he did so.'

"'There 's every proof,' she insisted. 'There must be. Either Chatfield or one of the partners took the money, and we know Chatfield did n't, because we can account for every cent he ever had.' She tapped her private housekeeping books as she spoke. 'Can the partners do the same?' she demanded. 'Maybe one of them speculates.'

"I started at the suggestion, and her watchful eyes instantly noted my expression.

"'*Do* they speculate?' she demanded eagerly.

"'Probably not,' I began warily.

"'Why?'

"'Because partnership articles usually forbid speculation.'

"Mrs. Healey sprang to her feet with a cry of delight.

"'There you have it!' she exclaimed. 'I knew I was right. The case is as clear as daylight. One of the firm has been speculating. Speculation is forbidden; he has to do it secretly. He loses money, and takes it from the cash. He does n't know enough about bookkeeping to hide the thing decently, so resorts to this transparent trick of writing in figures before Chatfield's entries. Figures are easily copied; anybody can imitate Chatfield's, and this has been done again and again, Chatfield adding up the columns, like the dear old machine that he is, with never a suspicion until the theft is discovered and the rascals accuse him of the crime. It 's an outrage, a contemptible outrage! But they have n't heard the last of it yet! Can't we sue them for false imprisonment?' she concluded breathlessly.

"'Certainly. But I think I 'd wait until he 's acquitted,' I answered carelessly.

"'Well, he 'll be acquitted,' she retorted. 'If you show that one of the partners was speculating unknown to the other and contrary to the partnership articles, and that he lost money, and had access to Chatfield's cash, and that the shortage was covered by a trick which no competent bookkeeper would dream of trying, do you believe any jury in the world would convict him, with our housekeeping accounts right to a cent?'"

"I did n't think so, provided we could eliminate those 'ifs,' and I said as much.

" 'Then let 's begin the suit for false imprisonment now,' she continued enthusiastically.

" 'You want to carry the war into the enemy's country?' I suggested jestingly.

" 'I don't know anything about that,' she responded; 'but I want damages—big damages. Make them a hundred thousand dollars. They shall pay for every second they 've made us suffer. Poor Chatfield!' she added tenderly.

"I sat lost in admiration of the woman. Her loyal aggressive championing had excited my professional interest and respect, but this last burst of maternal-like sympathy was magnificent. It appealed to the imagination and silenced doubts.

" 'We 'll talk of the damage-suit tomorrow, Mrs. Healey,' I observed, after a pause. 'You 've given me a good deal to think about for one day, you know.'

" 'I know a word to the wise is sufficient,' she responded graciously, rising from her chair, and holding out her hand. In another moment she had gone.

"I never saw her again, but I acted on her suggestion, and, to my intense surprise, discovered that the junior partner actually had been speculating, and, armed with this discovery, I instantly called upon his counsel, outlined my proposed defense to him, and intimated my readiness to have the jury decide between our respective clients. Needless to say, my challenge was not accepted, and the apathy of the complainants soon led to a reduction of Chatfield's bail, and finally released him from jail. Then I instituted the suit for false imprisonment, and discontinued it only when the indictment against my client was safely quashed. I don't know whether Healey is still a bookkeeper or not, but I think his wife missed her vocation in a shop, for she certainly had the makings of an excellent lawyer."

LACY positively snorted as Garrison paused.

"The bar 's overrun with ladylike lawyers who *reason intuitively;* in other words, *guess,*" he growled disgustedly. "A dozen such rescues of injured innocence would n't prove anything. It is n't the vindication of the *innocent,* but the defense of the *guilty* which develops the true legal quality."

"I 'm not surprised that the lady persuaded you of her husband's innocence," Garrison retorted dryly. "She 'd have convinced me, too, if Healey had n't disregarded her advice and confessed everything to me in the end."

There was a moment's silence, and then Dupont burst out laughing.

"Well, I 'll be—stung!" he ejaculated. "Do you mean to say the fellow was guilty, and she knew it all the time?"

"That 's what he told me," responded Garrison, quietly. "There were no secrets between them, you remember."

I touched the electric button in the wall beside me and pushed an order-card toward Lacy.

"To the ladies, major?" I suggested gravely.

The roar of laughter that greeted the toast must have been disconcerting, but our victim was game. He rose to the occasion.

BEYOND THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

BY FLORENCE BOWEN HULT

TO HILDA, a long ride in the crowded car gave rest and refreshment. Humankind that had not to be dosed or massaged possessed unaccountable zest and interest. What a carriage had that white-haired man! They were mother and child opposite. "If I put flies in my beehive, won't the bees teach 'em to make honey?" asked the boy of five of the grave, tender face above him. She answered intimately. Hilda felt their relation, and her eyes dimmed foolishly.

A man near her rose to give place to a woman who was neither young nor old nor pretty. Did he remark her heavy eyes? Hilda involuntarily gave him a grateful look, and he, by chance, caught it. He took the vacated seat beside her presently, and Hilda, a few years past thirty as she was, felt a shiver of pleasure.

She had quite forgotten him by the time she rose to leave the car. She paid little attention to the whims of her emotional nature, save as passing evidence that she was born a woman, though now virtually unsexed, and given to her work. She had loved a few times, where there were obstacles. Now, after many strenuous years of service, she felt fairly under way on the shady down-hill side, and so, with her romance-book closed, she called herself settled, with a growing zeal for her work, and keeping her relish keen for the domestic joys of others.

She left her book behind, a heedless trick of hers. She had hardly stepped from the car when she felt a light touch on her shoulder, and the man who sat next her was reaching it out to her.

"How careless of you!" he said, merry and respectful.

"How kind of you!" she responded cordially, taking his freedom as recognition of her profession.

In the meeting of his look she felt again that inner jubilation which to her was part of her just portion as intensely interested but detached spectator.

As she briskly took her way over to the park where she was to consecrate her free half-day to reading in some green privacy, she shook herself free from any excess of pleasure over the trifling occurrence. Once or twice during the afternoon she thought uncomfortably how her face had warmed in the chance meeting. "Hilda Hathaway," she said in vexation, "you are too silly for a celibate. Why so long to get adjusted?"

But as she entered the hospital that evening, joy flooded back as in one who returns home. She looked with a sense of loving possession at the white beds as she slipped by the wards. "Dick," she said to her mate, Miss Richardson, as she undressed that night, "a day off is just to make one sure that this is the life."

"I don't know," said the other, chin in hand; "sometimes I hate being one of the immunes. It feels good to be in love. Can't you remember?"

Hilda could. Just as she drifted into sleep that night she saw a home tea-table, about it children's faces. She started awake, smiled, and dismissed the vision, and committed herself to sleep.

As she dressed leisurely toward the close of her two hours off next day, Miss Richardson hurried in, thrusting out a card, mystery in every palpitating fold of her kerchief.

"Hathie," she announced with measured and portentous speech, "you 've got company in the parlor. There is a man

in the parlor who must see you, Hilda Hathaway."

"Well? One of the life-saved-and-very-gratefuls, I suppose?"

"Not just! I don't know how many lives he 's had saved, but I 'll bet a nickel he 's got another to save by the way he said Hathaway, and *looked* Hathaway, too."

"You 're a giddy young thing," said Hilda to her senior, composedly, "and could get a romance out of an undertaker's visit. I 've just time to absorb a little of his eternal gratitude before I go on duty."

The man was sitting on a low sofa when she appeared in the doorway. She had time to see that she did not remember him. He rose, and it seemed to Hilda that he would never stop rising. He took her hand with a clasp that was deliberate and firm and sure of itself.

"Miss Hathaway," he said, "I have called to-day to ask you to grant me a privilege. Eleven months ago I was seriously injured by a fall,"—So he was one of them! Hilda breathed more comfortably,—"and lay in this hospital six weeks. Your constant care and rubbing, I suppose, prevented deformity."

Hilda was waiting, businesslike, the final avowal of gratitude. Save for the glance of his attentive eyes,—fine eyes, she had known at once, dark and keen,—she was altogether easy and off guard. She did now remember the stoical, emaciated fellow over whom she had worked so hard. But how he had changed! She said so.

"Miss Hathaway,"—She did not like his varying from conventional tones, but could not repress a tremor of response; she waited in alarm,—"Miss Hathaway, I knew then that one day I should seek the privilege I seek to-day. Will you permit me to call upon you?"

The question was before her in all its grave implication. Hilda knew that she paled and flushed. Was the rebel in her still so rampant? Vividly two pictures set themselves in contrast—a lighted home, a darkened ward. An irrational desire took possession of her—Why not seat the rebel on the throne? Would that bring peace to her kingdom?

But it was necessary to meet his look and answer. "You are quite welcome, Mr. Allendale," she said, "to make a friendly call occasionally." She knew by his insistent look that he would not bear, from her, the pretense that she did not understand. "That is all I can say now," she said simply.

His reply wanted nothing in dignity and quiet repression. She made her way to her ward slowly that the inner tumult might abate.

She passed Miss Temple as she entered. "Miss Hathaway," said Miss Temple, "the Indiana man's temperature has dropped." She answered the gleam in her friend's face with a cordial congratulatory grip of the arm. As she got well into the round of the noiseless, rapid service that she loved, her own inner temperature moderated.

The look into those faces upon the pillows was a portion for which her soul had learned hunger. The intimate dependence of these called for forces not her own. She seemed to draw to her what she was not, to meet their need. She was strength, tenderness, wisdom, sometimes retributive justice, and only recollected Hilda Hathaway in some marked pause of this, her normal life.

The word passed that Doctor Warner was visiting a "special" on the floor. That was sufficient hint to be quickly in readiness for an untimed call on a bad case in her ward. When the tension and pleasure were over, keenly aware of her favorable chart and the doctor's grunted satisfaction, she remarked to an associate, as she swiftly put to rights again, "I believe we are as keen for doctors' visits as most girls are for flirtations."

With that she saw herself as she stood two hours ago before the tall man in the parlor, who was saying and looking things that liberated pent-up energies in her.

Here in her on-duty mood these inner stirrings came before her as most trivial. She brushed away impatiently the thought of her emotion. "Like a woman leaving her children to play at dolls!" she said, shrinking from the more narrowly personal as she glanced about her at the men whose lives were in her keeping.

Still more, as the régime changed and Hilda was alone with the world compressed within the walls of the dim-lighted fever ward, as she felt again the

yearning and exaltation of solitary power brooding over weakness, still more, at this time, did she hold her momentary self in scorn, and repeat that she would rather mother men than babes. Then she would turn with a poignant pity that is the distillation of love to minister more perfectly.

But her heart was altogether woman's and warm with young blood still. Weary at the day's coming, every muscle lax, as she shut out the white morning that banished the light of midnight that had magnified her doings, she felt sweet longing pouring back, not to be denied by her tired brain.

And each morning as she sank into sleep, will-less, without thought, the vision of a man's face, with kindled, dark eyes and strong, kind mouth, shone vivid against the blank. She was frightened. But sleep blotted all.

So the visions came, and came again, ever with more of halo; and she guessed at last that the rebel in her had become despot.

It was Sunday when Miss Richardson announced Mr. Allendale again. She stood looking at Hilda with hurt, beseeching eyes as she received the news. "Why, Hilda Hathaway!" she said, with fine reproach, as she turned away.

A few weeks passed. Hilda was once more in the park, spending the afternoon of her day off with Mr. Allendale in a leafy place by the river. Ah, the daytime was good, the afternoon light so strange and beautiful! Because she would rather listen, he had talked. He had told her of other countries, of building contracts on hand, of many plans. But she did not hear all, and he knew that she did not. They were aware that talk only covered the interplay of feeling from lips and eyes, and gave a semblance of dignity to the fun and drollery continually coming uppermost.

But they came back to their own plans and future.

"But you know, Everson," said Hilda, in a vague trouble she could not have explained, "I am very greedy of work. I must have a good family, if may be, and no help. I want to *work,* Everson."

"We won't let you pine away for the lack of it," said her lover, amused; "but you must play with me half the time, my Hildegarde."

"Sometimes, if you let me work hard," she said, smiling up at him.

"A day off," mocked Miss Richardson, as she swung herself into their room that night, "is just for the sake of making a girl dead sure that this is the life!"

"Dear old Richard, maybe it is, maybe it is," said Hilda so pensively that Miss Richardson laughed outright.

"I 'm afraid the game 's up," said Miss Temple, sympathetically, next morning, coming off duty as Hilda went on. "Did n't notify. You 'll have to."

"Which one?" asked Hilda, feeling cold. She never hardened to these deaths.

There were two for whom Hilda had fought a good fight in her recent night duty, one, a fine lad whose mother and pale-faced little sweetheart knew no joy but in him. But perhaps it was Eskovitch, already carrying the world on little more than boy's shoulders, whose life seemed of most moment. His half-school, half-church, in the Russian quarter would be wiped out with him, his splendid undertaking fail. So low was he, after the long fever, that Hilda had spent every possible moment at his bedside, transmitting from herself to him, in her light, magnetic stroke, the vitality he needed—sapped in the morning, but rewarded by his stronger pulse. A noble fellow, and he wanted to live. He *must* live! "Is it Eskovitch, Miss Temple?" she asked.

Miss Temple nodded and hurried on. And presently she saw the truth. Oh, to have remained on night duty but one more night!

She summoned the interne and telephoned for Doctor Warner. Warm blankets and bottles about the man, hypodermic of strychnine. With every nerve she listened for the doctor's step.

They seemed to Hilda to be holding in their hands the weal of wretched people,—she had known them,—the volume of their suffering lay against her heart. If she could only give them back their guide and comforter! The fate that hung on the next half-hour clutched at her heart and shortened her breath; but her eyes were clear and her hand was steady.

"Folks to send for?" asked the interne.

"No near ones. He had sent for his wife in Russia. Due now."

Doctor Warner came. "Infusion!"

Scarce a moment's rally, as the warm, normal salt solution flooded the arteries. The pulse flickered down.

"If we can fairly start the machinery, we may hold him. You know him; can't you tell him something?" whispered the doctor.

Hilda leaned over and spoke distinctly, "Eskovitch, your wife has come."

His eyes opened, his lips parted.

"Soon—when you are stronger," Hilda made answer to the look.

Perhaps he had scarcely understood. The momentary gleam departed; all was over.

The doctor left orders, and hurried back to his breakfast. The interne lingered for a word or two of regret, then left her to hasten about her morning work with stormy sorrow at her heart. Perhaps she might have saved him!

Late in the afternoon an attendant handed her a card. She turned away, moved and pale. "I will see her," she said at length.

She gave her hand silently to the young foreign woman who implored with quick insistent gesture, but could not speak. The tears, beyond control now, streamed down Hilda's cheeks and told the story. The cold despair of the woman's face was harder to bear than passion. She led her to the clay that was ready to be carried forth, and left her.

She could not tell how long it was before any persistent thought of her own happiness, as it had been before this last death, came to her. Surely that day it was banished, and the next, save as a mere film of unreality. When at last, with a sort of compunction, she turned to think upon her own joy and its future, it seemed to be not hers. She shrank with distaste from the transfigured world of her own creating. She would wait still.

And so she waited, glad that Mr. Allendale was away at this time. But as she gradually took up her happiness again, proportions altered, and the last few weeks of tremulous joy and heartbeat seemed not, perhaps, the towering experience of life.

She was quite ready for her lover when he came at length.

"You are too thoughtful, my Hildegarde," he said tenderly, "and I want you to tell me why."

"I will tell you why. Dear," she said, her face and voice pitiful for him, "I do love you, and I could be happy with you—if it were not too late. It is too late. I have worked to a place outside the ranks of those who can be wives and mothers."

"You—Hildegarde!"

"Yes, I. I have need to *do* much, to accomplish much. I—don't know. Is it that my life is on a different scale from the house life—the home life?"

"Can you *do* more than to bear children, to rear them?"

"No, no; in a sense, no. But I 'm not fit. My need is for much work toward grave issues. If I focused my energy on them, they 'd smother under care."

"Perhaps we could manage to keep them in croups and fevers," said Allendale, grimly, wholly unbelieving.

"Your best inducement?" Hilda said, her wavering smile detracting nothing from the solemnity underneath. "No, Everson. It would be too nearly the personal life, and I 'm unmade for it. One of the girls might send word: 'Come over! here 's a typhoid with complications.' I would start to go, and remember there was a youngster with complications. Or Miss Richardson would 'phone me that a man lay dying or in pain—that no one had my touch. I 'd 'phone back, 'My husband wants tomato soup for dinner!'" She smiled sadly.

"You send me away for a whim, Hilda?"

She rose and stood before him with folded hands, tranquil and sorrowful. "Mr. Allendale," she said, "my love for you, which has been sweet, is an echo from a past that is closed. Louder than my child's cry I would hear the moans of dying men, and the call of pain would lure me more, I think, than my husband's voice. Home is for those yet in the fold. I cannot go back."

With grief and peace, hardly at variance, Hilda folded away her dream and took up her elected life.

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. See "Open Letters"

MRS. S—— AND CHILDREN

PAINTED BY WILHELM FUNK
(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

By Sylvester Baxter

WITH PICTORIAL SUGGESTIONS OF BETTER METHODS

THE increasing abuse of advertising in the open air is making hideous no inconsiderable part of the world. For many persons it has already virtually destroyed the pleasure once taken in railway journeying. Trips that were full of interest for the scenes from the car windows are now preferably made by night, to avert the melancholy contemplation of ruined landscapes. These aggressions are yearly growing in the extent of their field and in the magnitude of their operations. To meet them, to abate them, to restrict outdoor advertising to its proper sphere, and even to guide it in directions where it will be esthetically attractive rather than offensive, is one of the most serious problems of civic art. The prospect for success in these endeavors would scarcely be encouraging were the aforesaid aspects of the situation not offset in no small degree by improving conditions in various directions, as will later be seen.

It may be stated at the outset that this is no attack upon advertising or advertisers or bill-posters. Nothing is to be gained by scolding over this matter, satisfying as it might be to relieve one's mind upon a subject that induces righteous wrath. It is perfectly natural that venders should seek to call all possible attention to their wares, and that, in consequence, other persons should make a trade of bringing such wares to the public attention. In a measure both are performing a public service. The public is thereby informed as to goods that it may desire, while the makers of these goods are enabled to sell in larger quantities, consequently to produce more cheaply, to give wider employment to workers, and to contribute very materially to the wealth and prosperity of the world.

It is only the abuse of these functions that is aimed at; forcing before the public eye, in unpleasant ways and at inopportune moments, attention to things which may or may not be wanted. It may be said that it is the business of the advertiser to persuade the public that it does want them; but that is another question. The subject has wide phases, both ethical and esthetical. It would take a volume to consider them. The question here is, how to make advertising what it should be—genuinely attractive, instead of an offense.

Advertising has indeed become an art. It remains for it to become, if not a fine art, at least an art that calls beauty to its service. When it does, much of the energy that is now misdirected, much of the money that is now prodigally wasted in destroying the world's beauty, will be saved.

The right procedure is indicated by the most conspicuous medium for public advertising. The press, in its daily, weekly, or monthly forms, offers altogether the best means for calling public attention to all

sorts of things. The best of public journals —those which are recognized as the most desirable mediums for advertising, and which consequently obtain the highest prices for their services—make it a rule to classify and restrict in a judicious manner the advertisements that they print. They confine them to certain parts of the publication, they restrict their display to certain decorous styles of type, recognizing that to admit a helter-skelter distribution through all columns, or to display them in incoherent fashion according to the whims of the advertisers, would largely destroy the very objects held in view. The readers of these journals would resent the intrusion of advertising matter into the space set apart for news, editorials, etc., and the influence that gives the advertising its value would decline.

In the same way, the forms of advertising that now give exceeding offense to the community ought to be restricted and kept within proper limits. If this were effected, the practice would change from the public nuisance that it now is to a function that, in a considerable degree, might couple genuine service to the public with a presentation of its material in an interesting and even esthetically attractive fashion.

Just now the chief idea in this sort of advertising is vociferocity. The making of a huge din, however, would render the perpetrators liable to prosecution for being a public nuisance. At present they disregard the fact that the eye is as sensitive to discords as is the ear. Had not the common law taken the auditory sense under protection, we might possibly now have the equivalents of myriads of boiler-shops, calling the attention of passers along the highways to the merits of all sorts of wares, with megaphonic phonographs, steam-calliopes, and other appalling acoustic devices. But that is precisely the sort of thing that thousands of advertisers all over the country are doing to the eye.

In the long run it cannot pay to offend any sense for the sake of attracting attention. The time will undoubtedly come with us, as it has in various other parts of the world, when to affront the eye of the public in such ways will be just as indecent as would be an endeavor to attract favorable attention by sending a powerful stench to greet the nostrils of the people that pass. These unsavory-looking things smell to the eye.

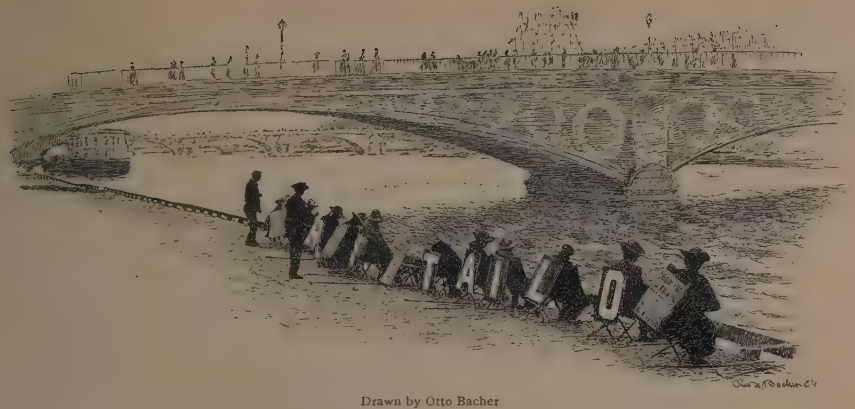
Where thousands shout all at once, the individual shouter stands correspondingly little chance of attracting attention to himself. If he would only stand sufficiently apart and endeavor to make some pleasant music, it would be much more to the point. And that is what the judicious advertiser will do—either that or sing in unison with his fellows, contributing to the general harmony. But we are at present in the childish period of advertising development —the era of Chinese gong and fire-cracker methods.

Outside of the public prints, the popular forms of advertising are by means of signs and placards on buildings, cards within or upon public conveyances, and posters or painted placards displayed at all manner

Drawn by Otto Bacher

A FLORIST'S ADVERTISEMENT SEEN FROM RAILWAY TRAINS

Showing how carpet-bedding may be inoffensively utilized in some places, for advertising purposes



Drawn by Otto Bacher

FISHERMEN ALONG THE SEINE UTILIZED FOR ADVERTISING

of points where they can strike the eye—along the streets and country highways, on fences, houses, barns, etc.; and even on boulders and the faces of great ledges of rock, where they deface most beautiful natural features. City and country alike are made hideous. But there is no reason why advertising out of doors cannot be made as decent and as genuinely attractive as advertising in the best of public prints now is.

In the streets of a city the blare of business as expressed in advertising signs and even in the cross-purposeful confusion of routine legends of trade, becomes inexpressibly wearisome. A forest wanderer once said that he could not see the woods for the trees. In the average city it is not infrequently the case that one cannot see the business for the signs. Store-fronts are so veneered by sign-boards that it is often impossible to see whether the edifice is of brick or stone. Costly architectural features are frequently so completely masked that the money thus expended upon the façade is absolutely thrown away. Happily there is a growing tendency for landlords to restrict signs on their buildings to a pleasing uniformity, and tenants are growing to understand that one of the best forms of advertising is to occupy an architecturally attractive building, kept decorous by such restrictions. The same principle should apply to the entire town, with municipal regulation of business signs and of advertising along the public ways. This would be to the advantage of all concerned. At present, in the majority of cases, the custom among tenants of business buildings is to indulge in a sort of go-as-you-please rivalry as to signs and advertising placards that results in a very babel of discordant appeal. In the daily press all through the country not long ago there appeared a half broadside "ad" of a certain ware. It took the shape of a picture purporting to give a view of lower Manhattan from the East River bridge, with the all too familiar trade-mark showing on every hand—staring from façades, from every possible blank wall, and from hundreds of sky-signs as far as the eye could see. Unhappily, there was too little exaggeration in this advertising horror. In the higher-class business sections of our great cities there is little fault to be found in this respect. A due regard for appearances checks the abuse of advertising. The handsome dignity of such districts is in strong contrast to that of other parts where gigantic advertising devices expose themselves in riotous discordance.

Along the railways the country-side has become even worse than the city. In some parts marsh scenery, with its restful, wide-reaching levels, has become virtually extinct. It looks positively malicious, the way in which, for instance, a lovely meadow, with stream or cove and bosky margin, is populated by ugly advertising signs of the hugest possible dimensions, suggesting platoons of giant "sandwich-men" on dress-parade. If this thing keeps on in the same ratio, many years cannot pass before our railway lines will be mere lanes between these flanking signs, marshaled in un-

Drawn by Otto Bacher

A HOUSE DEFACED WITH SIGNS

welcome attention to the traveler. Everywhere that people go similar conditions prevail. The notion seems to be that the way to gain our favor is to insult us.

In certain respects the esthetic offense of advertising in connection with public conveyances is greater in England than in the United States. British railway companies sell the advertising space on their station walls to such an extent that travelers are put to no little annoyance thereby, for it is often extremely difficult to distinguish the names of the stations amidst the mass of advertising that surrounds them. In London, advertising on the outside of public conveyances, such as omnibuses and street-cars, likewise universally offends the public eye. The elevated railways in New York lent their stations for advertising purposes to a most undesirable extent, until recently the city authorities limited the area which could be placarded.

The apathy of the multitude; the philistinism of advertisers unaware of offense against civic decency—or, if aware of the fact, their satisfaction with the performance of what they regard as clever strokes of business; the self-interest of advertising concerns that exist by these offenses—these are the chief obstacles in the way of improved conditions.

Why cannot advertisers, as a rule, realize that it would be much more desirable and remunerative to identify themselves with something comely or beautiful than with something that can be remembered only for its ugliness? Here is a case in point: In a great American city an attractive feature of a certain notable manufacturing establishment that advertises its wares extensively is an uncommonly picturesque old building. The late proprietor had evidently some feeling for beauty and for historic sentiment; for when, in another part of the city, an old building designed by Bulfinch was demolished, he purchased the handsomely proportioned wooden belfry and placed it upon this structure. It thus made an extraordinarily artistic bit of architecture in its prominent location,—facing a large public open space,—the mellow-toned brick walls covered with Japanese ampelopsis, a sloping red roof, the whole nestling snugly with an air of old-fashioned comfort in an angle made by the high blank walls of modern buildings of the same establishment which rose on two sides of it. This conjunction of old and new was not at all incongruous in effect. Although the modern buildings were of prosaic character, the contrast with the old structure gave the combination a protective air—an effect not unlike that of a good frame for a picture. This was because of the absolute plainness of the inclosing wall-spaces, giving a quiet background for the quaint edifice.

In an evil hour the value of the blank

Drawn by Otto Bacher

THE SAME HOUSE FREED OF ALL BUT NECESSARY SIGNS

walls as advertising space occurred to the management. On the old building the name of the concern had been handsomely prominent in white old-English lettering on a light-blue ground—framed by the verdurous texture of the ivy-mantled wall. This, however, was not enough. So the blank walls above were covered with a gigantic inscription painted in discordant colors. This threw the whole picturesque scheme into confusion, destroying the relations and completely spoiling all artistic value in what had been a rarely attractive though wholly unintentional architectural composition. That big-lettered sign on the blank wall had no extraordinary value as an advertisement. It was merely one of hundreds that disfigured numerous blank walls throughout the city. But in vitiating a charming artistic effect it not only deprived the city of a delightful episode in urban scenery: had the scene remained unspoiled, it might have had uncommon advertising value as a beautiful possession of the concern. Attention could have been attracted to it in various ways; pictures might have been made of it for reproduction on cards, business papers, and posters; and the admirable old building, with its Bulfinch belfry, might have become the subject for a unique trade-mark.

The foregoing suggests that by making the environment of a manufacturing or commercial establishment beautiful, the fact can be given such prominence in correspondingly attractive methods of advertising as to be a highly remunerative investment. The experience of various enterprises shows this to be so. In this respect a leaf might well be taken from the profitable experiences of many advertisers in the monthly and weekly higher-class periodicals, who well appreciate the value of addressing the sense of the beautiful. Various business houses, for example, employ the best illustrators to make new and attractive devices; others have bought costly pictures for the purpose; others yet have instituted competitions among artists with most fortunate results.

A capital example of advertising through beautiful devices is that of a certain brewery which, at various prominent points in the suburbs of a great city, has established picturesque little taverns for the sale of its ale; these have tasteful sign-boards, and in style, without and within, suggest the ideal wayside tavern of rural England. Another notable instance of tasteful advertising is that of a prominent restaurant in Boston, which has a handsome sign-board painted by a prominent artist of that city.

The evil needs to be combated along various lines: the education of public sentiment against it; influences brought to bear upon advertisers themselves for the discouragement of the offensive practices and for the substitution of more attractive

Drawn by Otto Bacher

SUGGESTION FOR AN ADVERTISEMENT OF FLOUR

forms of making their goods known; restrictive, regulative, and prohibitive action on the part of legislative and municipal authorities in the securing of better laws to meet the evil and the enforcement of existing laws; and the arousing of organized bodies to exert themselves against the practice—bodies like improvement associations, artistic organizations, clubs actuated by public spirit, and even boards of trade, chambers of commerce, merchants' associations, etc. Such commercial organizations are deeply interested in promoting prosperity in the communities they represent, and it should not be a difficult task to show them that the prosperity of a city is promoted by making it attractive to live in and to visit. Sentiment toward advertising reform might thus be developed among merchants and manufacturers. Much judicious propaganda work could thus be done by civic improvement organizations, as, for instance, in addressing various trade bodies, showing lantern-slides, and distributing effective literature. Women's clubs could also work effectively in similar ways.

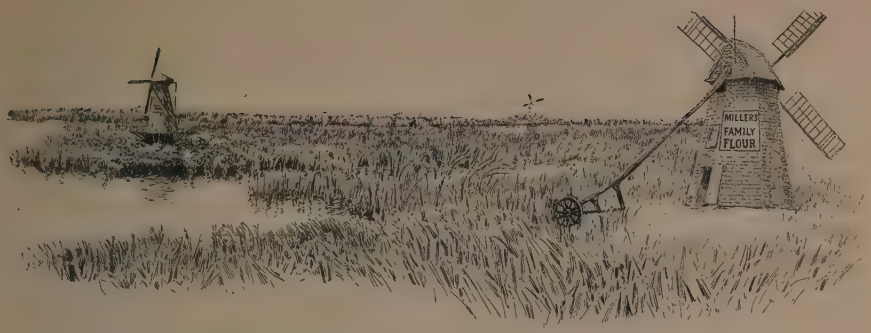
With perhaps a large proportion of the most influential elements among extensive advertisers converted to standards of good taste, not only would their example be powerful for good, but they would be likely to array themselves positively in behalf of movements of various kinds, restrictive or propagandistic, against offensive advertising.

It is greatly to the advantage of railway companies to discourage a practice that has become a crying nuisance in the eyes of their patrons. Many railway companies spend enormous sums in advertising the scenic attractions of their lines. They have many hundreds of photographs made of these features, and incur great expense in bringing such views before the traveling public. Some companies even engage good lecturers to travel about the country and show lantern-slides of their scenery. All this shows that people travel extensively for the sake of enjoying the scenery, both from the cars and by visiting the picturesque regions to which the railways give access. The literature prepared for the

Drawn by Otto Bacher

A LOG HUT DAKOTA SOD HOUSE ALASKAN TOTEM POLES

WAYS OF ADVERTISING BUILDING MATERIALS



IN A MARSH ADJOINING A RAILWAY

railways to such ends is something extraordinary in its volume and in the excellence of its shaping, with elaborate illustrations and attractively written descriptive text. This is advertising of the soundest kind; but its effect is largely neutralized by the advertising nuisance. The railway companies have thus far been strangely inert in moving to combat this encroachment upon their interests. Since it is defacing the landscape whose charms the companies have taken pains to exploit, they might be expected to move very energetically against the monstrous evil.

The transgression against the rights of the railway company and its patrons is something more than a moral one. The case is analogous to that of the rights of the general public as against encroachments of the same kind along the common highways, and more particularly near public parks, parkways, etc., that have been created at large cost to provide for the people at large priceless possessions in the way of natural scenery often of an ideal beauty. The scenery itself is sadly marred, while the pleasure of the public in the enjoyment of that for whose creation it has been heavily taxed is immensely diminished, and even turned to disgust, by these impertinent intrusions. When the people are enjoying the charms of nature they do not want to be reminded of the ills of flesh or of the various other things to which these advertising monstrosities call attention, and in the ugliest fashion. The fact cannot be too strongly emphasized that such advertisers are possessing themselves of values created by enormous outlays for purely public purposes, and are utilizing these values in a way detrimental to the public interest. The values thus ap-

Drawn by Otto Bacher

TREE HOUSE OF THE PHILIPPINES | WIGWAM | PAPUAN HOUSE | A LUZON COUNTRY HOUSE

WAYS OF ADVERTISING BUILDING MATERIALS

Drawn by Harry Fenn

SUGGESTION FOR THE PICTORIAL TREATMENT OF A BLANK WALL

The pipe has been transformed into a minaret

propriated to private advantage rightfully belong to the public. It is almost solely by reason of these improvements that the sites thus utilized have any value whatever, even for such abusive purposes.

The tendency of the most enlightened judicial authorities to take advanced ground in these matters might even justify the indictment of such offenses as common nuisances. A public-spirited citizen, or group of citizens, might perform an invaluable service for the community by bringing a test suit under the common law against such an interference with their rights. That there is good reason for believing that such action would be soundly justified is indicated in an admirable opinion of the Attorney-General of Massachusetts, Mr. Herbert Parker, recently given to the legislature of that commonwealth. In this he says:

Any use of private property which materially interferes with the public comfort, except in those cases where the reasonable requirements of the owner afford him justification or excuse,

is a nuisance. Noises and odors have always been treated as nuisances, even without legislative adjudication that they are unwholesome.

There is no legal reason why an offense to the eyes should have a different standing from an offense to the other organs. To strike the unwilling ear is in principle the same as to catch the unwilling eye. Obnoxious signs have rarely been held to be actionable nuisances because only lately has the attention of the courts been called to this aggressive method of disfiguring the landscape.

An advertisement upon private land anywhere may be a public nuisance. In every case it would be a question of what is reasonable under the circumstances. The right to put glaring signs where people may not escape them is measured by the degree of annoyance to which the public may be reasonably required to submit for the benefit of private interests. The standard must be determined by the effect of posters upon people generally, in the locality where they are put,—not by their effect upon those who are peculiarly sensitive, nor upon those, on the other hand, whose optic nerves will bear the harshest stimulation without inconvenience. The legislature may very appropriately recognize and deal with the effect upon people in general of unrestrained scenic advertising and take measures for its proper repression, and it has often declared certain conditions or objects to be nuisances in themselves, and provided that they may be regulated and controlled by local authorities.

This opinion was given in response to a request from the legislature as to the effect of certain bills under consideration. These proposed measures were in restraint of advertising near public parks and boulevards, and it was asked whether, in case of such enactments, owners of property thus affected, or persons having contracts for advertising thus prohibited, would be entitled to compensation. As to compensation, the opinion was that the proposed legislation, being in the lawful exercise of the police power, would create no right to recover damages. "Persons whose property is affected by such restrictions," said the Attorney-General, "have no right to recover compensation, because one of the incidents to property is a condition that it shall not be so used as unreasonably to impair the interests of the community."

In the same opinion it was particularly noted that in other States advertising has been regulated throughout whole cities, and that such legislation has been, when attacked, sustained by the courts on the ground that the views in a city, if beautiful and unobstructed, constitute one of its chief attractions, and in that way add to the comfort and well-being of its people. This is significant as showing the general tendency to regard these disfigurements of cities, as well as of the open landscape, as affronts to public decency—affronts more widely felt by the public at large than is realized by legislative bodies, the latter being peculiarly susceptible to influences brought to bear by the small but vociferous elements that thrive by such offenses. Two notable cases arising from the regulation of advertising in cities were recently adjudicated in Buffalo and Rochester. In both these cities the attempt was made to restrain the authorities from enforcing such regulations, but in each case the Supreme Court of New York sustained the latter in strongly worded decisions condemnatory of such nuisances.

The foregoing considerations have been discussed in conjunction with the railway aspects of the question because the two are similar. The railway is virtually a public highway. Because it is such, the company owning it has been invested with certain public privileges. The public has therefore certain rights in the enjoyment of the scenery visible from the railway. The railway company has also rights of its own therein as against its offensive use for advertising purposes; it was the building of the railway that gave the neighboring lands any value whatever for advertising purposes. Persons appropriating values created by another clearly have no moral right to utilize them in ways detrimental to the one who brought them into being, particularly when such action very largely nullifies the results for which large sums have been expended. Railway companies would therefore be justified in proceeding energetically against such abuses.

They well might take active measures to abate them. Many companies now have "landscape departments," devoted to the improvement of station surroundings, etc. Through such departments they might easily nullify this form of vandalism by screening out the view of such signs, wherever practicable, with plantations of rapidly growing trees, etc., such as willows or poplars, along the margin of the right of way at such points. One railway official to whom this course was suggested replied that it would be inadvisable for the reason

that such plantations would obstruct the views of the scenery as well. But scenery, when thus ruined, is better hidden from sight. Moreover, the offense would be discouraged by making it futile. When the practice was abandoned the screening plantations could be removed.

The public authorities might proceed in the same way in cases where the power to regulate the evil does not exist. Where such huge advertising signs border a park or a highway, the authorities might hide them completely from view by erecting in front of them screens of rough latticework

A SUGGESTION TO MAKERS OF FARMING IMPLEMENTS

to be covered with climbing plants. On the Mystic Valley parkway, at Winchester, near Boston, the metropolitan park commission planted a screen of willows to hide a particularly atrocious advertising sign—since removed, doubtless in deference to the hint conveyed.

It is remarkable how certain railway managements, in the face of their manifest appreciation of the value of beautiful environments, actually league themselves with the enemy by letting the use of their premises for advertising purposes. For instance, one great company employs expert gardeners and owns nurseries and greenhouses for the embellishment of its property. Its vice-president says: "There is no question that a neat and attractive station and adjacent premises suitably decorated with plants, grass, etc., serve as an attraction inducing patronage to the road, the influence of which must have its effect." But the same company very short-sightedly consents to the use of its station walls for advertising purposes. In one of the largest cities of the United States this railway has a terminal station of notable architectural character, erected at great cost. Yet the station interior is frantic with advertising of the most shrieking character, masking the better portion of the architectural details. Many railway companies, however, prohibit all advertising on their premises, whether stations or fences. Certain companies even forbid the careless posting of their own circulars, orders, etc., and require these to be neatly framed.

Railway self-advertising of the desirable kind comes with the reputation that a company gains when it builds artistic stations. The tendency is to make the new terminals designed for great cities examples of monumental architecture, even adorned with sculpture in certain instances. In some of these terminals an admirable idea for advertising railway journeyings is that of painting in appropriate places on the interior walls big maps of the company's lines and their connections. In the same way the charms of travel might be set forth by mural paintings of landscape, designed in decorative style. Easel-paintings of landscape by eminent artists might to advantage also be hung at the stations, in waiting-rooms, restaurants, etc. Excellent photographs of scenery along railway lines have very commonly been displayed in railway stations to admirable advantage, both decoratively and as advertising instrumentalities. Most of the great natural features of American scenery have been made familiar to the public by such exhibition of fine photographs made for the railway companies, and by their being also shown in hotels, handsomely bound in volumes, as well as reproduced in circulars and in periodical publications.

Various advances have been made in combating the advertising evil. In New York State offensive advertising in the neighborhood of parks and parkways is forbidden by law; and, as already noted, municipal restrictions upon bill-boards, made by certain cities, have been sustained by the courts. In Massachusetts a strong agitation for the regulation of such advertising about parks and parkways has at last prevailed with the legislature.

In Cincinnati all lots owned by the city have been cleared of advertising signs. Another most commendable reform in Cincinnati forbids advertising upon fences, or hoardings, that inclose structures in process of building or repair. These hoardings, as a rule, are erected upon the public street, but nearly everywhere in this country the people putting them up are permitted to sell the valuable advertising privilege thus created. If such advertising is to be permitted at all, the proceeds should go into the public treasury instead of into private pockets. Chicago has an ordinance forbidding the erection of bill-boards on residence streets or pleasure-drives without the consent of the owners of three fourths of the frontage on the block in question.

In Massachusetts wayside advertising without the consent of property-owners has long been forbidden. A recent enactment declares such advertising a public nuisance and authorizes any person to remove it at will. In consequence, various improvement societies systematically proceed against such signs; their members often go militantly afield, equipped with tack-lifters. Altogether there is active throughout the country a very healthy propaganda against the advertising nuisance. Splendid missionary work is done by such bodies as the American Park and Outdoor Art Association, the American League of Civic Improvement Societies, etc., through circulars, pamphlets, and addresses. The former body has been active in a movement for prohibiting by act of Congress the use of the national government's property for advertising purposes.

The taxing of outdoor advertising, together with municipal control of it, offers a good instrumentality for reforming the abuse. In France there is a tax on bill-boards above the size of an ordinary store-sign. The impost varies with the size of the printed sheet and the population of the town or city. In New York State a proposed reform would discourage offensive advertising by a scheme of progressive taxation according to the size of the poster or sign.

There is more than one advantage from municipal control of outdoor advertising. Not the least is a very considerable public income. Our municipalities, as a rule, are sorely in need of additional revenues. Here is a source entirely unexploited. Conducted in a proper way, it could be made well worth the while, and at the same time greatly improve the looks of public places. Our great cities have largely given away most of their public franchises. It should be seen that this privilege is neither given away nor exploited in offensive ways, as it certainly would be if it passed into purely commercial hands without imposing due restrictions in behalf of good taste.

In the cities of France, Germany, and other countries of continental Europe outdoor advertising is largely kept under public control by the erection, at street-corners and at other prominent points, of what are called advertising pillars. These are either put up by the municipal authorities or by private persons or companies who lease the concession upon terms that assure good returns to the municipal treasury, while the construction of the pillars and the character and appearance of the advertising are restricted in behalf of propriety and good taste. These advertising pillars present an excellent medium for the purpose, and are also of no little public convenience. For instance, at the next corner passers are enabled to get information about theater and concert performances for that evening, and other matters of interest. In Berlin, on the upper edge of the pillar, is given certain valuable public information: the location of the nearest postal and telegraph office, fire-alarm, ambulance-station, etc. Other convenient information might be bulletined at such places; for instance, the daily weather-reports, destination of passing street-cars, their frequency, etc. How considerable a source of revenue is thus neglected by our cities is indicated by the fact that Berlin has been getting an annual revenue of two hundred and fifty thousand marks, or sixty-three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars, from this source, Capitalized at three per cent., this represents a productive

municipal asset of over two million dollars. It is probably greater now, for the ten-years' concession expired last year.

Mr. Charles Mulford Robinson tells us that in the little Dutch city of Leyden the municipality itself manages the public advertising, and so frees the picturesque canal-cut streets from unkempt hoardings. This indicates a course that our own municipalities might profitably take. There are various points in every place where posters, varying in size according to local circumstance, might be permitted without discordant effect if the character of the work were subject to adequate regulation. This could best be done by having the municipality either take direct charge of the matter itself, or lease the privilege to responsible persons with due assurance of good taste in its conduct, keeping ultimate control in the public hands—for instance, as in Berlin, where the city retains the right to prohibit any placard offensive to good taste or morals. Many municipalities in New England make a practice of devoting their dog-tax receipts to the public libraries. The example might well be imitated by appropriating receipts from the sources afore-mentioned to purposes of public beauty, as in creating and maintaining parks and other open spaces, and in adorning them with fountains and sculpture, and in other desirable ways.

A capital method of fighting the evil might be to "set a back fire." That is, the friends of good taste might do a good stroke for their cause by going into the advertising business themselves—start a company, hire suitable locations, erect billboards of attractive design, secure, if possible, concessions from municipalities for advertising in public places in the manner afore-mentioned, and on the strength of the prestige derived from the declared purpose to do the thing in a high-class manner, make contracts with the foremost advertisers.

The late movement for good art in poster-designing was in this country largely without permanent result, not because the best posters were not appreciated by the public, but because they were not appreciated by the poster-makers. The designers employed by these concerns were trained in false schools and had little knowledge of the principles of good design, either in form or in color. But such an organization would encourage the best sort of design for its work by commissioning the foremost native and foreign designers with its orders, and by promoting the development of young artists through giving them an opportunity for exercising their talents.

Another way in which admirable propaganda work might be done is indicated by an example lately set in New York, where an exhibition devoted to artistic advertising was instituted by the Municipal Art Society. In Boston the Copley Society, in coöperation with the Civic League of Massachusetts, proposes to hold an exhibition of the same kind. These affairs are significant recognition, both of the artistic demands made by purely commercial work, and of the need for such work in maintaining the proper civic standards demanded for the well-being of a modern community. For these exhibitions the example was set by the celebrated new Belgian Society, L'Œuvre National Belge, which, the year after its organization, made the application of art to outdoor advertising in its various forms the subject of its first undertaking in the magnificent field of public improvement it had chosen for development.

Legislative enactments, municipal regulation and control, and the setting of good standards by precept and example should be used.

A significant example of the power of an outraged popular sentiment is furnished by the fate that overtook an attempt, during a certain Presidential campaign, to put up banners over the streets, somewhat imitating the familiar political banners, but really containing business advertisements. The corrupt city authorities then in power were at first favorable to the scheme, but public opinion was too strongly against it; the pressure from popular protest was so great that the permission, already granted, was revoked. There are laws against the use of the American flag for advertising purposes, as a degradation of a symbol held sacred by the people.

In dealing with esthetic as well as moral transgressions it is often a necessity for the law to say: "Thou shalt not." But a higher stage is reached when people freely say: "We will not." To make this the expression of a sincere public sentiment should be the great aim in this work.

Photograph by Alvin Langdon Coburn. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

William Vaughn Moody

JAY COOKE, AND THE FINANCING OF THE CIVIL WAR

BY ELLIS PAXSON OBERHOLTZER

Author of "Robert Morris, Patriot and Financier," "Abraham Lincoln," etc.

(THIRD PAPER)

THE SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN

THE doctrinaires who would have had so great a conflict as the American Civil War managed by rules laid down in books have strongly condemned the suspension of specie payments at the end of the year 1861, and the emission of the legal-tender greenback currency. They also find fault with the policy of the Treasury managers in 1863. The greenbacks were fundable into five-twenties, and they were constantly in demand for this use while Jay Cooke was engaged in his spectacular sale of that loan. When it was closed, a prop was taken away from the legal tenders, as we are reminded by Professor Bolles, and the country went a hopeless distance from the coin standards to which sooner or later it was obliged to return. It is commonly forgot, as Grant once remarked in his laconic fashion, that it was "a good deal of a war." When we criticize Lincoln for his chastisement of John C. Frémont, "Black David" Hunter, and the Abolitionist generals who were freeing slaves and arming negroes in the first years of the war; for his postponement of the Emancipation Proclamation until after the battle of Antietam, and his refusal then to regard the moral aspects of the measure; for his well-known forbearance with McClellan, and for various other opportunist policies, we should remember that there was an enemy in the rear as well as in the front. The war was carried on very largely by expedients, and the Treasury could as ill have gone on with a closet economist to manage it, as could the war in general under the direction of bookish men.

THE FIVE PER CENT. TEN-FORTY LOAN

MR. COOKE was firm in his advice that the five-twenty loan should be closed at 500 millions because, on the definite assurance of Secretary Chase, he had told the people that it would close at that point, and also for the reason that he wished the bonds to hold their value, as they would do only if the issue were wisely limited. The rising of the five-twenties to a premium would strengthen the national credit all along the line and facilitate the sale of future loans, one of which, of immense size (the ten-forty loan), directly confronted the Treasury. This loan might be run up to $900,000,000. It could be paid in ten years, and must be paid in forty. The longer term was an advantage, as was the definite promise that the principal as well as the interest should be paid in gold, and Chase determined to fix the interest rate at five per cent. Moreover, he decided to sell the bonds without Mr. Cooke's intervention. He would take time by the forelock, and, in the midst of the excitement attending the closing of the five-twenty loan, would offer the new one through the national banks.

The Philadelphia financier believed that to change from a six to a five per cent. bond would be a mistake, and such it soon proved to be. He did not think

that the new banks would greatly aid the Department in a matter of this kind, although he hoped that they would make themselves useful, especially as one of the objects of their establishment was such a service to the Government. The air was full of charges that, by reason of his connection with the Treasury of the United States, Jay Cooke had thriven out of all proportion to his deserts, and while he wished the undertaking well, freely giving such support to the Secretary as that officer was willing to receive, the financier was content to let the Department try agencies other than his own. Thus the loan dragged. It is true that from March until December, 1864, nearly $100,000,000 of the ten-forties had been disposed of, many of them through Jay Cooke's houses, and when the sale was closed in January, 1865, the total was carried to about $135,000,000 on the bidding of speculators who expected the bonds to go at once to a premium, as the five-twenties had done; but the operation was in all respects a failure. Instead, they fell to 90, and it was a difficult task to keep them from deranging the entire system of war finance.

It was Jay Cooke's pride that the cost of the war was being borne by the loyal American people, and while he resisted all the importunities of his brother Henry and others to sell bonds in Europe (barring a few thousands that were privately taken by John Bright, Richard Cobden, and other friends of the Union in England), it was plain that they were gradually drifting over the sea, to be laid away by the thrifty Germans and Dutch. Europe bought a dollar's worth of five-twenties for fifty or sixty cents in gold. As the belief that they would be paid in specie steadily spread, their exportation proportionately increased, and when they were called for redemption by Jay Cooke's "syndicate" in 1871, many of the holders were found to be the peasants and artisans of the Continent. On the other hand, the ten-forties were not so firmly placed, and could be dislodged by the crook of a Copperhead finger. They were precipitated upon the market in large quantities by the speculators who held them, and it was soon clear to every one but Chase, that his five per cent. loan was a grievous mistake.

THE "JAY COOKE BILL"

Mr. Cooke's main reliance in this period would have been a 3.65 per cent. treasury note, to be given out directly to soldiers and contractors in discharge of government debts, thus taking the place of the quartermasters' vouchers, which were being buffeted about at a discount, and other kinds of paper. The interest being cumulative for three years in coin at the rate of one cent a day for each $100, he argued that such notes would be held until the close of the war by the people to whom they were paid. If this were not done, they could be exchanged at any time for long bonds, the interest being computed up to the day they were funded into the loan. They certainly would not be passed from hand to hand, cheapening the currency and inflating values, like the greenbacks.

Early in 1863 Cooke went before the Committee on Ways and Means to advocate this measure. He espoused it with all his wonted zeal. When the chairman, Thaddeus Stevens said, "Mr. Cooke, do you really believe in this new plan of finance?" he rose to his full height, and pointing upward, said solemnly: "In the name of God I believe every word I have promised will be fulfilled if this bill is enacted into a law." Despite his vigorous defense of it, a number of members of the committee continued to antagonize the "Jay Cooke bill," although Stevens himself advocated the measure. Chase seemed at first to approve; but he soon came to see other lights, and the financier was left to fight his own battles. The bill finally took the form of an amendment to the Committee's bill; but it was rejected in the House by a vote of 93 to 37, Congress authorizing a new emission of greenbacks, with a quantity of treasury notes, which, though they bore interest, had none of the saving qualities of the notes recommended by Mr. Cooke. Neither would the Secretary heed the banker's advice that the treasury notes should be disbursed directly to the soldiers, victualers, and dealers in army supplies.

A TIME OF RECKLESS SPECULATION

Under such management, military blun-

dering accompanying fiscal mistakes, the premium on gold rose rapidly. Each rumor, no matter how idle, as well as the actual tidings of Union defeats and untoward foreign and domestic complications, of which there was a long series, came as grist to the mill of the speculators, who shouted up the price of gold and attacked the credit of the Government in the New York Gold Room. In the summer of 1864, however, the great factors of fiscal disturbance were the reckless expansion of the currency, the political unsettlement incident to a Presidential campaign, and the marked growth of a spirit of hazard and extravagance. So erroneous were the economic views of a large class of the people that they seemed to believe the prolongation of the war would be desirable. Not only was there wild speculation in gold and government supplies, but it was an era in which mining and oil enterprises and every kind of stock company blossomed over night as at the time of the South Sea Bubble in England, when, as Macaulay reminds us, there were associations for fishing for wrecks on the Irish coast, for making oil from sunflower seeds, and "for an undertaking which shall in due time be revealed." The latter proved to be so tempting an offer that one thousand subscriptions were paid in one morning, with the proceeds of which the projector made off in the afternoon. So, as our Civil War advanced, "each day some new bubble was puffed into existence, rose buoyant, shone bright, burst, and was forgotten." Women as well as men were affected by the gambling spirit. They were to be seen lounging in the back offices of New York brokers, or sitting in closed carriages, where they awaited the news of the movements of the stock market. It was asserted that a "Ladies' Board" had been established in a Broadway hotel where they might enjoy all the excitements of this disordered time.

COOKE'S CONSERVATIVE SPIRIT

JAY COOKE kept wholly clear of this speculative mania and exercised such a surveillance of his junior partners in Washington that they thought him a tycoon in very truth. He himself would have no connection with such enterprises, and he would permit none about him to involve his firms in promoters' schemes. The coal-oil craziness was the bane of his life, and particularly so, since his principal partner, who, as an older man, he could not well guide, dabbled in petroleum. Upon Mr. Moorhead's advice, the Washington partners had taken a few hundred shares in one of these enterprises, and later, to Jay Cooke's very great annoyance, Simon Cameron, without asking permission, had placed Henry Cooke's name on a prospectus which was being circulated widely. He declared that the stock of not one out of twenty of the "respectable" oil companies was really worth the paper on which it was printed. He protested against these "wildcat operations," and wrote his associates in Washington: "If I am not to be told what departures from the strict and legitimate course of business are proposed, I wish to know it. It is my right, as I understand the nature of such a partnership as ours."

THE FOE OF SPECULATORS IN GOLD

EVEN more did he deplore the speculation in gold, because it was unpatriotic and disloyal. Verbally and through his newspaper agencies, Jay Cooke steadfastly resisted the tendency to buy, hoard, and make fictitious values for this metal. One day a thrifty old Pennsylvania German storekeeper came to town to invest some money and visited the government loan agent.

"I haf got some moneys, Mr. Cooke, and I vant you to buy some golt mit it," said the German.

"Why, Schultz, what do you want gold for?" responded the financier. "That is n't a thing you sell in your store."

"Dat I know, but I vant to make some moneys on de rise. Peebles says it is going oop, and I can make a tousand dollars, I tink."

"Schultz, you dear old fellow, don't you know that if you buy gold you will be a rebel?" said the banker.

"Nein," said Schultz, emphatically, in a tone of resentment, "I pe no repel."

"Suppose you buy $10,000 of gold,"

Mr. Cooke continued, "suppose that some morning you read in the papers in big letters, 'Terrible disaster to the Union cause, Grant's army routed and destroyed. The rebels marching on Washington.' "

"I should say dat vas werry pad news," interrupted the German, excitedly.

"Yes, but would n't you say right off: 'This will put gold up—bad for the Union, but good for my ten thousand'? Don't you see, Schultz, that in buying gold you instantly make the interests of the rebels your interests, that you bribe yourself to wish them to succeed, and to wish your country and your countrymen to fail? And if these unholy desires, Schultz, don't define a rebel, there is no language to define one. Don't you see that buying gold inevitably turns honest, patriotic, devoted men like you away from the cause which they ought to support, and which they think they do support, but which they cannot support because they have made it for their interest not to support it? Don't you see it, dear old fellow?"

"Pe sure I do," said the simple-hearted man. "Put all of dat moneys in ponds. Mein moneys goes mit mein brincibles."

BREAKING THE GOLD PREMIUM

In the spring of 1864 the gold markets were so excited that Mr. Chase repeatedly telegraphed to Jay Cooke, urging him to come to Washington to map out a plan of campaign. At the end of 1862 the price had stood at 133, which meant that $133 of greenbacks were required to buy $100 of gold, while on the last day of 1863 the yellow metal was quoted at $151.[1] In March and April, 1864, gold began a new upward movement. Many were predicting that its price would go to 500, when "Old Chase's greenbacks" would be as worthless as Confederate shinplasters. Jay Cooke wished Congress to pass a bill clothing the Secretary of the Treasury with authority to sell specie as he pleased, thus combatting the speculators on their own ground with their own weapons. To his brother Henry he wrote: "If this power were given to me, I would agree to forfeit a million dollars if I failed to put gold down to $33, and keep it about that for a year as steady as a clock."

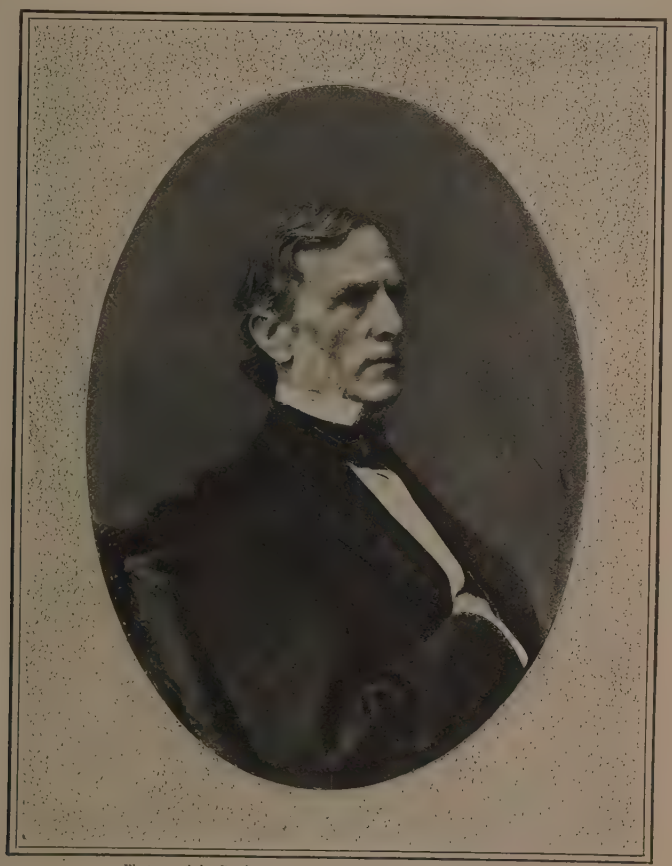
On March 17 Congress did authorize the Secretary to anticipate the payment of the interest on the public debt from any gold lying idle in the Treasury, and in April, when the premium rose above 75,—by a kind of common consent regarded as the danger-point,—Chase made use of Mr. Cooke's proffered offices for an operation which was immediately effective. The banker and the Secretary were both in New York, and Cooke declared in his convincing way that he "would make the gold men squeal before Saturday night," if he were supported by the agencies of the Government. Chase had about $35,000,000 of specie in the subtreasury in that city, and he somewhat nervously and doubtfully authorized the experiment. For this important secret operation the Philadelphia financier took into his confidence David Crawford of the friendly house of Clark, Dodge & Company. The first day they sold about $2,000,000 of gold, the price, to the complete amazement of the "Street," falling from 189 to 174½. It was deliverable on the morrow, and in the morning, before the city was astir, the metal, under Cooke's personal direction, was carted from the subtreasury to Clark, Dodge & Co.'s, to be stored under their counters, awaiting the disposition of the purchasers. In payment Cooke demanded greenbacks, and at the end of three days buyers offered a premium for the privilege of using other forms of currency, while some Copperhead firms suspended. For the time being the power of the Government was uppermost, and the speculators, knowing that many more millions would be sold if it were necessary, were thoroughly frightened. Wall Street was full of rumors, and gold moved up or down excitedly as Mr. Cooke came or went. He was a "regular Merrimac," said one of his partners, who wished to know what he was going to do next, in order that the firm's affairs might be managed more profitably. But so irreproachable was the banker's course in the execution of these confidential commissions for the Treasury that not even his closest intimates could draw advantage from his movements.

[1] Its maximum price for 1863 had been 172, in February.

CHASE'S RESIGNATION

THE triumph was not lasting, for Cooke's authority was soon withdrawn. In June, Congress enacted a "gold law," but not in the form which the financier would have preferred. It was an anti-option measure, imposing upon traders, in what "Jim" Fisk later graphically called "phantom gold," penalties which could not be enforced, especially at such a time. As a result of a brief and sorry experience, it was repealed, and the market was again at the mercy of the speculators.

Amid all these serious disturbances, Chase again resigned. He could have had little expectation that the President would be willing to spare him from his council-table, when so small a matter divided them as the appointment of a successor to Cooke's unfriendly coadjutor, John J. Cisco, the Assistant Treasurer in New York city. But Lincoln dared the loss of so great a Secretary, and, in July, 1864, the speculators, secure from interference or restraint, with Jubal Early's raiders at the gates of Washington, carried gold to 285, when a greenback dollar was worth only thirty-five cents in specie.



Photograph by Brady. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN

FESSENDEN'S ADMINISTRATION

THE President now named David Tod for the Secretaryship of the Treasury.

Like Chase, Tod came from Ohio; like Chase, too, he had Democratic leanings and had been the governor of his State. As he promptly declined, Senator William Pitt Fessenden of Maine visited Mr. Lincoln to recommend the appointment of the Comptroller of the Currency, Hugh McCulloch, only to learn that he himself was the President's second choice. Fessenden, after recovering from his astonishment, agreed to accept the office. The Cookes did not warmly favor the change, and it was generally assumed that their activity as government agents would now come to an end. Because of the ugly intimations of collusion between Jay Cooke & Co. and the late administration of the Treasury, the head of the firm determined to keep his distance. He would go cheerfully to the new Secretary if his advice or aid was requested, otherwise he would pursue his own way in dignity.

Mr. Fessenden had financial ideas which were fundamentally sound, and he had been a wholesome influence in guiding legislation in the Senate along good lines. His training, however, had been parliamentary rather than administrative, and he regarded himself as only an *ad interim* appointee, being without deep resolution to change his habit of mind and fit his nature for the supervision of a Government bureau.

The Treasury at this time was in no pleasant plight. In July it was estimated that nearly $200,000,000 would be needed before September 1 and, in addition, at that date, $50,000,000 for the soldiers, the latter sum being required every sixty days for their pay alone. Mr. Fessenden early began negotiations with some German houses in New York; but these failed, and on July 21 he sent for Jay Cooke, who in conversation indicated a course which he was asked to reduce to writing. This he did immediately. It included an appeal to the people to subscribe to a new loan, lately authorized by Congress in the form of three-year treasury notes bearing interest at 7 3/10 per cent. per annum in paper money; the manipulation of the market for certificates of indebtedness (then selling at 93 and 94) until they should be brought up to par; and some minor recommendations, including the punctual payment of contractors and the prompt delivery of bonds.

Fessenden availed himself of Mr. Cooke's aid in placing the Department's advertisements in the newspapers. But he offered only one quarter of one per cent. to the agents, while Jay Cooke had urged from one half to three quarters, and he adopted no practical measures to raise the price of certificates. The sale, therefore, was barren of results. As the weeks passed, there was much complaint, and a deal of ground for it.

Chase had gracefully offered his successor the benefit of his experience, but his admiration of the new Secretary was not very great. "I do not think,—perhaps I may be over-vain,"—said he in a letter to Jay Cooke, "that Mr. Fessenden quite draws my bow; but I had a large experience in administration as well as legislation, and felt always that I could trust myself." He had repeatedly urged upon Fessenden the advantages of the single agency plan, but without success. "I presume," wrote Chase, "he don't like to incur the reproaches which were poured on me. . . . I hardly blame him for not being willing. What did I get, what can anybody get, for preferring country and duty to private interests and compliant favor?"

JAY COOKE AGAIN CALLED TO THE GOVERNMENT'S AID

Jay Cooke still made no movement to impose his advice upon Mr. Fessenden, although he was constantly selling seven-thirties, ten-forties, and other government bonds in considerable amounts under the general arrangements of the Department. So slowly did the money flow in, however, that the Secretary resolved upon a new series of five-twenties. That bond was of undiminished credit and popularity, but the extension of the issue meant falling quotations, and this plan, too, was about to fail when Jay Cooke stepped into the breach. It was October, and the Presidential campaign was nearing its end. One day while in Washington, he casually met his friend John A. Stewart, the new Assistant Treasurer in New York city. The latter asked the financier if he had seen the Secretary.

"No," said Mr. Cooke; "I have no business with the Secretary."

"He wishes to see you," said Stewart.

"If he does," Cooke responded, "he will be the accrued interest," replied the Secretary.

"I will take them," said the banker, promptly. "I will take three millions

Photograph by Brady. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

HUGH McCULLOCH

can send for me. Then I will gladly go."

Stewart thereupon went to the Treasury, soon returning with an invitation to the banker to visit Fessenden, who explained that he had $10,000,000 of five-twenty bonds for which he was unable to obtain an acceptable offer.

"What do you want for them?" inquired Cooke.

"I want par, and your commission now, and you may give me an option on the rest, which I will close after I see a few friends in New York."

Such a spirit surprised as well as cheered Fessenden, who grasped Cooke by the hand and said:

"I have heretofore thought you a protégé of Mr. Chase, but I now see that he was your protégé."

Jay Cooke's reëntry into the five-twenty loan operations was widely heralded. He

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

GOVERNMENT BONDS FOR SALE IN A COUNTRY STORE

called a meeting of his friends in New York at the office of Fisk & Hatch. He told them that the Government needed money at once. He had reserved three millions of the bonds for himself, and he wished them to take the rest. Such methods were again electrical. The entire sum was subscribed for then and there. The confidence of Fessenden was effectually won, and the way was being prepared for the greatest financial operation of the war through the establishment of the agency under which three series of seven-thirty notes, reaching a total of $830,000,000, were sold to the American people in a few months.

THE SEVEN-THIRTY AGENCY

It was supposed now that this agency which had been so much discussed would be established with Jay Cooke as its head at once. Indeed, the financier was summoned to Washington to sign the contract; but before he could go, the Secretary was persuaded to make another trial of the national banks.

Cooke bided his time. The sales attained no great proportions, for up to January 28, 1865, only about $130,000,000 of the issue had been disposed of, when Mr. Fessenden, having determined soon to leave his office and return to his seat in the Senate, made the appointment. The Treasury, its chief said, imperatively required at least $2,000,000 a day from the sale of seven-thirty notes, and Cooke promised to supply it with money from this source at this rate. His support by the Department was to be very generous, as judged by the standards set by Mr. Chase when the five-twenty loan was being distributed. The fiscal agent of the Government was to receive three quarters of one per cent. to cover his commission and expenses upon the first $50,000,000 returned, and five eighths on the second $50,000,000, while the rate upon later amounts would be fixed by treaty at some future time. His allowance would cover sales made by the subtreasuries as well as by agents of his own appointment, and the Government would deliver the bonds at its own risk, thus relieving Mr. Cooke of a responsibility which he had earlier been compelled to assume.

The agent did not lose a moment in going about his duties, which were to begin in three days, on February 1. He did not spare himself, his fortune, his credit, or anything that was his, in putting forward this loan and distributing it among the people. His old five-twenty agents and the newspaper men who had served him before were ready to join in the campaign. The commissions now were large enough to justify more liberal outlays than in the five-twenty days. The money must be brought in at once to give Grant the means to end the war, and the "furor" this time was to comprehend the remotest cross-roads villages and farm-houses from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.

COOKE'S "FUROR-MAKERS"

Mr. Cooke organized and manned a press bureau at his office in Third street. At its head he placed Samuel Wilkeson of "The New York Tribune," a vivid writer who subsequently became the Secretary of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Whitelaw Reid in special ways contributed to the advertisement and management of the loan, while John Russell Young, later United States minister to China and the Librarian of Congress; J. W. Schuckers, the private secretary and biographer of Chase; C. C. Norvell of "The New York Times"; and several other journalists directed the large body of scribes, and made the press of the country virtually a unit in sounding the praises of the loan.

Mr. Cooke's plans were laid intelligently and well. He had no intention of again being treated in New York to the aspersions which had marked the five-twenty sale. He discovered who were the men in control of the stream of statement and assertion which is sometimes rather grandly designated as "public opinion." His first task was to seek the sources in the office of "The New York World," which had displayed a vicious disposition toward the war and all who were engaged in trying to win it for the North. One of its editors said that their paper was their capital, and one might as well ask the loan of money without interest as the use of their capital without remuneration. By diplomacy Cooke completely

INTERESTING QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS,

RELATIVE TO THE

7-30 U. S. Loan.

Mr. JAY COOKE, of Philadelphia, who for so long a time had the management of the popular 500 million 5-20 Loan, has just been appointed, by SECRETARY FESSENDEN, the GENERAL AGENT to dispose of THE ONLY POPULAR LOAN NOW offered for sale by the Government, viz.: the

"SEVEN-THIRTY."

In entering upon his duties he desires to answer plainly the large number of questions daily and hourly propounded to him, so that his fellow-countrymen may all understand what this "Seven-Thirty Loan" is, what are its peculiar merits, how they can subscribe for or obtain the notes, &c.

1st Question. Why is this Loan called the "Seven-Thirty" Loan?

Answer. It bears Interest, in currency, at the rate of Seven Dollars and thirty cents, each year, on every hundred dollars; making the interest as follows:

One cent per day on each $50 note.			
Two cents	"	"	100 "
Ten	"	"	500 "
Twenty	"	"	1000 "
One dollar	"	"	5000 "

2d Question. When and how can they be obtained?

Answer. They are for sale, at *par*, and accrued interest, by all Sub-Treasuries, National and other Banks, and all Bankers and Brokers.

3d Question. When is the interest payable and how can it be collected?

Answer. The coupons or interest tickets are due 15th of February and 15th of August in each year, and can be cut off from the note, and will be cashed by any Sub-Treasurer, U. S. Depository, National or other Bank or Banker.

4th Question. When must the Government pay off these 7-30s?

Answer. They are due in two years and a half from the 15th of February, 1865, viz., on the 15th of August, 1867.

5th Question. Must I receive back my money as soon as 1867?

Answer. *No!* not unless you yourself prefer to do so—the Law gives you the *right* to demand from the Government, at that time, either your money or an equal amount, at *par*, of the famous and popular 5-20 *Gold-bearing* 6 *per cent. Loan.*

6th Question. How much do you consider this privilege of conversion into 5-20 Loan to be worth?

Answer. 5-20s bearing Gold Interest from 1st of November, are, to-day, worth 9 per cent. premium. If they are worth no more at the end of the two years and a half, when you have a right to them, than they *now* are, this premium, added to the interest you receive, will give you at least ten per cent. per annum for your money; but the opinion is that they will be worth more than 9 per cent. premium at that time.

7th Question. What other advantage is there in investing in the 7-30 Loan?

Answer. They cannot be taxed by States, Counties, or Cities, and this saves you two to five per cent. on your income, as all railroad and other bonds, and stocks, mortgages, &c., are taxed, not only by the Government, but by States, Counties and Cities.

8th Question. How does the Government raise the money to pay the interest, and is it safe and sure?

Answer. The Government collects, by taxes, internal revenue, and duties on imports, fully three hundred millions each year. This is nearly three times as much as is needed to pay the interest on all the debt, and as soon as the war is ended, the amount not needed to pay the interest will be used in paying off the debt. *Our Government has twice paid off all her debt*, and can easily do so again. The interest is sure to be paid promptly, and the debt itself is the very safest investment in the world. It is as safe as a mortgage on a good farm, and pays a better interest. It is, in fact, a *First Mortgage* on all lands, all incomes, all railroad and canal bonds, and bank or other stocks, mortgages, &c.

Nothing can be safer, for we are all bound for it, and all that we have is held and firmly bound for the payment of principal and interest. How foolish those people are, who keep idle, and locked up, their gold and greenbacks, or purchase mortgages or railroad stocks and bonds, which pay only 5 or 6 per cent. interest, when these Seven-Thirties pay (counting the premium on Five-Twenties) over 10 per cent., and are so much safer and surer.

9th Question How many Seven-Thirties are there, and how much remains unsold?

Answer. There are only about three hundred and twenty-five millions authorized by law, and only about one hundred and ninety millions remain unsold.

10th Question. How long will it take you to sell the balance?

Answer. There are about 800 National Banks all engaged in selling them; also a large number of the old banks, and at least three thousand of private bankers and brokers, and special agents will be engaged in all parts of the country in disposing of them to the people.

11th Question. How long will it take to sell the whole?

Answer. In less than three months they will be all sold, and will no doubt then sell at a premium, as was the case with the old Seven-Thirties, the first Twenty-Year Loan, and the Five-Twenties.

The above questions and answers, it is believed, will give full information to all. If not, the General Subscription Agent, or any of the Banks or Bankers employed to sell the Loan, will be glad to answer all questions, and to furnish the Seven-Thirties in small or large sums (as the notes are issued in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1000 and $5000), and to render it easy for all to subscribe—thus fulfilling the instructions of Mr. FESSENDEN, who earnestly desires that the *people* of the whole land (as well as the capitalists) shall have every opportunity afforded them of obtaining a portion of *this most desirable investment.*

LET NONE DELAY, BUT SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE, THROUGH THE NEAREST RESPONSIBLE BANK OR BANKERS.

For Sale by JAY COOKE & CO., at their Philadelphia and Washington Offices; and by Banks and Bankers generally throughout the Country.

THE SEVEN-THIRTY CIRCULAR WHICH WAS MOST WIDELY DISTRIBUTED

won over two or three of the "World" men and made sure of influential friends in the offices of the other leading journals.

THE COÖPERATION OF THE PRESS

THE large New York advertising agencies distributed the advertisements, having instructions to neglect no newspaper, however small or remote and no matter what its politics or the language in which it was printed; while editorials, reading notices, and articles "from our own cor-

respondent," prepared under Wilkeson's direction, were sent out far and near by the furor-makers in Third street. Nor did Mr. Cooke forget the Pacific coast, where men still measured values in gold, and where the greenback was held in the greatest contempt. All the newspapers, English and Spanish, on the Sierra Nevada slope were favored with advertisements. Wells, Fargo & Company distributed seven-thirties at their agencies in Colorado, Nevada, California, Oregon, and Washington, while Jay Cooke sent two agents, one of them his elder brother Pitt, to San Francisco by way of Panama for a careful supervision of the sale in that then isolated part of the country.

By his sweeping methods the banker brought into the Union service virtually the entire Northern press except a newspaper at his very doors, the "Public Ledger" of Philadelphia. This journal, largely owned by the unfriendly banking firm of Drexel & Company, refused to print favorable accounts of the progress of the loan. Indeed, its influence was so mischievous that Cooke finally called upon its editor, George W. Childs, and said much in warmth concerning its slighting course. Always ready to give others the benefit of a doubt and apologize for an unhappy judgment of a fellow-man, the financier returned to the "Ledger" office before he went home for the night. He explained that it was a rule of his life not to let "the sun go down upon his wrath"; but Childs refused the peace-offering. The two men never spoke to each other again, the editor's antipathy reaching such a height after the war, that the paper regularly baited Cooke and all his projects.

ENTERPRISING TRAVELING AGENTS

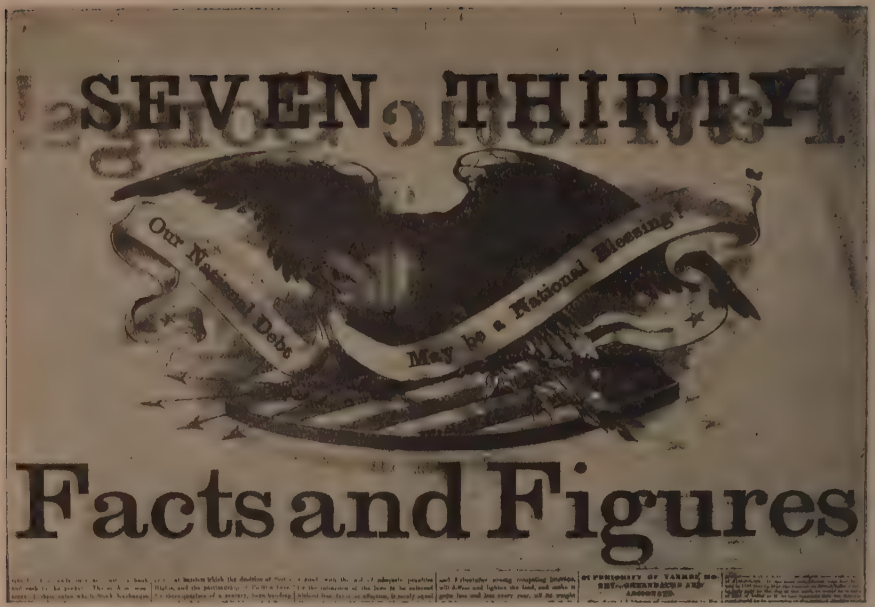
THE traveling agents, of whom there were a great number scouring the Atlantic coast States and the Mississippi Valley in the interest of the seven-thirty loan, were never so active. They virtually covered every foot of inhabited space, going by train, steamboat, and stage-coach; on horses and mules; or in buggies that Jay Cooke bought for them where there were no public conveyances. They visited the newspaper offices and local bankers and brokers, and continued their efforts to found national banks. They made government-bond agents out of country storekeepers, justices of the peace, and clergymen. The popular "Questions and Answers," reciting the advantages of the loan in simple language, handbills, and the various circulars which Wilkeson issued, were literally distributed by the ton. Postmasters were persuaded to give them out with the mail; toll-gate keepers to place them in passing vehicles; school-teachers to present them to their pupils, with instructions to carry them home; editors to enclose them in country newspapers. They were scattered in railway trains, on ferry-boats, and in the streets.

It was suggested to clergymen that they might advocate the loan in their sermons, and the religious papers were Mr. Cooke's most loyal abettors. Agents traveling by stage halted the drivers to tack posters to large trees and at village blacksmith shops. The circulars were called "Jay Cooke's tracts," and some of them, especially the broadside entitled "Facts and Figures," on the back of which were printed patriotic songs, were eagerly received and very generally treasured. At least one agent sang from the sheet in soldiers' camps and at sanitary fairs. In short, no device which ingenuity could suggest to bring the loan to the knowledge of the people seems to have been omitted.

The agents were always acting under Jay Cooke's personal direction. He formed them into classes, lecturing to them before they went forth; and they reported to him as their work progressed, receiving as a rule $10 a day, from which stipend they defrayed their traveling expenses, though some who had costly routes were allowed a larger sum.

AN ADVENTURESOME LIFE

A NUMBER of these seven-thirty missionaries had very sorry experiences, especially when they traversed Copperhead districts, or regions lately recovered to the Union. In Maryland an agent, suspected of being the assassin of President Lincoln, was taken to Washington and placed in a guard-house. In Indiana the Copperheads, who later became Butternuts, showed Jay Cooke's men open disrespect. A traveler in the pe-



HEADING OF THE SEVEN-THIRTY BROADSIDE CALLED "FACTS AND FIGURES"

troleum regions of Pennsylvania was obliged to give up his task, as the people could understand no investment but oil. Jay Cooke had a box of circulars on Grant's fighting line marked "for Richmond," so that he would be ready to canvass that city as soon as Lee's soldiers should vacate it. He sent Colonel William M. Stewart down the Atlantic coast to appoint seven-thirty agents and found national banks wherever the ground was in possession of the Union troops. Richard Randolph cultivated the field bordering the lower Mississippi, visited the gunboats in the river, penetrated Mississippi and Alabama, where among the "jayhawkers" his life was daily in danger, and forwarded the interests of the loan in a variety of ways in that region. As the troops were disbanding, another agent went to the camps and rendezvous, asking the officers to address their men, when parting with them, and recommend the soldiers to put their pay into seven-thirties, which were offered for sale at a counter near. In New York, John Russell Young, in connection with his duties as a press agent, organized night offices. Two score or more were established in the city and its neighboring towns. Factories were canvassed, boys left circulars at house-doors, and the eagles upon the great posters screamed the loan from walls and billboards.

RAPID SALES OF THE BONDS

Already on February 6, the sixth day of the agency, the sales exceeded $3,000,000, and on the 15th they were more than $8,000,000. A great many members of Congress visited Jay Cooke & Co.'s office in Washington to receive personal testimony of the great success of the loan. Cooke sent down a "muff-box" filled with the telegrams by which agents had ordered the bonds, and one of his men carried it over to the White House to show its contents to the President. For the week ending February 18 the subscriptions were $26,520,200, an average of more than $4,000,000 a day.

Thus February passed, and Fessenden's administration of the Treasury came to an early end. The appointment of Hugh McCulloch seemed to be inevitable, although it was opposed by Cooke, who now, as before and afterward, faithfully advocated John Sherman for the Secretaryship. The Indiana banker who had

HEADING OF THE SIDE OF THE "FACTS AND FIGURES" SHEET WHICH WAS DEVOTED TO PATRIOTIC SONGS

been a successful comptroller of the currency entered the Cabinet when Lincoln began his second administration. The first series of seven-thirties was shortly run up to $300,000,000, and it was closed in March, when the passage to the second series of a like amount was smoothly effected, although the fiscal agent was soon overtaken by conditions in the stock markets which seriously affected his operations. With the fall of Richmond in near prospect after so many weary months and years of war, the great premium on gold melted away and brought private and public finance into a state of panic. Jay Cooke was authorized by McCulloch to guard the interests of the Government in this unsettled period, and he surpassed all his previous records as a manipulator of prices in Wall Street. While some advisers urged the purchase of gold, Mr. Cooke, supported by his New York agents, determined to buy government bonds. They at once entered the market. Each firm bid actively on its own account, thus making a spirited demand in all parts of the room, and declined to sell except at a large advance. The rally was instantaneous, and they soon had control of the situation, which was still under the financier's care when the President was assassinated.

THE PILLAR OF THE STOCK MARKET

On Saturday morning, April 15, while on the way from his country home to Third street, Jay Cooke was informed of Lincoln's tragic death. He went to the first telegraph station, and instructed his agents in New York to support the market at all hazards for unlimited sums, and also put himself into communication with the Treasury Department. It was wisely decided not to open the stock boards on Saturday, and the beginning of the new week found the banker in New York with all his plans perfected for sustaining prices. "I find a very precious feeling here in regard to Mr. Lincoln's memory," Cooke wrote to his brother from New York, after he had made sure of his power over the market; "and the effect of his death is to bind all the people in a firmer union. All parties unite in saying that God's hand is in it all. . . . Is it not a splendid spectacle?"

To Associated Press Agent.

The subscriptions, to-day, to the 7-30 LOAN, in all parts of the Union, as telegraphed to JAY COOKE, Subscription Agent, ~~up to~~ ..... ~~o'clock this afternoon,~~ amount to $ 5.451.950

The largest single Western Subscription was $ 1.035.000

from 2 National Bank Chicago — Cincinnati 1.000.000

The largest single Eastern Subscription was $ 5.554.000

from 2 National Bank NY — Bank Philadelphia 1.000.000 — Bank Wakefield NY 1.082.500

The number of individual subscriptions by working men and women, making up portions of the above aggregate was 21307

Of $50 Subscribers there were ..... .

Of $100 Subscribers there were } 21307

Henry Clews & Co NY 1.000.000
Nat Mechanics Phila. 400.000
Nat Exchg Hartford 200.000
2 Providence 200.000
2 Boston 500.000

Total subscriptions $ 5.304.150

JAY COOKE'S NEWS REPORT TO THE "ASSOCIATED PRESS," OF THE LARGEST DAY'S BUSINESS IN THE HISTORY OF THE SEVEN-THIRTY AGENCY, MAY 13, 1865

UNPRECEDENTED SUBSCRIPTIONS

THE safe passage of the Government's credit through such a series of storms soon reassured every one and led to unprecedented sales of seven-thirties. The excitement began immediately after President Lincoln's funeral, and April ended with subscriptions running at the rate of $4,000,000 a day. The first six days of May yielded $40,000,000, and in the second week of the month, which was the banner week of the agency, the returns were as follows:

May 8....$ 6,183,200
" 9....$15,165,300

May	10....	$17,410,100
"	11....	$15,411,800
"	12....	$13,762,300
"	13....	$30,451,950

Nearly $100,000,000, therefore, had been subscribed in a single week. The bonds were going everywhere and to every one, the totals being greatly swollen by McCulloch's determination to convert vouchers directly into seven-thirty notes, thus funding a large amount of suspended debt. The entire second series of $300,000,000 was disposed of early in May. So dire were his needs that the Secretary had promised Mr. Cooke an allowance of three fourths of one per cent. if he should succeed in furnishing the Department with $100,000,000 a month and should complete the sale before July 10. Cooke actually finished the task in thirty working days!

At this time the scenes at Jay Cooke's Third-street office, and at his various subagencies, were fully detailed in the newspapers, and they were worth reporting. The farmers on the Western prairies walked or rode from twenty to sixty miles to put their savings in seven-thirty bonds. Men carrying their own and their neighbors' money to a bond counter traveled as tramps to avoid being waylaid on the road. Many came long distances to Third street, determined to give their money to Jay Cooke in person. One day a boy arrived in Philadelphia from Indiana with a few thousand dollars to be invested in seven-thirties. The old, the poor and the ragged often presented themselves at the Third street counter with money tied in stockings and soiled handkerchiefs.

THE CLOSING OF THE LOAN AND ITS AFTERMATH

When the second series of seven-thirty notes had been sold, McCulloch gave Cooke the third series of $230,000,000, reducing his commission to five eighths and one half per cent., so that he barely paid his expenses and worked, as one of his partners expressed it, for "buncombe," or the advertisement of his general banking business. He gradually withdrew his agents in order to bring the work within the means at his hand, closing the sales quietly in July. Thus were the debts of the Government, which had rapidly accumulated at the close of Chase's and during Fessenden's administrations, honorably met. Thus were Grant's and Sherman's men paid while they dealt the final blows to the Confederacy, and thus was the great army disbanded, the soldiers returning to their homes with money in their pockets and with praises on their lips for the country which had sent them forth to do its battles.

Cooke was now the leading financier of America. The newspapers called him "the modern Midas" and the "Napoleon of finance." Physically strong, mentally a bulwark of hope and confidence, looking out on all about him with a glance which penetrated the veil that often obscures human action, he was one of the great figures of his time, and no reasonable man who had the Union cause at heart could begrudge him any of the fame and profit accruing to him as the result of his financial operations.

But it was time now for a reaction such as comes swiftly in American political life. Cooke had been roundly abused for selling a $500,000,000 loan; he could not be pleasantly dismissed for closing an $830,000,000 issue. As there were to be no more great war loans, with profitable notices and advertisements, a number of journals joined in a different tune. Mr. Cooke, true to his nature, honestly desired to cheer the people in bearing their heavy financial burdens, and to ward off even a whisper of repudiation. He asked Wilkeson therefore to prepare an article which was finally christened "How Our National Debt may be a National Blessing." In the attempt to prove more than 2500 millions of debt a benefit to the nation he went farther than the financier had intended; but it was not in Mr. Cooke's disposition to abandon a friend under attack, and he yielded nothing while several newspapers ridiculed him and the pamphlet without mercy. It was clear, they thought, that the debt had been a "blessing" to Jay Cooke. Of course he would defend that which it had been profitable for him to create, and it was several years before he heard the last of the unfortunate publication.

(To be continued)

RUNNING WATER

BY A. E. W. MASON

Author of "The Four Feathers," "Miranda of the Balcony," etc.

PICTURE BY H. S. POTTER

XVII

HILARY CHAYNE stayed away from Dorsetshire for ten complete days; and though the hours crept by as dilatory as idlers at a street corner, he obtained some poor compensation by reflecting upon his fine diplomacy. In less than a week he would surely be missed; by the time that ten days had passed the sensation might have become simply poignant. So for ten days he wandered about the downs of Sussex with an aching heart, saying the while, "It serves her right." On the morning of the eleventh he received a letter from the War Office, bidding him call on the following afternoon.

"That will just do," he said. "I will go down to Weymouth to-day, and I will return to London to-morrow." And with an unusual lightness of spirit, which he ascribed purely to his satisfaction that he need punish Sylvia no longer, he started off upon his long journey. He reached the House of the Running Water by six o'clock in the evening, and at the outset it seemed that his diplomacy had been sagacious.

He was shown into the library, and opposite to him, by the window, Sylvia stood alone. She turned to him a white, terror-haunted face, gazed at him for a second like one dazed, and then with a low cry of welcome came quickly toward him. Chayne caught her outstretched hands, and all his joy at her welcome lay dead at the sight of her distress. "Sylvia!" he exclaimed in distress. He was hurt by it as he had never thought to be hurt.

"I am afraid!" she said in a trembling whisper. He drew her toward him, and she yielded. She stood close to him and very still, touching him, leaning to him like a frightened child. "Oh, I am afraid!" she repeated; and her voice appealed piteously for sympathy and a little kindness.

In Chayne's mind there was suddenly painted a picture of the ice-slope on the Aiguille d'Argentière. A girl had moved from step to step, across that slope, looking down its steep, glittering incline without a tremor. It was the same girl who now leaned to him, and with shaking lips and eyes tortured with fear cried, "I am afraid!" By his recollection of that day upon the heights Chayne measured the greatness of her present trouble.

"Why, Sylvia? Why are you afraid?"

For answer she looked toward the open window. Chayne followed her glance, and this was what he saw. The level stretch of emerald lawn; the stream running through it, and catching in its brown water the red light of the evening sun; the great beech-trees, casting their broad shadows; the high garden-walls, with the dusky red of their bricks glowing among fruit trees; and within that enclosure, pacing up and down, in and out among the shadows of the trees, Garratt Skinner and Walter Hine. Yet that sight she must needs have seen before. Why should it terrify her beyond reason now?

"Do you see?" Sylvia said in a low, troubled voice. For once distress had mastered her, and she spoke without her

usual reticence. "There can be no friendship between those two—no real friendship. You have only to see them side by side to be sure of it; it is pretense."

Yet that, too, she must have known before. Why, then, should the pretense now so greatly trouble her? Chayne watched the two men pacing in the garden. Certainly he had never seen them in so intimate a comradeship. Garratt Skinner had passed his arm through Walter Hine's, and held him so, plying him with stories, bending down his keen, furrowed, aquiline face toward him as though he had no thought in the world but to make him his friend and bind him with affection; and Walter Hine looked up and listened and laughed, a vain, weak wisp of a creature, flattered to the skies, and as defenceless as a rabbit.

"Why the pretense?" said Sylvia. "Why the linked arms? The pretense has grown during these last days. What new thing is intended?" Her eyes were on the garden, and, as she looked, it seemed that her terror grew. "My father went away a week ago. Since he has returned the pretense has increased. I am afraid! I am afraid!"

Garratt Skinner turned in his walk and led Walter Hine back toward the house. Sylvia shrank from his approach as from something devilish. When he turned again, she drew her breath like one escaped from sudden peril.

"Sylvia, of what are you afraid?"

"I don't know," she cried. "That 's just the trouble. I don't know." She clenched her hands together at her breast. Chayne caught them in his, and was aware that in one shut palm she held something which she concealed. Her clasp tightened upon it as his hands touched hers. Sylvia had more reason for her fears than she had discovered. Barstow came no more; there were no more cards, no more bets; and this change, taken together with Garratt Skinner's increased friendship, added to her apprehensions. She dreaded some new plot more sinister, more terrible, than that one of which she was aware.

"If only I knew!" she cried. "Oh, if only I knew!"

Archie Parminter had paid one visit to the house, had stayed for one night, and he and Garratt Skinner and Walter Hine had sat up till morning, talking together in the library. Sylvia, waking up from a fitful sleep, had heard their voices again and again through the dark hours; and when the dawn was gray, she had heard them coming up to bed as on the first night of her return; and, as on that night, there was one who stumbled heavily. It was since that night that terror had distracted her.

"I have no longer any power," she said. "Something has happened to destroy my power. I have no longer any influence. Something was done upon that night." She shivered as though she guessed, and she looked at her clenched hand as though the clue lay hidden in its palm. There lay her great trouble; she had lost her influence over Walter Hine. She had knowledge of the under side of life, yes, but her father had a greater knowledge still. He had used his greater knowledge. Craftily and with a most ingenious subtlety he had destroyed her power, he had blunted her weapons. Hine was attracted by Sylvia, fascinated by her charm, her looks, and the gentle simplicity of her manner. Very well. On the other side, Garratt Skinner had held out a lure of greater attractions, greater fascination; and Sylvia was powerless.

"He has changed," Sylvia went on with her eyes fixed on Walter Hine. "Oh, not merely toward me; he has changed physically. Can you understand? He has grown nervous, restless, excitable, a thing of twitching limbs. Oh, and that 's not all—I will tell you. This morning it seemed to me that the color of his eyes had changed."

Chayne stared at her. "Sylvia!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, I have not lost my senses," she answered, and she resumed: "I only noticed that there was an alteration at first. I did not see in what the alteration lay. Then I saw. His eyes used to be light in color; this morning they were dark. I looked carefully, to make sure, and so I understood. The pupils of his eyes were so dilated that they covered the whole eyeball. Can you think why?" And even as she asked, she looked at that clenched hand of hers

Drawn by H. S. Potter. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'I AM AFRAID!' SHE SAID IN A TREMBLING WHISPER"

as though the answer to that question as well lay hidden there. "I am afraid," she said once more, and upon that Chayne committed the worst of the many indiscretions which had signalized his courtship.

"You are afraid? Sylvia, then let me take you away!"

At once Sylvia drew back. Had Chayne not spoken, she would have told him all that there was to tell. She was in the mood at this unguarded moment. She would have told him that during these last days Walter Hine had taken to drink once more. She would have opened that clenched fist and showed the thing it hid, even though the thing condemned her father beyond all hope of exculpation. But Chayne had checked her as surely as though he had laid the palm of his hand upon her lips. He would talk of love and flight, and of neither had she any wish to hear. She craved, with a great yearning, for sympathy and a little kindness, but Chayne was not content to offer what she needed. He would add more; and what he added marred the whole gift for Sylvia. She shook her head, and looking at him with a sad and gentle smile, said:

"Love is for the happy people."

"That is a hard saying, Sylvia," Chayne returned, "and not a true one."

"True to me," said Sylvia, with a deep conviction, and, as he advanced to her, she raised her hand to keep him off. "No, no," she cried, and had he listened, he might have heard a hint of exasperation in her voice. But he would not be warned.

"You can't go on living here, without sympathy, without love, without even kindness. Already it is evident. You are ill and tired. And you think to go on all your life or all your father's life. Sylvia, let me take you away!"

And each unwise word set him further and further from his aim. It seemed to her that there was no help anywhere. Chayne in front of her seemed to her almost as much her enemy as her father, who paced the lawn behind her, arm in arm with Walter Hine. She clasped her hands together with a quick, sharp movement.

"I will not let you take me away," she cried; "for I do not love you," and her voice had lost its gentleness, and grown cold and hard. Chayne began again, but whether it was with a renewal of his plea she did not hear; for she broke in upon him quickly:

"Please let me finish. I am, as you said, a little overwrought. Just hear me out, and leave me to bear my troubles by myself. You will make it easier for me." She saw that the words hurt her lover, but she did not modify them. She was in the mood to hurt. She had been betrayed by her need of sympathy into speaking words which she would gladly have recalled; she had been caught off her guard, and almost unawares, and she resented it. Chayne had told her that she looked ill and tired, and she resented that, too. No wonder she looked tired when she had her father with his secret treacheries on one side and an importunate lover upon the other. She thought for a moment or two how best to put what she had still to say.

"I have probably said to you," she resumed, "more than was right or fair—I mean fair to my father. I have no doubt exaggerated things. I want you to forget what I have said. For it led you into a mistake."

Chayne looked at her in perplexity.

"A mistake?"

"Yes," she answered. She was standing in front of him, with her forehead wrinkled and a somber, angry look in her eyes. "A mistake which I must correct. You said that I was living here without kindness. It is not true. My father is kind." And as Chayne raised his eyes in a mute protest she insisted on the word. "Yes, kind and thoughtful—thoughtful for others besides myself." A kind of obstinacy forced her on to enlarge upon the topic. "I can give you an instance which will surprise you."

"There is no need," Chayne said gently; but Sylvia was implacable.

"But there is need," she returned. "I beg you to hear me. When my father and I were at Weymouth, we drove one afternoon across the neck of the Chesil Beach to Portland."

Chayne looked at Sylvia quickly.

"Yes?" he said, and there was an indefinable change in his voice. He had consented to listen because she wished it; now he listened with keen attention,

for a strange thought had crept into his mind.

"We drove up the hill toward the plateau at the top of the island; but as we passed through the village—Fortune's Well, I think they call it—my father stopped the carriage at a tobacconist's, and went into the shop. He came out again with some plugs of tobacco—a good many—and got into the carriage. You won't guess why he bought them. I did n't."

"Well?" said Chayne, and now he spoke with suspense. Suspense, too, was visible in his quiet attitude. There was a mystery which, for Sylvia's sake, he wished to unravel. Why did Gabriel Strood now call himself Garratt Skinner? That was the mystery. But he must unravel it without doing any hurt to Sylvia. He could not go too warily; of that he had been sure ever since Kenyon had refused to speak of it. There might be some hidden thing which, for Sylvia's sake, must not be brought to light. Therefore he must find out the truth without help from any one. He wondered whether unconsciously Sylvia herself was going to give him the clue. Was she to tell him what she did not know herself—why Gabriel Strood was not Garratt Skinner? "Well?" he repeated.

"As we continued up the hill," she resumed, "my father cut up the tobacco into small pieces with his pocket-knife. 'Why are you doing that?' I asked, and he laughed and said, 'Wait; you will see.' At the top of the hill we got out of the carriage and walked across the open plateau. In front of us, rising high above a little village, stood out a hideous white building. My father asked if I knew what it was. I said I guessed."

"It was the prison," Chayne interrupted quickly.

"Yes."

"You went to it?"

Upon the answer to the question depended whether or no Chayne was to unravel his mystery to-day.

"No," replied Sylvia, and Chayne drew a breath. Had she answered "Yes," the suspicion which had formed within his mind must needs be set aside as clearly and finally disproved. Since she answered "No," the suspicion gathered strength. "We went, however, near to it. We went as close to it as the quarries. It was five o'clock in the afternoon, and as we came to the corner of the wall which surrounds the quarries, my father said: 'They have stopped work now.' "

"He knew that?" asked Chayne.

"Yes. We turned into a street which runs down toward the prison. On one side are small houses, on the other the long wall of the government quarries. The street was empty; only now and then —very seldom—some one passed along it. On the top of the wall there were sentry-boxes built at intervals, for the warders to overlook the convicts. But these were empty, too. The wall is not high; I suppose—in fact, my father said the quarry was deep on the other side."

"Yes," said Chayne, quietly. "And then?"

"Then we walked slowly along the street, and whenever there was no one near, my father threw some tobacco over the wall. 'I don't suppose they have a very enjoyable time,' he said. 'They will be glad to find the tobacco there to-morrow.' We walked up the street, and turned and came back, and when we reached the corner he said, with a laugh: 'That 's all, Sylvia. My pockets are empty.' We walked back to the carriage, and drove home again to Weymouth."

Sylvia had finished her story, and the mystery was clear to Chayne. She had told him the secret which she did not know herself. He was sure now why Gabriel Strood had changed his name; he knew now why Gabriel Strood no longer climbed the Alps, and why Kenyon would answer no question as to the disappearance of his friend.

"I have told you this," said Sylvia, "because you accused my father of unkindness and want of thought. Would you have thought of those poor prisoners over there in the quarries? If you had, would you have taken so much trouble just to give them a small luxury? I think they must have blessed the unknown man who thought for them, and showed them what so many want—a little sympathy and a little kindness."

Chayne bowed his head.

"Yes," he said gently; "I was unjust."

Indeed, even to himself he acknowledged that Garratt Skinner had shown an unexpected kindness, although he was sure of the reason for the act. He had no doubt that Garratt Skinner had labored in those quarries himself, and perhaps had himself picked up in bygone days, as he stooped over his work, tobacco thrown over the walls by some more fortunate man.

"I am glad you acknowledge that," said Sylvia; but her voice did not relent from its hostility. She stood without further word, expecting him to take his leave. Chayne recollected with how hopeful a spirit he had traveled down from London. His fine diplomacy had, after all, availed him little. He had gained certainly some unexpected knowledge, which convinced him still more thoroughly that the sooner he took Sylvia away from her father and his friends the better it would be. But he was no nearer to his desire. It might be that he was further off than ever.

"You are returning to London?" she asked.

"Yes; I have to call at the War Office to-morrow."

Sylvia had no curiosity as to that visit. She took no interest in it whatever, he noticed with a pang.

"And then?" she asked slowly, as she crossed the hall with him to the door. "You will go home?"

Chayne smiled rather bitterly.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Into Sussex?"

"Yes."

She opened the door, and after he had stepped across the threshold he turned suddenly toward her. "When I was a boy in Sussex, I used to see from our house, ten miles away, a great wall, very black and very high. It stood out in a dip of the downs against the sky. I used to wonder, as a boy will, not how it came there, but whether it could be scaled. One day I rode my pony out to the dip, and I found that my wall was a hedge three feet high. No more than that."

"Well?" said Sylvia.

"Well, that hedge still stands there; it reminds me, that is all."

She looked at him with a thoughtful scrutiny for a few moments; but whether her thoughts portended good or ill for him, he could not tell.

"Good-by," she said, and he learned no more from her voice than he had done from her looks. He walked away down the lane, and, having gone a few yards, he looked back. Sylvia was still standing in the doorway, watching him with grave and thoughtful eyes; but there was no invitation to him to return. And turning away, again he walked on.

Sylvia went up-stairs to her room. She unclenched her hand at last. In its palm there lay a little vial containing a colorless solution; but there was a label upon the vial, and on the label was written "cocaine." It was that which had struck at her influence over Walter Hine. It was to introduce this drug that Archie Parminter had been brought down from London and the West-End clubs.

"It 's drunk a good deal in a quiet way," Archie had said, as he made a pretense himself to drink it.

"You leave such drugs to the aristocracy, Walter," Garratt Skinner had chimed in. "Just a taste, if you like; but go gently."

Sylvia had not been present; but she conjectured the scene, and her conjecture was not far from the truth. "But why?" she asked, and again fear took hold of her. "What was to be gained?" There were limits to Sylvia's knowledge of the under side of life. She did not guess.

She turned to her mirror and looked at herself. Yes, she looked tired, she looked ill; but she was not grateful for having the fact pointed out to her. And while she still looked, she heard her father's voice calling for her. She shivered, as though her fear once more laid hold on her. Then she locked the bottle of cocaine away in a drawer and ran lightly down the stairs.

XVIII

BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION

CHAYNE'S house stood high upon a slope of the Sussex Downs. Built of stone two centuries ago, it seemed gradually to have taken on the brown color of the hill behind it, subduing itself to the general scheme, even as birds and animals will

do; so that strangers who searched for it in the valley discovered it by the upward swirl of smoke from its wide chimneys. On its western side, and just beneath the house, there was a cleft in the downs through which the highroad ran, and in the cleft the houses of a tiny village clustered even as at the foot of some old castle in Picardy. On the east the great ridge, with its shadow-holding hollows, its rounded, gorse-strewn slopes of grass, rolled away for ten miles, and then dipped suddenly to the banks of the River Arun. The house faced the south, and from its high, terraced garden a great stretch of park and forest lawn was visible, where, amid the green and russet of elm and beach, a cluster of yews set here and there gave the illusion of a black and empty space. Beyond the forest land a lower ridge of hills rose up, and over that ridge one saw the spires of Chichester, and the level flats of Selsea reaching to the sea.

Into this garden Chayne came on the next afternoon, and, as he walked along its paths alone, he could almost fancy that his dead father paced, with the help of his stick, at his side, talking, as had been his wont, of this or that improvement needed by the farms, pointing out to him a meadow in the hollow beneath which might soon be coming into the market, and always ending up with the same plea:

"Now that your brother is dead, is n't it time, Hilary, that you married and came home to look after it all yourself?"

Chayne had turned a deaf ear to that plea, but it made its appeal to him tonight. Wherever his eyes rested, he recaptured something of his boyhood; the country-side was alive with memories. He looked south and remembered how the perished cities of history had acquired reality by taking on the aspect of Chichester lying low there on the flats, and how the spires of the fabled towns of his story-books had caught the light of the setting sun, just as did now the towers of the cathedral. Eastward, in the dip between the shoulder of the downs and the trees of Arundel Park, a long, black hedge stood out with a remarkable definition against the sky,—the hedge of which he had spoken to Sylvia,—the great, dark wall of brambles guarding the precincts of the Sleeping Beauty. He recalled the adventurous day when he had first ridden alone upon his pony along the great back of the downs, and had come down to it through a sylvan country of silence and ferns and open spaces; and had discovered it to be no more than a hedge waist-high. The dusk came upon him as he loitered in that solitary garden; the lights shone out in cottage and farm-house; and more closely still his memories crowded about him weaving spells. Some one to share them with! Chayne had no need to wait for old age before he learned the wisdom of Michel Revailloud. For his heart leaped now, as he dreamed of exploring once more, with Sylvia at his side, the enchanted country of his boyhood—gallops in the quiet summer mornings along that still visible track across the downs by which the Roman legions had marched in the old days from London as straight as a die to Chichester; winter days with the hounds; a rush on windy afternoons in a sloop-rigged boat down the Arun to Littlehampton. Chayne's heart leaped with a passionate longing as he dreamed, and sank as he turned again to the blank windows of the empty house.

He dined alone, and while he dined, he evoked Sylvia's presence at the table, setting her not at the far end, but at the side and close, so that a hand might now and then touch hers; calling up into her face her slow, hesitating smile; seeing her still, gray eyes grow tender—in a word, watching the Madonna change into the woman. He went into the library, where, since the night had grown chilly, a fire was lighted. It was a place of comfort, with high bookshelves, deep-cushioned chairs, and dark curtains. But no less than the dining-room it needed another presence, and lacking that, lacked everything. It needed the girl with the tired and terror-haunted face. Here, surely, the fear would die out of her soul, the eyes would lose their shadows, the feet regain the lightness of their step.

Chayne took down his favorite books, but they failed him. Between the pages and his eyes one face would shape itself. He looked into the fire, and sought as of old to picture in the flames

some mountain on which his hopes were set, and to discover the right line for its ascent. But even that pastime brought no solace for his discontent. The house oppressed him. It was empty, it was silent. He drew aside the curtains, and looking down into the valley through the clear night air, watched the lights in cottage and farm with the envy born of his loneliness.

In spite of the brave words he had used, he wondered to-night whether the three-foot hedge was not, after all, to prove the unassailable wall. And it was important that he should know. For, if it were so, why, then, he had not called at the War Office in vain. A proposal had been made to him that he should join a commission for the delimitation of a distant frontier. A year's work and an immediate departure—those were the conditions. Within two days he must make up his mind; within ten days he must leave England.

Chayne pondered over the decision which he must make. If he had lost Sylvia, here was the mission to accept. For it meant complete severance, a separation not to be measured by miles alone, but by the nature of the work, and the comrades, and even the character of the vegetation. He went to bed in doubt, thinking that the morning might bring him counsel. It brought him a letter from Sylvia instead.

The letter was long; it was written in haste; it was written in great distress, so that words which were rather unkind were written down. But the message of the letter was clear. Chayne was not to come again to the House of the Running Water nor to the little house in London when she returned to it. They were not to meet again. She did not wish it.

Chayne burned the letter as soon as he had read it, taking no offense at the hasty words. "I seem to have worried her more than I thought," he said to himself, with a wistful smile. "I am sorry." And again, as the sparks died out from the black ashes of the letter, he repeated: "Poor little girl! I am very sorry."

So the house would always be silent and empty.

Sylvia had written the letter in haste on the very evening of Chayne's visit, and had hurried out to post it in fear lest she might change in the morning. But in the morning she was aware only of a great lightness of spirit. She could now devote herself to the work of her life, and for two long, tiring days she kept Walter Hine at her side. But now he sought to avoid her. The little energy he had ever had was gone; he alternated between exhilaration and depression; he preferred, it seemed, to be alone. For two days, however, Sylvia persevered, and on the third her lightness of spirit unaccountably deserted her.

She drove with Walter Hine that morning, and something of his own irritability seemed to have passed into her; so that he turned to her and asked:

"What have I done? Are n't you pleased with me? Why are you angry?"

"I am not angry," she replied, turning her great gray eyes upon him. "But if you wish to know, I miss something."

So much she owned. She missed something, and she knew very well what it was that she missed. Even as Chayne in his Sussex home had ached to know that the house lacked a particular presence, so it began to be with Sylvia in Dorsetshire.

"Yet he has been absent for a longer time," she argued with herself, "and I have not missed him. Indeed, I have been glad of his absence." And the answer came quickly from her thoughts: "At any time you could have called him to your side, and you knew it. Now you have sent him away for always."

During the week the sense of loss, the feeling that everything was unbearably incomplete, grew stronger and stronger within her. She had no heart for the losing battle in which she was engaged. A dangerous question began to force itself forward in her mind whenever her eyes rested upon Walter Hine. "Was he worth while?" she asked herself, though as yet she did not define all that the "while" connoted. The question was most prominent in her mind on the seventh day after the letter had been sent. She had persuaded Walter Hine to mount with her to the down behind the house. They came to the great White Horse, and Hine, pleading fatigue,—a plea which during these last days had been ever on his lips,—flung himself down

upon the grass. For a little time Sylvia sat idly watching the great battleships at firing practice in the bay. It was an afternoon of August; a light haze hung in the still air, softening the distant promontories; and on the waveless, sparkling sea the great ships, coal-black to the eye, circled about the targets, with now and then a roar of thunder and a puff of smoke, like some monstrous engines of heat—heat stifling and oppressive. By sheer contrast, Sylvia began to dream of the cool glaciers, and the Chalet de Lognan suddenly stood visible before her eyes. She watched the sunlight die off the red rocks of the Chardonnet, the evening come with silent feet across the snow, and the starlit night follow close upon its heels; night fled as she dreamed. She saw the ice-slope on the Aiguille d'Argentière; she could almost hear the *chip-chip* of the axes as the steps were cut, and the perpetual hiss as the ice-fragments streamed down the slope. Then she looked toward Walter Hine with the speculative inquiry which had come so often into her eyes of late. And, as she looked, she saw him furtively take from a pocket a tabloid or capsule, and slip it secretly into his mouth.

"How long have you been taking cocaine?" she asked suddenly.

Walter Hine flushed scarlet, and turned to her with a shrinking look.

"I don't," he stammered.

"Yet you left a bottle of the drug where I found it."

"That was not mine," said he, still more confused. "That was Archie Parminter's. He left it behind."

"Yes," said Sylvia, finding here a suspicion confirmed. "But he left it for you?"

"And if I did take it," said Hine, turning irritably to her, "what can it matter to you? I believe that what your father says is true."

"What does he say?"

"That you care for Captain Chayne, and that it 's no use for any one else to think of you."

Sylvia started.

"Oh, he says that!"

She understood now one of the methods of the new intrigue. Sylvia was in love with Chayne; therefore Walter Hine may console himself with cocaine. It was not Garratt Skinner who suggested it; oh, no! But Archie Parminter is invited for the night, takes the drug himself, or pretends to take it, praises it, describes how the use of it has grown in the West End and among the clubs, and then conveniently leaves the drug behind, and no doubt supplies it as it is required.

Sylvia began to dilate upon its ill effects, and suddenly broke off. A great disgust was within her and stopped her speech. She got to her feet. "Let us go home," she said, and she went very quickly down the hill. When she came to the house she ran up-stairs to her room, locked the door, and flung herself upon her bed. Walter Hine, her father, their plots and intrigues, were swept clean from her mind as of no account. Her struggle for the mastery became unimportant in her thoughts, a folly, a waste. For what her father had said was true: she cared for Chayne. And what she herself had said to Chayne when first he came to the House of the Running Water was no less true: "If I loved, I think nothing else would count at all except that I loved."

She had judged herself aright. She knew that as she lay prone upon her bed, plunged in misery, while the birds called upon the boughs in the garden, and the mill-stream filled the room with its leaping music. In a few minutes a servant knocked upon the door and told her that tea was ready in the library; but she returned no answer. And in a few minutes more, or so it seemed,—but meanwhile the dusk had come,—there came another knock, and she was told that dinner had been served. But to that message again she returned no answer. The noises of the busy day ceased in the fields, the birds were hushed upon the branches, quiet and darkness took and refreshed the world. Only the throbbing music of the stream beat upon the ears, and beat with a louder significance, since all else was still. Sylvia lay staring wide-eyed into the darkness. To the murmur of this music, in perhaps this very room, she had been born. "Why," she asked piteously, "Why?" Of what use was it that she must suffer?

Of all the bad hours of her life, these

were the worst. For the yearning for happiness and love throbbed and cried at her heart louder and louder, just as the music of the stream swelled to importance with the coming of the night. And she learned that she had had both love and happiness within her grasp and that she had thrown them away for a shadow. She thought of the letter which she had written, recalling its phrases with a sinking heart.

"No man could forgive them. I must have been mad," she said, and she huddled herself upon her bed and wept aloud.

She ran over in her mind the conversations which she and Hilary Chayne had exchanged, and each recollection accused her of impatience and paid a tribute to his gentleness. On the very first day he had asked her to go with him, and her heart cried out now:

"Why did n't I go?"

He had been faithful and loyal ever since, and she had called his faithfulness importunity and his loyalty a humiliation. She struck a match, looked at her watch, and by habit wound it up. And she drearily wondered on how many, many nights she would have to wind it up, and speculate in ignorance what he, her lover, was doing, and in what corner of the world, before the end of her days was reached. What would become of her? she asked. And she raised the corner of a curtain, and glanced at the bright picture of what might have been. And glancing at it, the demand for happiness raised her in revolt.

She lighted her candle and wrote another letter—of the shortest. It contained but these few words:

"Oh, please forgive me! Come back and forgive! Oh, you must!"

And having written them, Sylvia stole quietly down-stairs, let herself out at the door, and posted them.

Two nights afterward she leaned out of her window at midnight, wondering whether by the morrow's post she would receive an answer to her message. And while she wondered, she understood that the answer would not come that way; for suddenly in the moonlit road beneath her she saw standing the one who was to send it. Chayne had himself brought the answer. For a moment she distrusted her own eyes, believing that her thoughts had raised this phantom to delude her. But the figure in the road moved beneath her window and she heard his voice call to her: "Sylvia! Sylvia!"

XIX

THE SHADOW IN THE ROOM

Sylvia raised her hand suddenly, enjoining silence, and turned back into the room. She had heard a door slam violently within the house, and now voices rose from the hall. Her father and Walter Hine were coming up early to-night from the library, and, it seemed, in anger. At all events, Walter Hine was angry. His voice rang up the stairway shrill and violent.

"Why do you keep it from me? I will have it, I tell you. I am not a child," and an oath or two garnished the sentences.

Sylvia heard her father reply with the patronage which never failed to sting the vanity of his companion, which was the surest means to provoke a quarrel, if a quarrel he desired.

"Go to bed, Wallie! Leave such things to Archie Parminter. You are too young."

His voice was friendly, but a little louder than he generally used, so that Sylvia clearly distinguished every word; so clearly indeed, that had he wished her to hear, thus he would have spoken. She heard the two men mount the stairs, Hine still protesting with the violence which had grown on him of late; Garratt Skinner seeking apparently to calm him, and apparently oblivious that every word he spoke inflamed Walter Hine the more. She had a fear there would be blows—blows struck, of course, by Hine. She knew the reason of the quarrel: her father was depriving Hine of his drug. They passed up-stairs, however, and on the landing above she heard their doors close. Then coming back to the window, she made a sign to Chayne, slipped a cloak about her shoulders, and stole quietly down the dark stairs to the door. She unlocked the door gently, and went out to her lover. Upon the threshold she hesitated, chilled by a fear as to how he would greet her. But he turned to

her, and in the moonlight she saw his face and read it. There was no anger there. She ran toward him.

"Oh, my dear!" she cried in a low, trembling voice, and his arms enclosed her. As she felt them hold her to him, and knew indeed that it was he, her lover, whose lips bent down to hers, there broke from her a long sigh of such relief and such great uplifting happiness as comes but seldom—perhaps no more than once—in the life of any man or woman. Her voice sank to a whisper, and yet was very clear, and, to the man who heard it, sweet as never music was.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, you have come, then!" and she stroked his face, and her hands clung about his neck, to make very sure.

"Were you afraid that I would n't come, Sylvia?" he asked, with a low, quiet laugh.

She lifted her face into the monlight, so that he saw at once the tears bright in her eyes and the smile trembling upon her lips.

"No," she said; "I rather thought that you would come," and she laughed as she spoke. Or did she sob? He could hardly tell, so near she was to both. "Oh, but I could not be sure! I wrote with so much unkindness," and her eyes dropped from his in shame.

"Hush!" he said, and he held her close.

"Have you forgiven me? Oh, please forgive me!"

"Long since," said he.

But Sylvia was not reassured.

"Ah, but you won't forget!" she said ruefully. "One can forgive, but one can't forget what one forgives," and then, since even in her remorse hope was uppermost with her that night, she cried, "Oh, Hilary, do you think you ever will forget what I wrote to you?"

And again Chayne laughed quietly at her fears.

"What does it matter what you wrote a week ago, since to-night we are here, you and I—together, in the moonlight, for all the world to see that we are lovers?"

She drew him quickly aside into the shadow of the wall.

"Are you afraid we shall be seen?" he asked.

"No; but afraid we may be interrupted," she replied, with a clear trill of laughter, which showed to her lover that her fears had passed.

"The whole village is asleep, Sylvia," he said in a whisper; and as he spoke a blind was lifted in an upper story of the house, a window was flung wide, and the light streamed out from it into the moonlit air, and spread over their heads like a great yellow fan. Walter Hine leaned his elbows on the sill and looked out.

Sylvia moved deeper into the shadow.

"He cannot see us," said Chayne, with a smile, and he set his arm about her waist; and so they stood very quiet.

The house was built a few yards back from the road, and on each side of it the high wall of the garden curved in toward it, making thus an open, graveled space in front of its windows. Sylvia and her lover stood at one of the corners where the wall curved in; the shadow reached out beyond their feet and lay upon the white road in a black triangle; they could hardly be seen from any window of the house, and certainly they could not be recognized. But, on the other hand they could see. From behind Walter Hine the light streamed out clear. The ceiling of the room was visible, and the shadow of the lamp upon it, and even the top part of the door in the far corner.

"We will wait until he turns back into the room," Sylvia whispered; and for a little while they stood and watched. Then she felt Chayne's arm tighten about her and hold her still.

"Do you see?" he cried in a low, quick voice. "Sylvia, do you see?"

"What?"

"The door. Look! Behind him! The door!" and Sylvia, looking as he bade her, started, and barely stifled the cry which rose to her lips. For behind Walter Hine the door in the far corner of the room was opening very slowly, very stealthily, as though the hand which opened it feared to be detected. So noiselessly had the latch been loosed that Walter Hine did not so much as turn his head. Nor did he turn it now. He heard nothing. He leaned from the window, with his elbows on the sill, and behind him the gap between the door and the wall grew wider and wider. The door opened into the room and toward the

window, so that the two people in the shadow below could see nothing of the intruder. But the secrecy of his coming had something sinister and most alarming. Sylvia joined her hands above her lover's arm, holding her breath.

"Shout to him," she whispered. "Cry out that there 's danger."

"Not yet," said Chayne, with his eyes fixed upon the lighted room; and then, in spite of herself, a low and startled cry broke from Sylvia's lips. A great shadow had been suddenly flung upon the ceiling of the room—the shadow of a man, distorted and made monstrous by the light. The intruder had entered the room and with so much stealth that his presence was noticed only by the two who watched in the road below. But even they could not see who the intruder was; they saw only the shadow on the ceiling.

Walter Hine, however, heard Sylvia's cry, faint though it was. He leaned forward from the window and peered down.

"Now!" said Sylvia—"now!"

But Chayne did not answer. He was watching with an extraordinary suspense. He seemed not to hear. And on the ceiling the shadow moved, and changed its shape, now dwindling, now growing larger again, now disappearing altogether, as though the intruder stooped below the level of the lamp; and once there was flung on the white plaster the huge image of an arm which had something in its hand. Was the arm poised above the lamp, on the point of smashing it with the thing it held? Chayne waited, with a cry upon his lips, expecting each moment that the room would be plunged in darkness. But the cry was not uttered, the arm was withdrawn. It had not been raised to smash the lamp; the thing which the hand held was for some other purpose. And once more the shadow appeared moving and changing as the intruder crept nearer to the window. Sylvia stood motionless. She had thought to cry out now; she was fascinated. A spell of terror constrained her to silence. And then suddenly behind Walter Hine there stood out clearly in the light the head and shoulders of Garratt Skinner.

"My father!" said Sylvia in relief. Her clasp upon Chayne's arm relaxed; her terror passed from her. In the revulsion of her feelings she laughed quietly at her past fear. Chayne looked quickly and curiously at her. Then as quickly he looked again at the window. Both men in the room were now lighted up by the yellow light; their attitudes, their figures, were very clear, but small like marionettes upon the stage of some tiny theater. Chayne watched them with no less suspense now that he knew who the intruder was. Unlike Sylvia, he had betrayed no surprise when he had seen Garratt Skinner's head and shoulders rise into view behind Walter Hine; and, unlike Sylvia, he did not relax his vigilance. Suddenly Garratt Skinner stepped forward very quickly, very silently. With one step he was close behind his friend; and then just as he was about to move again,—it seemed to Sylvia that he was raising his arm, perhaps to touch his friend upon the shoulder,—Chayne whistled—whistled sharply, shrilly, and with a kind of urgency which Sylvia did not understand.

Walter Hine leaned forward out of the window. That was quite natural. But, on the other hand Garratt Skinner did nothing of the kind. To Sylvia's surprise, he stepped back, and almost out of sight. Very likely he thought that he was out of sight. But to the watchers in the road his head was just visible. He was peering over Walter Hine's shoulder.

Again Chayne whistled, and, not content with whistling, he cried out in a feigned bucolic accent:

"I see you."

At once Garratt Skinner's head disappeared altogether.

Walter Hine peered down into the darkness whence the whistle came, curving his hands above his forehead to shut out the light behind him; and behind him once more the shadow appeared upon the ceiling and the wall. A third time Chayne whistled; and Walter Hine cried out:

"What is it?"

And behind him the shadow vanished from the ceiling and the door began to close softly and stealthily, just as softly and stealthily as it had opened.

Again Hine cried out:

"Who 's there? What is it?"

And Chayne laughed aloud derisively, as though he were some yokel practising a joke. Hine turned back into the room. The room was empty but the door was unlatched. He disappeared from the window, and the watchers below saw the door slammed to, heard the sound of the slamming, and then another sound—the sound of a key turning in the lock.

It seemed almost that Chayne had been listening for that sound; for he turned at once to Sylvia.

"We puzzled them fairly, did n't we?" he said, with a smile. But the smile somehow seemed hardly real, and his face was very white.

"It 's the moonlight," he explained. "Come!"

They walked quietly through the silent village, where the thick eaves of the cottages threw their black shadows on the white, moonlit road, past the mill and the running water, to the gate which opened on the down. They latched the gate noiselessly, and climbed the bare slope of grass. Half-way up, Chayne turned and looked down upon the house. There was no longer any light in any window. He turned to Sylvia and slipped his arm through hers.

"Come close," said he, and now there was no doubt the smile was real. "Shall we keep step, do you think?"

"If we go always like this, we might," said Sylvia, with a smile.

"At times there will be a step to be cut, no doubt," said he.

"You once said that I could stand firm while the step was being cut," she answered. Always at the back of both their minds, evident from time to time in some such phrase as this, was the thought of the mountain upon which their friendship had been sealed. Friendship had become love here in the quiet Dorsetshire village, but in both their thoughts it had another background—ice-slopes and rock spire and the bright sun over all.

XX

ON THE DOWN

Sylvia led the way to a little hollow just beneath the ridge of the downs, a sheltered spot open to the sea. On the other three sides bushes grew about it, and dry branches and leaves deeply carpeted its floor. Here they rested and were silent. Upon Sylvia's troubled heart there had fallen a mantle of deep peace. The strife, the fears, the torturing questions, had become dim, like the small griefs of childhood. Even the incident of the lighted window vexed her not at all.

"Hilary," she said softly, lingering on the name, since to frame it and utter it and hear her lips speaking it greatly pleased her—"Hilary," and her hand sought his, and, finding it, she was content.

It was a warm night of August. Overhead the moon sailed in a cloudless summer sky, drowning the stars. To the right, far below, the lamps of Weymouth curved about the shore, and in front the great bay shimmered like a jewel. Seven miles across it the massive bluff of Portland pushed into the sea; and even those rugged cliffs were subdued to the beauty of the night. Beneath them the riding-lights shone steady upon the masts of the battleships. Sylvia looked out upon the scene with an overflowing heart. Often she had gazed on it before, and she marveled now how quickly she had turned aside. Her eyes were now susceptible to beauty as they had never been. There was a glory upon land and sea, a throbbing tenderness in the warm air, of which she had not known till now. It seemed to her that she had lived until this night in a prison. Once the doors had been set ajar for a little while,—just for a night and a day in the quiet of the high Alps,—but only now had they been opened wide. Only to-night had she passed through and looked forth with an unhindered vision upon the world; and she discovered it to be a place of wonders and sweet magic.

"They were true, then," she said, with a smile upon her lips.

"Of what do you speak?" asked Chayne.

"My dreams," Sylvia answered, knowing that she was justified of them. "For I have come awake into the land of my dreams, and I know it at last to be a real land, even to the sound of running water."

For from the hollow at her feet the

music of the mill stream rose to her ears through the still night, very clear and with a murmur of laughter. Sylvia looked down toward it. She saw it flashing like a ribbon of silver in the garden of the dark, quiet house. There was no breath of wind in that garden, and all the great trees were still. She saw the intricate pattern of their boughs traced upon the lawn in black and silver.

"In that house I was born," she said softly, "to the noise of that stream. I am very glad to know that in that house, too, my great happiness has come to me."

Chayne leaned forward, and sitting side by side with Sylvia, gazed down upon it with rapture. Oh, wonderful house where Sylvia was born! How much the world owed to it!

"It was there!" he said with awe.

"Yes," replied Sylvia. She was not without a proper opinion of herself, and it seemed rather a wonderful house to her, too.

"Perhaps on some such night as this," he said, and at once took the words back. "No! You were born on a sunny morning of July, and the blackbirds on the branches told the good news to the blackbirds on the lawn, and the stream took up the message, and rippled it out to the ships upon the sea. There were no wrecks that day."

Sylvia turned to him, her face made tender by a smile, her dark eyes kind and bright.

"Hilary!" she whispered. "Oh, Hilary!"

"Sylvia!" he replied, mimicking her tone. And Sylvia laughed with the clear, melodious, low note of happiness. All her old life was whirled away upon those notes of laughter. She leaned to her lover with a sigh of contentment, her hair softly touching his cheek; her eyes once more dropped to the still garden and the dark, square house at the foot of the down.

"There you asked me to marry you, to go away with you," she said, and she caught his hand and held it close against her breast.

"Yes, there I first asked you," he said, and some distress, forgotten in these first perfect moments, suddenly found voice. "Sylvia, why did n't you come with me then? Oh, my dear, if you only had!"

But Sylvia's happiness was as yet too fresh, too loud at her throbbing heart, for her to mark the jarring note.

"I did not want to then," she replied, and lightly then, tightening her clasp upon his hand: "But now I do. Oh, Hilary, I do!"

"If only you had wanted then!"

Though he spoke low, the anguish of his voice was past mistaking. Sylvia looked at him quickly and most anxiously; and as quickly she looked away.

"Oh, no," she whispered hurriedly.

Her happiness could not be so short-lived a thing. Her heart stood still at the thought. It could not be that she had set foot actually within the dream-land, to be forthwith cast out again. She thought of the last week, its aching, lonely hours. She needed her lover at her side, longed for him with a great yearning, and would not let him go.

"I 'll not listen, Hilary," she said stubbornly. "I will not hear. No."

Chayne drew her close to his side.

"There is bad news, Sylvia."

The cry died away upon her lips. The words crushed the rebellion in her heart, they were so familiar. It seemed to her that all her life bad news had been brought to her by every messenger. She shivered and was silent, looking straight out across the moonlit sea. Then in a small, trembling voice, like a child's, she pleaded, still holding her face averted:

"Don't go away from me, Hilary! Oh, please! Don't go away from me now!"

Her voice, her words, went to Chayne's heart. He knew that pride and a certain reticence were her natural qualities. That she should throw aside the one, break through the other, proved to him indeed how very much she cared, how very much she needed him.

"Sylvia," he cried, "it will only be for a little while." Again silence followed upon his words.

Since bad news was to be imparted, strength was needed to bear it; and habit had long since taught Sylvia that silence was the best nurse of strength. She did not turn her face toward her lover; but she drooped her head and clenched her hands tightly together upon her knees, nerving herself for the blow. The movement, slight though it was,

stirred Chayne to pity, and hurt him with an intolerable pain, it betrayed so unmistakably the long habit of suffering. She sat silent, motionless, with the dumb patience of a wounded animal.

"Oh, Sylvia, why did you not come with me on that first day!" he cried.

"Tell me your bad news, dear," she replied gently.

"I cannot help it," he began in broken tones. "Sylvia, you will see that there is no escape, that I must go. An appointment was offered to me—by the War Office. It was offered to me, pressed on me the day after I last came here, the day after we were together in the library. I did not know what to do. I did not accept it; but it seemed to me that each time I came to see you we became more and more estranged. I was given two days to make up my mind, and within the two days, my dear, your letter came, telling me you did not wish to see me any more."

"Oh, Hilary!" she whispered.

"I accepted the appointment at once. There were reasons why I welcomed it. It would take me abroad."

"Abroad!" she cried.

"Yes, I welcomed that. To be near you and not to see you; to be near you and know that others were talking with you —any one, every one except me; to be near you and know that you were unhappy and in trouble, and that I could not even tell you how deeply I was sorry —I dreaded that, Sylvia. And yet I dreaded one thing more: here, in England, at each turn of the street I should think to come upon you suddenly. To pass you as a stranger, or almost as a stranger—no; I could not do it."

"Oh, Hilary!" she whispered, and, lifting his hand, she laid it against her cheek.

"So for a week I was glad. But this morning I received your second letter, Sylvia. It came too late, my dear. There was no time to obtain a substitute."

Sylvia turned to him with a startled face.

"When do you go?"

"Very soon."

"When?"

The words had to be spoken.

"To-morrow morning. I catch the first train from Weymouth to Southampton. We sail from Southampton at noon."

Habit again came to her assistance. She turned away from him so that he might not see her face, and he went on:

"Had there been more time, I could have made arrangements. Some one else could have gone. As it is—" he broke off suddenly, and bending toward her, cried: "Sylvia, say that I must go."

But she could not bring herself to that. She was minded to hold with both hands the good thing which had come to her this night. She shook her head. He sought to turn her face to his, but she looked stubbornly away.

"And when will you return?" she asked.

"In a few months, Sylvia."

"When?"

"In June."

She counted off the months upon her fingers.

"So after to-night," she said in a low voice, "I shall not see you any more for all these months. The winter must pass and the spring, too. Oh, Hilary!" She turned to him with a quivering face and whispered piteously: "Don't go, my dear! Don't go!"

"Say that I must go!" he insisted, and she laughed with scorn. Then the laughter ceased, and she said:

"There will be danger?"

"None," he cried.

"Yes, from sickness, and"—her voice broke in a sob—"I shall not be near."

"I will take great care, Sylvia. Be sure of that," he answered. "Now that I have you, I will take great care," and leaning toward her, as she sat with her hands clasped upon her knees, he touched her hair with his lips very tenderly.

"Oh, Hilary, what shall I do? Till you come back to me, what shall I do?"

"I have thought of it, Sylvia. I thought this. It might be better if for these months—they will not pass quickly, my dear, either for you or me. They will be long, slow months for both of us. That 's the truth, my dear. But since they must be got through, I thought it might be better if you went back to your mother."

Sylvia shook her head.

"It would be better," he urged, with a look toward the house.

"I can't do that. Afterward—in a year's time—when we are together, I should like very much for both of us to go to her. But my mother forbade it when I went away from Chamonix. I was not to come whining back to her—those were her words. We parted altogether that night."

She spoke with an extreme simplicity. There was neither an appeal for pity nor a hint of any bitterness in her voice. But the words moved Chayne all the more on that account. He would be leaving a very lonely, friendless girl to battle through the months of his absence by herself; and to battle with what? He was not sure. But he had not taken so lightly the shadow on the ceiling and the opening door.

"If only you had come with me on that first day!" he cried.

"I will have to-night to look back upon, my dear," she said. "That will be something. Oh, if I had not asked you to come back! If you had gone away, and said nothing! What would I have done then? As it is, I will know that you are thinking of me." Suddenly she turned to him, and held him away from her in a spasm of fear, while her eyes searched his face. But in a moment they melted, and a smile made her lips beautiful. "Oh, yes, I can trust you," she said, and she nestled against him contentedly like a child.

For a little while they sat thus, and then her eyes sought the garden and the house at her feet. It seemed that the sinister plot was not, after all, to develop in that place of quiet and old peace without her for its witness. It seemed that she was to be kept by some fatality close-fettered to the task, the hopeless task, which she would now gladly have foregone. And she wondered whether, after all, she was in some way meant to watch the plot, perhaps, after all, to hinder it.

"Hilary," she said, "you remember that evening at the Chalet de Lognan."

"Do I remember it?"

"You explained to me a law—that those who know, must use their knowledge, if, by using it, they can save a soul or save a life."

"Yes," he said, vaguely remembering that he had spoken in this strain.

"Well, I have been trying to obey that law. Do you understand? I want you to understand. For when I have been unkind, as I have been many times, it was, I think, because I was not obeying it with very much success. And I should like you to believe and know that. For when you are away you will remember in spite of yourself, the times when I was bitter."

Her words made clear to him many things which had perplexed him during these last weeks. Her friendship for Walter Hine became intelligible. As if to leave him no shadow of doubt, she went on:

"You see, I knew the under side of things, and I seemed to see the opportunity to use the knowledge. So I tried to save." Whether it was life or soul or both, she did not say. She did not add that so far she had tried in vain; she did not mention the bottle of cocaine, or the dread which of late had so oppressed her. She was careful of her lover. Since he had to go, since he must needs be absent, she would spare him anxieties and dark thoughts which he could do nothing to dispel. But, even so, he obtained a clearer insight into the distress which she had suffered in that house, and the bravery with which she had borne it.

"Sylvia," he said, "I had no thought, no wish, that what I said should stay with you."

"Yet it did," she answered, "and I was thankful. I am thankful even now. For though I would gladly give up all the struggle now, if I had you instead; since I have not you, I am thankful for the law. It was your voice which spoke it; it came from you. It will keep you near me all through the black months until you come back. Oh, Hilary!" and the brave argument spoken to enhearten herself and him ended suddenly in a most wistful cry. Chayne caught her to him.

"Oh, Sylvia!" and he added: "The life is not yet saved!"

"Perhaps I am given to the summer," she answered, and then, with a whimsical change of humor, she laughed tenderly: "Oh, but I wish I was n't. You will write? Letters will come from you."

"As often as possible, my dear. But they won't come often."

"Let them be long, then," she whispered—"very long," and she leaned her head against his shoulder.

"Lie close, my dear!" said he. "Lie close!"

For a while longer they talked in low voices to one another the words which lovers know and keep fragrant in their memories. The night, warm and clear, drew on toward morning, and the passage of the hours was unremarked. For both of them there was a glory upon the moonlit land and sea which made of it a new world. And into this new world both walked for the first time—walked in their youth and hand in hand. Each for the first time knew the double pride of loving and being loved. In spite of their troubles, they were not to be pitied, and they knew it. The gray morning light flooded the sky and turned the moon into a pale white disk.

"Lie close, my dear!" he repeated. "It is not time."

In the trees in the garden below the blackbirds began to bustle among the leaves, and all at once their clear, sweet music thrilled upward to the lovers in the hollow of the down.

"Lie close, my dear!" he repeated.

They watched the sun leap into the heavens and flash down the channel in golden light.

"The night has gone," said Chayne.

"Nothing can take it from us while we live," answered Sylvia, very softly. She raised herself from her couch of leaves.

Then from one of the cottages in the tiny village a blue coil of smoke rose into the air.

"It is time," said Chayne, and they rose, and hand in hand walked down the slope of the hill to the house. Sylvia unlatched the door noiselessly and went in. Chayne stepped in after her, and in the silent hall they took farewell of one another.

"Good-by, my dear!" she whispered, with the tears in her eyes and in her voice, and she clung to him a little, and so let him go. She held the door ajar until the sound of his footsteps had died away, and after that. For she fancied that she heard them still, since she so deeply wished to hear them. Then with a breaking heart she went up the stairs to her room.

(To be continued)

TO SWINBURNE

BY GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

ELOQUENT master, thy melodious rage
Our latter song may not aspire to reach,
Our eyes beheld the magic of thy speech
Conjure the love-queens of a perished age,
Yea, clothe with life their spectral forms, and wage,
When the sight stung thee, war with Heaven for each:
Only the rolling anthem of the beach
Could break the spell and end thy vassalage.

The sea, thy true love, taught thy lyric tongue
The mighty music of her mutiny:
Thy voice as hers the ages shall prolong
And, praising numbers, men shall ask of thee:
"Is it the sea that thunders in his song,
Or is it his song reverberates in the sea?"

From the original painting in the Prado Museum, Madrid

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. BY MURILLO

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF
OLD SPANISH MASTERS: TWENTY-SEVENTH OF THE SERIES)

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS

TWENTY-SEVENTH OF THE SERIES

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

BY

MURILLO

THE RETURN OF THE ANCIENT

BY GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

WITH PICTURES BY C. EWING

THIS is the story of Weston, and of how he fooled the Frenchmen — or how he did not. The Quarter—at least that segment of it which radiates from the bronze gates of the Beaux-Arts—has never been quite certain. But you shall judge for yourselves.

Weston had finished with the Beaux-Arts and frankly regretted it. Normally patriotic, he found nothing thrilling in the thought of home. His life in the Quarter had been a joyful development. An innate reticence of spirit, a timidity which, in the two years of his architectural work in New York, had constantly harassed and troubled him, seemed to evaporate, to grow into a new independence, in the working democracy of the school, where the very language was a barrier to intrusion—where he could work out his own salvation more alone in the chattering atelier than in the quiet class-rooms he had left. At first he had been a joke, with his uncomprehending stare, sitting immovable amid a storm of paper bullets. They called him "la machine américaine"—working, working, always working. But the machine began slowly but surely to turn out a better class of work, and one heard less ridicule and more of "*Ce brave* Veston." Then came the last year, a veritable triumph, when everything he touched seemed to turn to the gold of success—a medal on every competition, an unheard-of record. He had become the big man of his atelier, sought, flattered, admired, and aped. A man keenly interested in his work, a man, too, who had been denied the development of college, he seemed never to have lived until that short, meteoric winter. And now it was over; his candle had burned out. He had no money for travel, so there was nothing for it but to return to America—to disappear, identity and all, among the sky-scrapers.

For a week he deliberated. Then he bought a ticket on the slowest steamer he could find. "It makes the parting less abrupt," he thought.

The steamer sailed Wednesday from Cherbourg. Mazet, an atelier comrade, was bound for Caen on military service, and Weston arranged to meet him at the station. The last day was devoted to furious cab-driving—"the only way," he thought, "to reach everybody."

At every corner of the Quarter he stopped for a final hand-shake, prepared at first to be sentimental; from which attitude he was roused by the cheerful acceptance of conditions with which his bourgeois friends greeted him. "But you will come back again," they assured him unanimously, until, in spite of himself, he felt vaguely confident that he should. M. Gaston, behind a tower of saucers at the Pré-aux-Clercs; Mme. Rouge, in her tenebrous photograph-shop; the Chaprons, redolent of turpentine and varnish, bustling to supply shaggy-haired, clamorous young men with brushes, thumb-tacks, pencils, or gold bands—all beamed a farewell with the same comforting prediction. "B'en quoi?" puffed Madame Rouge, planting two plump hands on the counter. "All the world comes to Paris."

"Chic, ça!" approved M. Paul, as

Drawn by C. Ewing. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE RETURNED "ANCIEN" INSPECTING DRAWINGS IN THE ATELIER

Weston paid the *cocher,* who at once drove off to the nearest cabaret. The worthy host liked to have his clients arrive in cabs; it gave tone to his establishment. "But, *là! là!* these Americans are all fabulously rich." He was grave over Weston's departure. "Ah, no," he said; "it is not *gentil* to leave us like that." Then, seeing the rueful expression, "But you will come back again one of these days—with Madame?"

"Who knows?" thought the American.

Mazet, punctual and alert, stood by the second-class compartment as Weston struggled down the platform under a load of baggage. Together they watched the departure of the steamer special—"a train of luxury," with compartment corridors and a wagon-restaurant vociferously advertised by a chorus of officials. Their train, the daily *rapide,* followed with less pomp and circumstance, but, Weston had been assured, with more certainty, inasmuch as the management of the road, patriotically reminiscent of the Franco-Prussian war, delighted in side-tracking the service of the "miserable empire."

Royalist at heart, Mazet ridiculed governmental railroads, military service, republics in general, and "this poor Loubet" in particular, as the train crawled snakelike across the plains of St. Denis. The American, hungrily gazing from the window, caught a last glimpse of the domes of Sacre Cœur, opalescent in the morning sunlight; then the shoulder of a hill blotted out the picture, and Paris was no more. The young men were silent, each occupied with the future, each at heart contrasting it with the days gone by. Neither spoke until the abbey towers of Caen swung into view, and Mazet began gathering together his meager belongings.

"There is my little barrack," he said scornfully, pointing to a distant huddle of bleak buildings, near which they could see a group of tiny red spots drilling in the sun. "She is amusing, the military life, eh? Oh, *là, là,* what a vile government! *Au revoir, vieux,"* and Weston was alone.

A few miles beyond, the train came to a stop in the middle of a poppy-field.

"Lovely, but not progressive," thought

Weston. Like his insular neighbor, the French traveler enjoys a chance to criticize the existing order of things, and as the minutes lengthened to a quarter-hour and the quarter-hour to a half, the railroad company, rolling stock, and officials were treated to assorted epithets which are happily untranslatable. The President of the Republic was called several kinds of a vegetable by an old lady whose one desire was to reach Cherbourg in time to sell lace to the sea-goers. But Weston's enjoyment was tempered by personal interest, and he found himself wiping a damp forehead as he alternately inspected ticket and time-piece. At last a groaning advance was made, punctuated by frequent jerks, each the signal for a fusillade of invective. In vain the guards offered explanations: something was wrong with the "machine," there was a *"déraillement."* The passengers would have none of them, entrenching themselves behind the general statement that the company was vile and infected through and through. At Bayeux they were an hour late, and everybody got out and abused the engine.

"Elle est malade," muttered the old woman, contemptuously. In the fascination of a nightmare, Weston tried to compute how late they would be at their destination, the horror of anticipation gradually swallowing him. The poor sick machine shrieked and wailed and spurted, falling more and more hopelessly behind time. When at last the red roofs of Cherbourg gleamed against the channel and the fuming load was poured into the terminal, one look at the harbor revealed the hideous truth. The quiet emptiness crushed him. The very water looked clean-swept. The lighter lay at the deserted wharf, the train of luxury hissed restfully on a siding. Far away on the horizon, beyond the point of the breakwater, floated a brown smudge of smoke. Only the shrill wail of the old lace-maker reached him, dazed and stupefied. "Missed it!" he murmured, as if it could not be true. "Missed it!" Then his mind, reverting to a long-forgotten expression, "Well, I 'll be swizzled!"

Ten minutes' desperate reflection on the edge of the ship basin readjusted the focus of events. From the company office he cabled his father in New York. Ten minutes later he strolled down the quay, spied the Café of the Two Angels, entered, and ordered coffee. Madame la Patronne looked up brightly, smiled a welcome on the stranger, and went on with her sewing. Near the desk were some postal-cards gay with pictures of the out-going steamers. As Weston idly inspected them, a slow smile spread over his face—a smile which expanded and grew until it became a permanent fixture. He purchased a card, and calling for ink and blotter, drew near the stern of the pictured steamer a small figure waving an American flag. "Au revoir," he wrote beneath it, and addressed it to the Atelier Laloux, 24 rue des Grands Augustins. Ten minutes more, and the returning *rapide,* with a new machine, drew him toward Paris. And still the smile remained.

On the right, as one walks down the Faubourg de la Poissonnière just beyond the great boulevards, is an arched entrance leading to a dim court. To the eye of the tourist, perched on the imperial of a Batignolles-Clichy-Odéon omnibus, there is nothing to distinguish it from a hundred other arches. By the outer wall sweeps the human tide from the *grands magasins.* The bases of the blackened pilasters are polished by the rub of shoulders. Within, shops and workrooms have invaded the high-ceilinged rooms, and white-faced apprentices peer through the long windows at the confused court. Thither went Weston, threading the court, mounting the winding stair, entering on the fourth floor above the entresol the door of M. Perricault, Costumer.

Monsieur Perricault looked back on an illustrious line of make-ups, and declared Weston his masterpiece. "But you have the air of seventy years!" he cried as he pulled the long mirror from the shadowy corner. "See, you are a deputy; you lack only the red ribbon." It was indeed a changed figure reflected by the light of the deep dormer, and the American burst into a ringing laugh of delighted surprise, the fresh tone contrasting strangely with the white beard and bald head, the ministerial frock coat and dignified ensemble of the old gentleman before him. "I have aged some, have n't I?" he exclaimed. "It is sorrow. Where are you, O my Youth! *Ah! je ris de*

me voir si beau dans ce miroir! But how about my eyebrows? Are n't they a trifle bushy?"

The old man cocked his head on one side. "Perhaps," he conceded; "but they are the brows of a distinguished one. *Tenez!*" He ran to a cabinet, from which he produced a photograph yellow with age and signed at the bottom: "A l' ami Perricault, souvenir affectueux." "It is Favel," he explained—"Favel of the Comédie in his famous rôle of *Citizen Saxe.* Your eyebrows are made on the same model."

"So be it," agreed Weston; "but I must have glasses, and a cane like his—something solid and respectable."

The accessories were quickly found among the long boxes which lined the room, labeled vault-like, "old man," "clown," "king," "soldier," in democratic display.

"What does it all cost?" questioned Weston, after a final inspection.

M. Perricault coughed apologetically, as if the subject were unpleasant. "It will be fifteen francs for the costume, Monsieur; and if Monsieur would leave a deposit, twenty francs for the bald head?"

A moment later the aged youth lolled in a fiacre, bound toward the street of the Great Augustins on the left bank.

Across the Seine the atelier was slowly waking from its torpor. The sketches for the next problem, "A State Bedroom," were at hand, and already the tables were piled high with heavy black-bound books. *"Tiens!* In the 'Patte,' there ought to be something," cried Jacquard. "Eh, Nouveau? Give me the 'Patte.'" And they looked eagerly through the huge volume, with its heraldic frontpiece setting forth the contents as the "Most Beautiful Examples of the Buildings Erected to the Glory of His Majesty Louis XVI." "It 's a question of drawing, simply," announced Le Guen, after they had looked at very sumptuous apartments. "The *parti* is always the same. *Tiens, ici!*"—illustrating on a piece of paper,—"the ignoble crowd, *puis, ici,* a little barrier chastely carved, then, *ici,* the bed colossal and idiotic, with a small ladder on one side for the convenience of His Majesty Pear-face Sixteen; on the floor—de la Savonnerie, furniture—*Boule,* lamps—de La Fosse. Walls, Gobelins. It is a storehouse, furniture-shop, gilt-pot, drawing, if you will; *but*—" He brought his hand down with a tremendous clap on the open page—"it is not architecture?"

"Excellent! Well said!" cried the crowd. "You are strong in rhetoric, Le Guen!"

Half an hour passed. From under the archway came the sharp rattle of wheels, stopping in front of the atelier; a brisk step clicked on the courtyard pavement, then a confident knock fell on the door.

"Enter!" cried several voices, expressing the general relief from half-begun work.

All eyes were turned toward the door expectantly. The gentleman who entered was so impressively old, gray-bearded, and gold-spectacled, so elegantly dressed in frock coat and top-hat, so at ease, and yet deferential, as he bowed and said, "Bon jour, messieurs," that the young men were somewhat taken aback and visibly impressed, their usual visitors being furtive sellers of contraband matches, books, prints, and olives.

Pigeard, in his character of sous-massier, filled the breach and politely, though with some embarrassment, asked Monsieur the reason of the honor.

"I am an American and an *ancien* of the atelier," said the old gentleman, speaking with a decidedly foreign accent. "Thirty years ago I studied here under M. André, who was your patron's patron. I am installed now in America,—the head of a large office,—and I have come to secure, if possible, three draughtsmen to return with me. One of our richest citizens has presented the city of Buffalo with a library, and a competition is to decide the architect. I will pay two hundred francs a week, plus the expenses of the voyage, and I should wish to sail on Saturday."

The effect of this speech cannot be easily imagined. America! Every heart stopped beating at the word, only to trip faster as visions of towering buildings, sixty stories high, rose before their eyes. Pigeard, purple with excitement, was informing Monsieur that the last *projets* had just been returned from the school—would Monsieur care to look at them?

The roll of drawings was torn open, while each tried to arrange his most attractively, fastening down the corners with iron candlesticks, glasses, or stray thumb-tacks. Monsieur read the programme carefully, while the Frenchmen whispered excitedly to one another.

"L'Amérique, mon vieux!" said Alaux to Manguin, who, in default of other drawings, was searching feverishly through a volume of the *médailles* for a photograph of a previous *projet* upon which, strangely inspired, he had received favorable mention.

"Chic!" he replied automatically; "but where is my sacred watch-tower!"

"Buffalo? Buffalo?" questioned Grenier. "A city, he said."

"It 's an animal," answered Pigeard, scornfully.

"Like yourself!" was the quick rejoinder.

When all were ready, Pigeard led Monsieur around the room, the crowd following sheep-like in his wake, pressing close to hear his occasional comments. Here was a critic, indeed; for, by very intuition, he seemed to know their faults, laying an unerring finger on a clumsy column or an extravagant cartouche—a patron in every gesture. It was marvelous how he read the character of every man who stood in trepidation by his signed drawing. In dignified monologue he passed down the room. "M. Pigeard, you are not serious; your detail looks tired. M. Baux, you do not study enough at small scale. M. Grenier, that is not bad, but your section is neglected." And so on through the list, right—right, every time, with unerring judgment. The atelier was dumbfounded.

Monsieur had reached the end, and had turned as if to go when his eye fell on Weston's last projet, which lay unrolled on the table. He stood back in pleased surprise.

"Tiens!" he said. "What is this?"

Pigeard was apologetic. "It is the projet of an American," he answered; "he is not here!"

"Not here," said the old gentleman. "How unfortunate! Where is he?"

"He has gone away—to America." It was vexatious to see the great man so lost in futile admiration of Weston's work. It was only a waste of time.

"Would you mind fastening that on the wall?" he asked. This done, he continued:

"There, gentlemen, is architecture! Ah! c'est beau, ça! Look at the beautiful proportions of the façade; remark the pretty white of the circulation, the *habile* drawing; the good taste of the detail! Ah! what a pity he is not here! But you can perhaps give me his address in America."

He felt in his pocket and pulled out an envelop upon which to write.

Alaux, who had been disgustedly waiting for a chance to show his drawings, still bent over his board, looking up anxiously. As he did so, the Frenchman's eyes rested on the under side of the envelope. He started slightly, then looked searchingly at the old gentleman's eyes. His face took on a set expression. Could it be? The eyes were certainly very youthful-looking. Monsieur asked for other addresses. Alaux slipped from the circle, whispered something to Jacquard, and softly slid into the hall, taking with him a pail of molding flour paste from under the water-tank. Jacquard stole a swift glance at Monsieur, then breathed a few words in Le Guen's beard. Monsieur was still writing. Le Guen leaned affectionately against Pigeard and murmured an inaudible phrase in his ear. Slowly but surely a message crept about the circle, yet, save for an occasional stiffening of sides, the obsequious and respectful attitude remained unchanged.

At last the old gentleman finished his list.

Alaux entered quietly and nodded to Pigeard, who said:

"Monsieur, you have seen our work. It is now your task to judge it. We are truly honored by this visit from our patron's old friend,"—Grenier seemed to be choking at the other end of the atelier,—"and if it is the good fortune of some among us to become your associates, I am sure the atelier as a whole will be honored. In the name of my comrades, Monsieur, I thank you."

Monsieur murmured a few words of vague appreciation. He appeared embarrassed and rather anxious to go. Valette handed him his hat, Baux offered him his stick, the entire company bowed low, and Monsieur stepped into the vestibule.

No one moved. There was a silent, expectant pause. They heard his step in the entry followed by the creak of the outer door, then a soft thud, followed closely by a crash. A cry of exultation burst from the atelier as they surged through the door into the hall.

The ancient lay on the turn of the stairs, combing flour paste out of his gray hair and beard. Incidentally his beard seemed to be coming out, for gray tufts clung to his sticky fingers. Around his ankle wound a piece of string anchored to the iron pail which lay on its side at Monsieur's shoulder in a pool of paste. Over the door hung the remnants of Alaux's machine—a catapult worthy of Archimedes.

Monsieur did not seem in the least distressed. In fact, he was sobbing with laughter.

"Bon jour, messieurs," he gasped between outbursts.

"Veston! Veston!" screamed the atelier, surrounding the dilapidated ancient and dragging him up-stairs. There, weak from laughter, throwing themselves convulsively on tables, they rehearsed the splendid reception in all its details. They went over it again at *déjeuner,* and never had the atelier known such a *déjeuner.* It began with crevettes and anchovies at twelve o'clock, and lasted to an indefinite period. The atelier was deserted, the books lay in confusion.

Jacquard and Le Guen boarded the six o'clock boat for Meudon, and frightened half the good burghers ashore.

By twos and threes they dispersed. Pigeard remembered that it was the night of the Bal Bullier; he would find perhaps the *bonne* of his god-father, and he departed, singing to Grenier whom he had induced to accompany him by the promise of an introduction to a mythical "Mlle. Bullier elle-même."

As for the ancient, rejuvenated, he created considerable excitement at the Deux Magots, where he found his circle assembled.

"And I have lost my steamer and my bald head—price twenty francs," he said in conclusion to a rambling and perfectly meaningless account of his adventure.

Just then M. Paul came around the corner.

"Ah!" he cried proudly, his face breaking into smiles, his plump hand extended, "M. Veston! I told you you would come back again!"

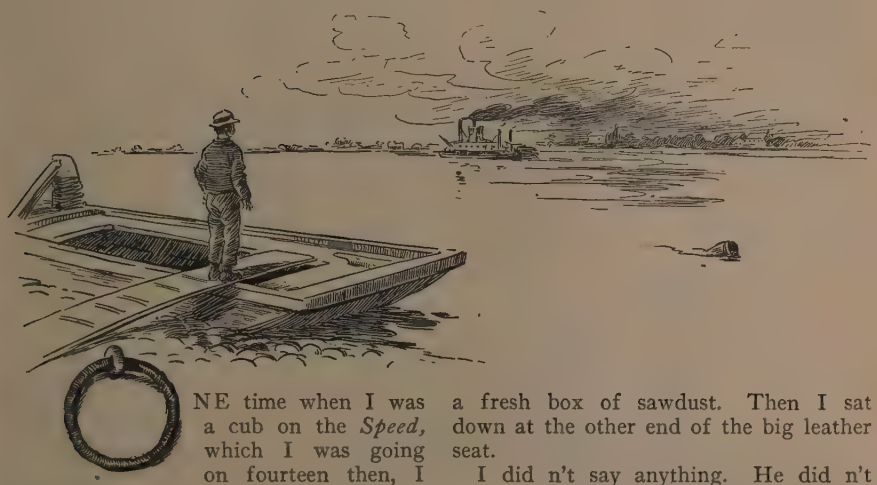
CLANCY, THE TOSSER

AS TOLD BY SAM IN HIS REMINISCENCES, ENTITLED "PARTNERS OF PROVIDENCE"

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

Author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith"

WITH PICTURES BY C. J. TAYLOR



ONE time when I was a cub on the *Speed,* which I was going on fourteen then, I missed the boat, on accounts of staying uptown too long. I got back to the St. Louis levee just in time to see her kicking her skirts up behind her at the rate of twelve miles an hour. So I says to myself, "There ain't anything for me to do but work my way up on the *Muscoutah.*"

The captain of the *Muscoutah* did n't answer me for a while. He just let me stand around, and then he says, "Go and see the pilot."

You don't want to get too familiar with a pilot. He is a man that is used to being in a glass case, and all he wants is a cool drink and a place to spit. He was sitting up there all alone, waiting for three whistles in the engine-room and reading the river news; so I did n't say anything. I just took his water-pitcher, and came back up the stairs with the ice clinking in it, and got him a fresh box of sawdust. Then I sat down at the other end of the big leather seat.

I did n't say anything. He did n't say anything, too; and we kept it up for a long time till we were both pretty well acquainted. Then all of a sudden he turned the paper over, and spit, and took a drink of water, and says, "The hell with the insurance companies!" Right away I could see he was going to take me; and that showed it was all right for me to be around. So then I spit in the box, and made myself at home.

After we had got headed for the Missouri, Valdes came up. He was the high-toned passenger which was going up to see his wife. And pretty soon he asked me what kind of a dog Rags was.

"He is a he," I says. But he did n't mean that; he meant what kind of a breed was he, which I could n't tell him, except he was spaniel on the outside, but was a good fighter, anyway. But the main thing about him is what he knows. So I explained that to him and all the

tricks he could do. He got pretty interested.

"How did you come to get such a smart dog?" he says.

Well, I thinks to myself I better tell him the whole story. When anybody tells you all of their business, it don't seem polite to sit and listen and not offer to tell none of yours. "He has been telling me about his wife; so I will tell him how I come across Rags," I thinks. It did n't seem no more than fair. So I done it. After I got started, I seen he was interested; so I told the whole business.

The way I came across Rags was this:

One morning when the *Speed* got into St. Louis, I done my chores up quick and went for a walk along the levee. Down under the approach to the bridge I seen a fellow throwing red-hot rivets up into the air; and there was a fellow up above holding a tin bucket to catch them. The fellow that was doing the pitching would take one of them hot bolts in a pair of tongs and give it a swing between his legs just so; and it would go up like a sky-rocket and plunk into the bucket. He could do it every time. And if he had n't done it right, the rivets would 'a' come down into the river. So I sat down and hoped maybe he would miss the bucket. Each one would go up and seem to stop a second at the top, and then dive into the bucket like a bird into its nest. But I kept on wishing and trying to make him miss.

After a while I thinks to myself, "Maybe this is a better trade than pilot." You see, I had to flunkey around a good deal on the *Speed,* and carry out hominy and hog to the niggers at meal-times; and that ain't rightly a pilot's business. But the captain and the day pilot would tell me to go ahead and do such things, and keep on waiting till I 'd got a little more sense; and then they 'd start me to learning the river for sure, and nothing else. But I knew a whole lot more about the crossings than they thought I did; and I was getting already so that I held the wheel some. So, you see, I was pretty near started to be a pilot; and I says to myself, "I 'd hate to keep on and get the river all learned, and then come across something like this and find out I had made a mistake." So I sat down and watched, and thought it over. It looked like a pretty good thing to do.

THE PILOT-HOUSE

After a while there was some kind of a hitch in things up above, and that give the pitcher time to reach quick into his pocket for a chew of tobacco and snap the sweat off of his forehead into the river and get ready for a new start. Things was delayed a little longer; so then he put his thumb into his belt, with the tongs at his hip, and looked around him for a change. Pretty soon he

seen me, and he took me in with his eye a couple of seconds.

"Do you go in?" he says.

"Pretty much," I says.

"Know what the score is?" he says.

"Three to nothing,—favor of Pittsburgh," I says.

Then he snapped off some more sweat and wiped his face with his finger.

"They keep it warm in this man's town," he says.

"You bet." I says.

"Well, I wish they 'd turn it off at night," he says.

"So do I," I says; "but they can't. This town is built all on limestone rock: in the day the heat shines down, and at night it shines up."

"Just what I was thinking," he says. "It 's a pretty fair town, though, all but the going in."

"These cobbled levees slope out slow to so-deep," I says; "and that ain't no good."

"It 's like wading out to be baptized," he says. "It always makes me feel solemn."

"Why don't you go off the elevator platform?" I says. "It 's right down deep into catfish water."

"Good diving?" he says. "And a high place to go off of?"

"Yes," I says.

But before we could say any more there was a signal up above, and he had to start right in again. And he kept them rivets going up as regular as shooting off Roman candles. I stayed round there mostly that morning.

When noon came, he threw a hot rivet back onto the furnace and pulled his coat out from under his dog and says, "Come on, Sam." Well, I was surprised to hear him call me that right off; he had n't ever heard my name. But afterward I found out how it was. That was just the name that he called all his different friends wherever he went. No matter who he took up with in any town, he would call them that, and it would be like knowing the same old Sam. He said it was a good name to be called by; and he named everybody that after Sam Patch that jumped the Passaic Falls. If his dog had n't 'a' got used to Rags first, he would 'a' called him that, too, and he said that from Rags to Patch would n't

"THE WAY I COME ACROSS RAGS WAS THIS"

be such a big change at that. Well, it would n't, except for a dog. Rags did n't seem to be much good except to lay on his coat; and his coat was n't much use except for Rags to lay on; between times, Clancy would just carry it on his arm. He did n't like much clothes.

We swam all that noon except the time that Clancy took to eat his dinner out of a newspaper, which he spread out so that he could read the baseball news. He got it all read up before he was through with the meat; so while he was chewing it, we sat and talked and he told me all about the catcher. The fellow that held the bucket was a nephew of the foreman's wife. He was a big, lazy fellow, and he was a sleeper. If Clancy happened to throw a rivet a couple of inches to the northwest once in a while, that fellow could n't come to in time to catch it. Then it would go down into the river, and Clancy would be blamed for it. Clancy said he had more peace in him than a cow. He said his brains was only milk that had n't come to nothing; he said just what kind of a fellow he was.

You see, that fellow was n't much good for any kind of work where he would have to wake up and take notice. And I guess his folks, which was pretty rich, knew it. So the family stood him up there with a bucket in his hands; and he 'd hold it till he heard a rivet plunk in. Then he 'd reach it over and hand it to the man that takes it out and ham-

mers a head on it. But he got as much wages as Clancy did. Maybe three or four times a day, when Clancy did n't put them in just nice and straight for him, they would come down; and then the boss would try to lay the blame somewhere on Clancy. And that would make Clancy mad. He said the fellow was n't a catcher at all and was n't cut out for one. He could n't 'a' played first base in one-old-cat. He could n't a' played bean-bag. He was only a nephew.

"I 've seen fellows that got their money that way before," I says.

"Sure enough," he says. "This ain't the only business where a man just stands and holds the bucket."

Right then Clancy had to stop and 'tend to Rags. Rags was swimming around at the bottom of the ladder to the platform, where we had forgot him; and by rights we should have pulled him up onto the platform and let him dive with us again. So now he was starting to growl and jaw to himself because we did n't do it. Clancy pulled him up, and then he had to go to work. And I had to go back to the *Speed*.

Well, that afternoon, when I had my work done, I thinks to myself, "I guess I 'll go down and see the tosser again." And when I got down there, him and the boss was right in the middle of having it out. Clancy was giving it to him as bad as if he was an umpire.

"Don't come beefing around me," Clancy says. "That fellow up there that has the bucket hanging on him is in a trance; it 's a wonder he would n't come out of it. He could n't hold a nest straight enough for a hen to lay an egg in it. Don't be trying to put a saddle on me now, because I won't stand for none of your gaff."

But the boss kept laying it on Clancy and trying to get the best of him for talking back. Then Rags began to understand what was doing, and he sat up on the coat and started to growl on Clancy's side.

"I 'm giving it to you straight," says Clancy, making a motion with his fist. "If you want that sleeper to catch for anybody, you 'll have to get him a tub. And he needs a call-boy to wake him up and tell him the rivet is coming. I can put them up as straight as anybody; but I ain't no William Tell, I 'll tell you that."

"'GOOD DIVING?' HE SAYS"

The boss he talked back some more, and then Clancy threw down his tongs and started to give it to him right. And the only way the boss could get the best of him was to give him his time.

"Come on, Rags, we 're going to quit," Clancy says. Rags jumped up and ran around and wagged his tail like he was glad of it. So then Clancy began to smile kind of sarcastic, and whistle a tune to himself. I got up and guessed I would go away

THE CATCHER

with him, but he was n't in any hurry. He took lots of time to put his coat on his arm. And he stopped to talk to me where the boss could hear it.

"I don't mind putting up with a foreman that knows his place," he says; "but this fellow takes himself serious. He is used to the kind that lives in a row of forty flesh-colored houses with pale blue steps—that 's the kind he is used to."

"What kind is that?" I says.

"Oh, then you don't know! You are from Missouri," he says, kind o' giving the boss a look. "They are imported—like sardines."

But he did n't go on and explain no more.

"What are you going to do now, Clancy?" I says. "Are you going to get a job somewheres around here?"

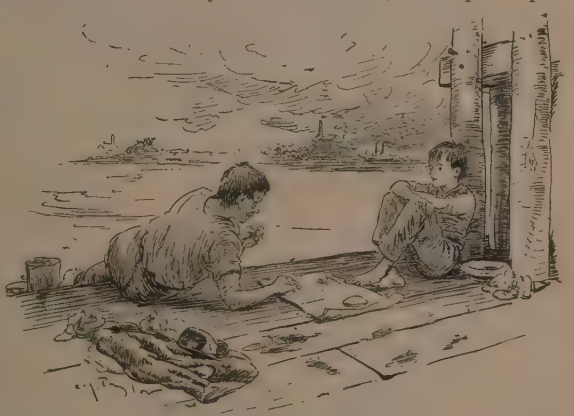
"Not at juggling," he says. "Skill is no good unless you have got an audience. One time I got my name in the paper for pitching; but a boss would n't let on you knew the business."

Then he started away, and he told me private what he was going to do. There was a stand-pipe job at the agency, and he was going to strike for that. He was looking for most anything that took a dare—that was his line. And then I found out how he come to be working on the bridge. When he first come along, they needed men to work down in the caissons. That was where they pumped the air down in tight with you, and you had to know how to hold your breath and keep your insides just so when you was going down so that the blood would n't come out of your ears. But when you got down under the river, you did n't mind it if you did n't care. So Clancy took it. Afterward they needed some tossing done for a while, and he found he could do it right off, on accounts of being a good baseball pitcher. He did n't have to learn that trade at all; he just found he could do it. That is how it come.

"If I don't get the stand-pipe job," he says, "I will have to strike out. But if you are going in to-night, I will meet you on the platform." And then he went away.

Well, that afternoon when I had some time, I went down to the bridge to see how the boss could get along without Clancy. They had another man, but he was n't much good at it. And while I was sitting there, along toward the middle of the afternoon, who comes strolling down the levee but Clancy.

He leaned up against the corner of the foundations, where he was sure the boss would see him, and he watched the fellow tossing. The boss stole a look at Clancy once in a while, but kept on pre-



"HE GOT IT ALL READ UP BEFORE HE WAS THROUGH WITH THE MEAT"

"HE WOULD PUT HIS HAND TO HIS FACE LIKE HE HAD TO BLUSH"

tending that there was n't nothing doing and that the new fellow was all right. After a while, when Clancy seen he had the boss real bothered, he took off his hat humble-like and went and asked if they did n't need a man. He was awful polite and humble about it. The boss looked him over surprised. He did n't know what to make of it.

"Good Lord!" he says, "don't you know when you 're fired?"

"Yes—from tossing," Clancy says. "But a fellow was telling me you wanted to hire a man for diving. I 'm pretty good at that."

"Diving! What would I want a diver for?"

"To bring up the rivets that the new guy puts into the river. You need a left-fielder down in the bottom of the river. I could save the firm enough to support a couple of more catchers."

Just then there was a sizz, where another one come down red-hot into the water. Clancy made himself blush and look ashamed about it; he said the rivets seemed to be hissing the bum performance. Well, that got the boss good and mad. He would 'a' jumped Clancy, I guess, but he dassent. Clancy could do anything with himself. He told Clancy to get out of there mighty quick; but Clancy would n't. He said this was a free country, and he come down there especial' to lean up against the cool stone and take a rest for hisself. So he stood there and looked and looked till the boss could n't think of anything but him looking. I ought to 'a' knowed Clancy was a josher then; he could look all kinds of meanings. He did n't have to say the different things at all; he would just look them. And there ain't no law against looking. He looked awful sarcastic. And whenever there was a hiss in the river, he would put his hand to his face like he had to blush. He kept that boss most crazy. And after he was satisfied he went away again.

That night me and him went to the elevator platform and had a long swim. When we were tired diving, we sat on a soap-box a couple of hours and did n't go in except for the wash of a steamboat. Rags would sit at the edge, and whenever the waves started to wallop in the piling, he would bark and all three of us would go in together. It was an awful hot night; so we sat in our wet skins and talked things over—just about how he got to be what he was, and how much money he had made, and how much he was going to send the next time to his mother.

It was nice to sit there cool and see the rows of lights in the long cabins of the steamboats—and them all twinkling in the water. That way we got to talking about scenery, and then I told him about the bore-holes up in the bluffs.

Them bore-holes are right up in the solid rock, and they look out over the river as round and dark as a well and

as perfect as if somebody had made them on purpose. But they are smoothed off nicer at the edges than anybody but God would take the trouble to do. Clancy had n't seen none, but he had heard of them, and he said he knew how they got there: Nature made them. I seen he did n't know anything about them. So I stuck to it that God must 'a' made them, because he makes everything round anyways. "Look at the earth," I says. But he could n't figure it out any more; so we give it up.

Clancy had n't got the job, so he was going away. He was going on a work train, which he would have to pretend he was a trackman; that way he would get almost to where he was going to. So when he was all dressed, with his coat on his arm, I told him I was sorry he was going and I said I liked his style. And he said he liked my style. And then he gives me his dog; but not for keeps. You see, after Rags got deaf with the muddy water, Clancy did n't like to take him around railroad yards much; so he did n't want him along on the work train. He could n't hear a switch-engine coming, and some day it would be all off with him, like it was with the other dog. So when he come across me, he decided he better give Rags to somebody that was reliable and could keep him traveling like he was used to. He said a steamboat would just suit a water-dog, so he let me take him. But I had a hard time holding Rags back. He howled and cried and took on terrible. He has n't got clean over it yet. Sometimes when we are going up the street, Rags will make a home-run for somebody away off. And when he comes back, you can see he is disappointed as if he had been struck out; he goes slower. He has got so now that he is satisfied all right and looks up to me; but sometimes I think he ain't really got through hoping that some day he will see Clancy again. Well, maybe he will; because if Clancy ever wants him back, I have got to let him go. Clancy would n't really give up owning him. That is how I come to get him.

"I HAD A HARD TIME HOLDING RAGS BACK"

TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE CORRUPTION OF PUBLIC OPINION

IN the campaign which made him Governor of New York, Mr. Hughes struck a deep note in his reference to public opinion. In the world of mind, of manners, of morals, and of government, that element, or power, or whatever it may be called, is as tremendous in its effects and as mysterious and difficult of understanding as is electricity in the physical world. In its relations to humanity, public opinion is, of course, vastly more important than electricity. Recklessness in the regulation of electrical currents leads to disaster in the physical world, as does recklessness in the control of public opinion in the spiritual and practical affairs of mankind.

There was not the slightest exaggeration in Mr. Hughes's statement that "there is nothing in this country so important as sane and intelligent public opinion. The voice of the people," he said, "is the voice of God *when reason and conscience hold sway,*" and therefore "the man that would corrupt public opinion *is the most dangerous enemy of the state.*" The candidate denounced the effort to debauch the public judgment by reckless denunciation and by the wide circulation of abuse. Said he: "As against reckless denunciation I set fair criticism. As against indiscriminate attacks upon business organizations, I set a serious and determined attempt to ascertain the evil and to remedy it. As against general censure involving innocent and guilty alike, without any attempt at discrimination, I set that praise for the worthy citizen, for the honorable business man, for the efficient official, which is just as important in maintaining our standards as criticism of him who is faithless and punishment of him who is corrupt."

Mr. Hughes described briefly and clearly the crying evils which the public feel should be remedied, many of which evils he himself, in public official examination, had so skilfully revealed, and he pleaded for that orderly and sober consideration of remedies necessary to true progress. He asked for support that it might be settled "once for all that this is a government of sound public opinion and not a government of insanity, and appeals to the passions of the ignorant and the thoughtless."

Somewhat similar appeals have been made in other elections in the United States, but in the campaign of 1906 the charge of corrupting public opinion had unique meaning and menace. In no other election had there been seen the culmination of a deliberate and long-continued attempt, by means of an elaborately organized bureau of publicity,—mainly in the form of newspaper circulation,—to shape public opinion through the conscienceless methods described by Mr. Hughes, and for the distinct purpose of advancing the political fortunes of a single individual.

The problem of government with universal suffrage in a racially mixed community like that of the metropolis of America,—and the State of which it is a part,—is difficult enough in any circumstances. Even comparatively well-informed people are apt enough to let feeling take the place of judgment in their electoral discussions. So the appeals of self-seeking and utterly reckless demagogues to the millions of an enormous, many-languaged city may have results, at any time, of inestimable harm. The worst phase of this poisoning of the minds, and forcing the opinions, of the people, is the continuing danger of some mad interference with the course of needed and genuine reform.

For this reason it is devoutly to be hoped that one lasting result of the recent

campaign may be the lodgment in the minds of all thoughtful citizens of a deep sense of the crime of corrupting public opinion. Not only should the corrupters be condemned, but every citizen should set himself the task of achieving sound and uncorrupted opinions on public matters, and, according to his influence, he should spread those opinions in a spirit of soberness, sanity, and good-citizenship.

REAL WRONGS AND REAL REFORMS

IMMEDIATELY upon his election as Governor of New York, Mr. Hughes put forth a statement which showed a gratifying comprehension of the forces at work in the public mind. He spoke of the result as "a victory for sobriety and for decency in the administration of government. But," he added, "the people will not tolerate indifference to public wrongs"; and he promised to address himself to the task of squaring the administration of government with the interest of the people, confident that he might rely upon the support of all good citizens, not only on those who voted for him, but also on those who, "in the intensity of their desire to end abuses," voted for his opponent.

This is a highly sensible view of the situation. It is in marked contrast with the view that all that is necessary for the safety of the country is to dispose, at successive elections, of successive demagogues, meantime letting things drift on about as usual. That way lie madness and ruin. The few who contemplate the social and political phenomena of the day in this spirit are living in dreams from which they may be all too violently awakened. Among them are those who think that so-called "popular discontent" is entirely the creation of some single individual,—either some ill informed, irresponsible, and self-seeking demagogue, or a President "playing politics," somewhat recklessly, on a large scale. They should see that a demagogue cannot get very far without any facts at all on which to advance his argument; and that a President may have better means of acquainting himself with the trend of events and of opinions than a private citizen who, perhaps, mingles with the members of only a single class.

Major Henry L. Higginson, the financier,—than whom Boston has no more disinterested, or public-spirited citizen,—made a statement apropos of the late elections which is very much to the point. "Many men," he said, "have grown fat and lazy, and have thought of nothing but their purses, automobiles, and good dinners, and in their way they are just as bad citizens as the loafers in the street who do not care to do a day's work. A lot of successful men have been pushing their success to a dangerous point, and have been flaunting it in the eyes of the public. It is the old story about a larger and wider philosophy and religion which have got to come to the front and choke" the nonsense put out by the demagogues. "To-day is the day to heed the signal."

The demagogue is always a danger, but the menace of the demagogue is increased tenfold by indifference to actual grievances. Yet true progress must be based not upon blind fear of the demagogue and his dupes, but upon active human sympathy, upon a sense of honor, upon a profound devotion to the principles of justice. It is certain that those who are temporarily intrusted with the correction of abuses must have some higher object in view than keeping a party in power, or "pandering to the better element" for purely selfish purposes.

OPEN LETTERS

William Vaughn Moody

MR. MAX BEERBOHM once said knowingly that a new playwright seldom gives us a new play. Mr. William Vaughn Moody's "American" play, "The Great Divide," is so new to modern playgoers both in sentiment and form that these well may ask from what deep springs of previous experiment and experience its originality is fed. The author's earlier poetic dramas, with their theater in the regions of the pagan gods or on the heights of heaven, are not obviously related to the possibilities of human experience in the mountains and deserts of Arizona. Yet, to consider "The Masque of Judgment" as the forerunner of "The Great Divide" is to realize that the author's attitude toward mankind—his material—is identical in both, and that the wild primal life of the ranch where it is least subdued by civilization affords an opportunity for his study of the "elemental wrestling mind" not unlike the opportunities given by primitive man. The pitying Angel, *Raphael*, who broods over the tormented human heart in "The Masque of Judgment," might have uttered the same reflections upon its fate had he watched, instead of the stricken Valley, the night scene in the Arizona cabin and its sequel. The text of the heroine's action there is found in the words of the wise *Uriel:*

> Who loves not life
> Receiveth not life's gifts at any hand,

and the quintessence of the new play's moral significance is in *Uriel's* response to *Raphael's* question, "For what end should we love an evil thing?"

> Better than I thou knowest what cruelties
> Rage round about each starry heroism,
> Out of what murky stuff the lover builds
> His soul's white habitation. 'T is not mine
> To lesson thee how height and depth are bound
> So straitly that when evil dies, as soon
> Good languishes, nor how the flesh and soul
> Quicken with striving, and when strife is done
> Decline from what they were.

We see in the violence and passion, the curbings and modelings of the spirit brought about by the Arizona episode, the human type beheld by these wondering angels, and the author's mental energy is put to a severe test by the transference of the conflict from a remote to a contemporaneous atmosphere. He meets it with a largeness of treatment helped by the physical grandeur of the setting he has chosen, and the free and ample movement of his mind among modern surroundings is an indisputable proof of his creative power. A crude description of the plot of "The Great Divide" would reveal a framework as close to elemental nature as any used by the ancients, but upon it are hung subtleties of feeling that belong entirely to the modern world. It is a disturbing but a stimulating conjunction and its promise is fair for the American stage. That a playwright thus alive to the deeper forces of humanity, intimately at home in classic literature, and keenly sensitive to the beauty of words (such phrases as "this moonlit ocean of flowers" need no scene-painter's aid) should be inspired by the possibilities of life at the present day, is the happiest of facts. That this play, with all its power of construction and literary charm, should suggest even greater triumphs of craftsmanship for the future is the opposite of disheartening; a part of its stimulating quality comes from its assurance that the talent from which it grew, like its hero, is not "finished"; that it is the product of an unwearying intellectual activity from which we may expect increasing harvests.

Elisabeth Luther Cary.

Murillo's "St. John the Baptist"

WHEN Murillo came on the stage, the people of his time were unaccustomed to seeing, in their devotional pictures, subjects treated with so charming a play of fancy and in so free and felicitous a manner as was the little "St. John," an instance out of scores of similar beautiful things with which he delighted and surprised the public of his native town. Throughout his active career, he kept every one interested and in love with his works by, as Carl Justi puts it, his "gift of a language intelligible to all times and peoples, to all classes, and even to aliens to his faith." He transcribed Bible stories and old monkish chronicles with a freedom of hand and a novel unreserve that made them seem like probable and every-day occurrences. In a word, he modernized them, since he drew his inspiration from the circumstances of life which he daily encountered. Thus we

have in the "St. John" one of his beggar boys, but idealized and imbued with that spirituality which is his special and unique charm—is, in fact, the very quintessence of his art.

This subject forms one of the many rare possessions of the Prado Gallery at Madrid, where it hangs in the Murillo Room, an octagonal space devoted to his works. It is painted in his best manner,—his *estilo vaporoso*,—and is soft and luminous in coloring. The background is a delicate tissue of grays, and is of a more impressionistic nature than many of his distances, since it carries no sharpness of definition, no small varieties of patch or modeled detail, but is broad, aërial, and of a fluid looseness, and held well in subservience to the expression of the head. Against this background, which is of an exquisite coolness, the flesh of the boy, a red garment over his knees, and the lamb are relieved in the yellow light of the setting sun. Telling as is this effect, there is no decorative flashiness about it. In its coloring it has the solemn mystery and repose of nature that are in keeping with the solemnity of the scene. The unity of tone, the grayness of nature, the subtle modifications of color by light, are not lost for the sake of the lower and cheaper delight of a bright, untrammeled play of pigment: for this would be to allow his color-scheme to take precedence of, or to preponderate over, the religious sentiment which he seeks above all things to depict in the child. Hence we are impressed at first sight not so much by its glowing ensemble as by the gesture of adoration expressed in the whole of the figure.

The figure is life-size, and the canvas measures three feet three and one half inches wide by four feet high. It was originally in the possession of the Marqués de la Ensenada, and passed thence into the collection of Don Carlos III.

T. Cole.

Wilhelm Heinrich Funk

NOT without romance is the career of a painter of portraits in New York who began life as an apprentice in a book-bindery of the old city of Hanover and entered on his *Wanderjahre* through Germany, with the determination gradually affirming itself to become an artist rather than an artisan.

Wilhelm Heinrich Funk saw something of France and Italy before he came, still in his teens, to the United States. After a severe struggle he found employment on the daily press, and at the same time worked in the art schools, until he gained enough proficiency to satisfy more exacting demands. It was by those steps that he developed into a portrait painter. One of his largest and most admired portrait groups will be found in the present number of the magazine.

Mr. Funk does not draw the outlines of a sitter on the canvas and then paint the portrait in oils, but attacks at once with the brush, so as to preserve his freshness of feeling without the preliminary sketch in charcoal. Therein he resembles Sargent and Anders Zorn. This method demands an uncommon power of concentration. *C.*

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Friday Luck

'T WAS Friday when Columbus first
  Set foot upon our soil;
'T was Friday when the river's gleam
  Rewarded Hudson's toil;
'T was Friday when the Pilgrim Dads
  On Plymouth sat them down;
The Mayflower, on a Friday morn,
  Sailed into Provincetown.
And Friday was the natal day
  Of our George Washington,
Of Martin Luther, Winfield Scott,
  And famous Stephenson;
Of Gladstone and Disraeli, too;
  Of Isabel and me—
Oh, Friday *seemed* the lucky day
  Of days in history.

And yet, though backed by sober fact,
  I *can't* believe it so,
For 't was on Friday eve, likewise,
  That Isabel said "No."

Carroll Watson Rankin.

Follies and Foibles

PROCRASTINATION and Sloth once ran a race. Procrastination never started, and Sloth never got there. So the race was declared a dead heat.

The marriage of Loquacity to Preoccupation is ideally happy. She is never interrupted and he never hears.

Flirtation pointed a gun, which was a coquette model, at a youth, and pulled the trigger. "She did n't know it was loaded."

Negligence left his coat on the front steps to find that Slovenliness had wiped his feet on it.

Gossip picked the lock for Backbiting to go in and steal his neighbor's reputation.

Impertinence, finding Curiosity peeping through his neighbor's keyhole, promptly broke down the door.

Because Insincerity tried to vote for all the candidates at once, he was arrested for stuffing the ballot-box.

N. H. McGilvary.

Drawn by A. D. Blashfield

Beauty On The Box

TALK of tennis, boating, golfing,
Polo, hunting, hounds, and horse;
Cite the gentler joys of dalliance
Down Love's primrose-bordered course:
But for me the pole-chains' jingle,
Siren strains their music mocks,
When the coach-horn sounds "To places!"
With Miladi on the box.

She 's an expert with the ribbons
(Whether handling steed or swain),
Grip of steel beneath the velvet
Of her grasp of whip and rein.
Jove! she tools her four divinely
(Got Batonyi beaten blocks).
"Clear the road!" the coach-horn clamors,
"Way for Beauty on the box!"

Playful lead and plunging wheeler
Answer to that skilful rein
Each a puppet to her power
(True alike of steed and swain).
"Clear the road!" the coach-horn clamors,
Here 's a truce to Fortune's "knocks,"
With a straight stretch down Love's highway,
And Miladi on the box.

Leigh Gordon Giltner.

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